JULY, 1949
PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Ring Lardner's
"CHAMPION"...
"Pirate Bold" fashions
Lincoln Gatefold

Special:
Father's Day
supplement
& features

FOR *Your* *Father*

on his day...Sunday, June 19th

New Parker "51"

PERFECT GIFT FOR THE ONE WHO "HAS EVERYTHING" (INCLUDING THE EARLIER "51"). IDEAL, TOO, FOR GRADUATIONS, WEDDINGS, ANNIVERSARIES, BIRTHDAYS.

Let your father be one of the first to own this remarkable New "51". His delight will be matched only by your own pride. For the New Parker "51" surpasses every pen before it—in beauty, in precision.

The mere feel of paper keeps it writing. An ingenious Parker device meters the ink. From the Plathenium-tipped point, flows a skip-free line. Filling the New "51", too, is extra easy. The ink supply is *visible*—and specially protected against leaking even at jet-plane altitudes.

There are 14 distinct advances in all. Choose a *New* "51" for your father from 7 smart colors and black, a variety of caps, custom points. New "51" Pencils to match. Sets, from $19.75. Pens, $13.50 and up. Pencils, $6.75 and up. Standard "51" models also available, $12.50 and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; Toronto, Canada.

NEW—Foto-fill filler
- *Visible ink supply*
- *Pli-glass reservoir*
- *Exclusive ink flow governor*
- *5-layer insulation*
- *Hi-flite leak prevention*
- *Greater writing mileage*
- *Plathenium-tipped point*
- *"Live metal" clip*

. . . 5 other significant advances

World's most wanted pen ... writes dry with wet ink!

Copr. 1949 by The Parker Pen Company

NOW! Improved Boxer shorts with waist-opening!

ELASTIC LASTS LONGER!

EASIER TO GET IN AND OUT OF!

NEATER...SMARTER LOOKING!

• Here's the new *improved* boxer!

You *still* get elastic all around the waist for automatic comfort . . . PLUS . . .

The greater convenience and longer flex life that only a waist-opening (with GRIPPER* fasteners) gives you!

And Gripper fasteners refuse to pop off . . . chip . . . or break! They're easier to wash, and can be ironed right over!

So take a tip from smart, active men—the ones who're saying, "I want the shorts with the Gripper fasteners, please!"

Available in leading national brands at your favorite retailer's.

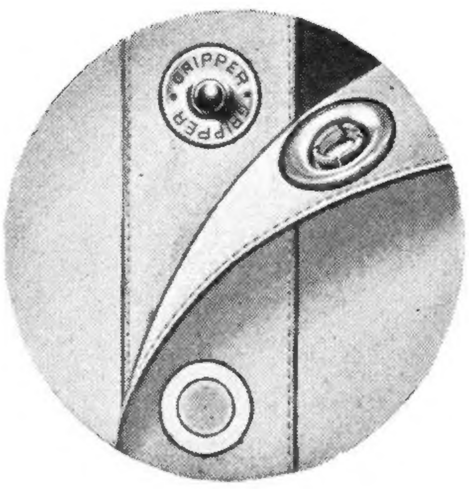
An ideal gift for Father's Day!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

*®by Scovill Mfg. Co.

THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP FASTENERS THAT END "BUTTON BOTHER"!

A PRODUCT OF SCOVILL



Don't let Dad be a one-belt-man

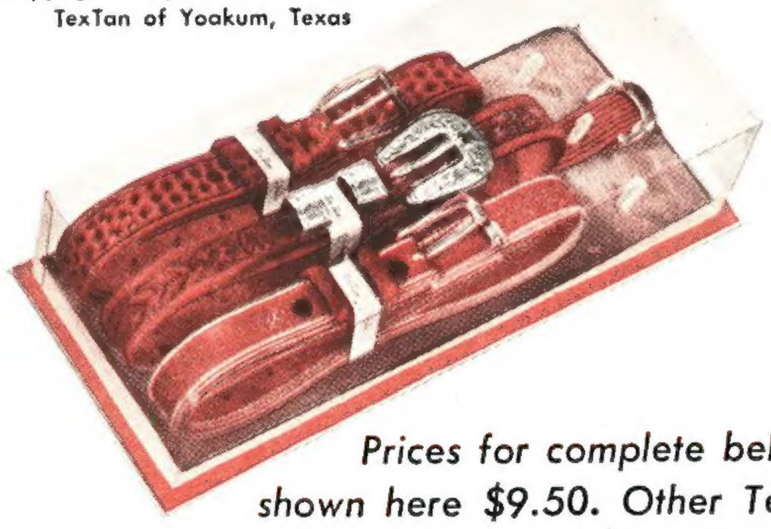
give him a textan beltrobe*

A gift no man ever received before!

Chances are Dad's a one-belt man . . . been wearing the same old belt, day in and day out . . . for business, for sports and dress-up occasions. Why let Dad be a one-belt man? Give him a TexTan Beltrobe* . . . a man's complete belt wardrobe, with three famous, saddlecrafted TexTan belts in one smart package. Three belts rotated wear longer than one belt worn without change. And you can choose any three handsomely styled TexTan belts, in any price range, to match Dad's clothing colors, and suitable for any occasion. See your men's store now for Beltrobe* . . . another first by TexTan.

(a man's complete belt wardrobe)
for business, dress and sports

* Copyrighted by
TexTan of Yoakum, Texas



Prices for complete beltrobe shown here $9.50. Other TexTan Beltrobes from $6.00, up in most stores.

Base of Beltrobe package serves as handy belt hanger for your closet door.

TexTan OF YOAKUM

YOAKUM, TEXAS • LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK

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Memo from the Publisher

Once upon a lifetime

The story begins in a hospital anteroom, when the perspiring young man stops pacing and dawn breaks suddenly upon his anxious face.

"It's a boy," the nurse says—and with those words is born one of the greatest of all institutions: Father and Son, Inc.

Chapter Two of this book of life is a bedtime story—Once Upon a Time, by firelight reflected in the gleaming eyes of a child. Through school days, adolescence, and college the story moves swiftly, ending finally as it began—with a young man nervously pacing the floor, awaiting the arrival of his firstborn.

Today, more than ever before in time and more than anywhere else in space, America is a father-and-son land: a Man's World. Never before have there been fewer barriers to communication and understanding between men separated by a generation in years. The result is more good humor, good fellowship and good times than "the kid" and "the old man" could hope to enjoy anywhere else in the world.

Drop in at the grand old Garden City Golf Club when the metropolitan father-and-son golf championship is being held, and you'll see that relationship is an especially fine demonstration.

When a game can be played and played well almost as long as you live, when it calls for the best you have as sportsman and competitor—and when both father and son can team up in its enjoyment—you have a truly great sport.

That's one of the reasons why you'll find the colorful Father-and-Son golf tournament in this issue. For Golf, Esquire, and the famous team of Father & Son, Inc., all belong to the same exclusive world: a Man's World.

Incidentally, I hope that you share my enthusiasm for the fabulous dream sequence in the Father's Day gift section. Only a real man could dream with such gusto!

GTS

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T. M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Circulation, Business, and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Mss. and art should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-Am. Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change takes place. Give old and new addresses.

The Long History of Golf Turned Its Sharpest Corner

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the world's most famous golf course and the headquarters of the game.

WITH THE GREAT

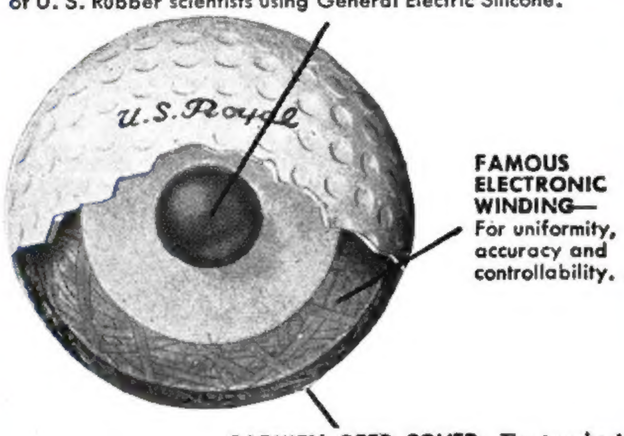
U.S. ROYAL

"The Ball that Science Built"

Last year—golfers discovered its magic. This year—new multitudes join in.

Result—the greatest golf ball success in the history of the game.

You get better feel, click and distance. Greater uniformity, control and durability.


EXCLUSIVE SILICONE "MAGIC" CENTER—A development of U. S. Rubber scientists using General Electric Silicone.
U.S.Royal
FAMOUS ELECTRONIC WINDING— For uniformity, accuracy and controllability.
CADWELL-GEER COVER—The toughest and most responsive ever made.

Never such results from wood clubs, irons and putters. There are no comparisons. Just one fair trial.

THE GREAT

*U.S. Royal**

by **U. S. RUBBER**

Serving Through Science

U. S. FAIRWAY—A Good medium-priced Golf Ball with a million friends.

**At your favorite sporting goods dealers sold under the name U. S. True Blue.*

EDITORIAL

"And One Man in His Time Plays Many Parts . . ."

JUNIOR is telling the gang where to get off—"My pop can lick all of yours with one hand tied behind his back." And, inside the open window, Father rustles the Sunday paper and stirs a little quietly. He is thinking of that touch of dizziness that he sometimes gets after a run for the train in the morning: perhaps he ought to eat a bigger breakfast, sets better on the stomach than just prune juice and a cup of coffee. It reminds him that maybe eighteen holes of golf is a pretty stiff session even for a good athlete. Isn't that he can't play golf until the cows come home, you understand—drive some of those youngsters clear back to the clubhouse with the power he can get behind the old wood—but once in a while he remembers a recurring stab in the left side, probably indigestion, if he really tries to whang the cover off the ball. "Aw, g'wan, your father ain't so big, he can't even mow the whole lawn," comes the cry, followed by a scuffle outside. Father gets up reluctantly and goes to the window. Junior is sitting on his best friend's chest, and sowing the seeds of future companionship by pounding the back of his head on the pavement. "JUNIOR," bellows Father. "Stop it: all of you, keep quiet. This is Sunday." "Yessir," say the boys. They look at him respectfully, while Junior gets up and grins proudly. "Hi, Pop," says Junior, well aware of the stir his father has created. Gosh, what a voice. Bet the old man has a knockout punch in both hands.

And Father, puffing slightly from his vocal exertions, relaxes again with his paper. But it is not long before he is snoozing gently. It was a hard week at the office, and the nerves uncoil ever so slowly over a week end comfortably spent. In fact, by Monday morning a man is almost himself again and could be—if only the free time were his again—in the mood for some light exercise.

To his son, Father is the heavyweight champion of all the world.

* * *

The way they danced caused some of the younger couples to snicker. He was doing eccentric little dips and side doodles that made his glasses fog up slightly after the first few minutes, and she was sticking out a little bit in the rear as if expecting some speedster in a kiddie car to pop along between them any minute without disturbing, however, the cheek-to-cheek proximity of their faces. Father was trying to remember what that gorgeous Arthur Murray teacher had told him when he was just out of Dartmouth and offering up his last nickel on the altar of a bargain course especially simplified to accommodate clumsy ("You-have-wonderful-timing, Mr. Smith, but — you — don't — quite — seem-to-get-the-step") beginners. Mother was following well, as she always did, secure in the familiar knowledge of Father's sparse store of ballroom tricks, and easily able to foretell each plunge into another routine by the twitching of his cheek and the tightening of his lips. They weren't talking much, because Mother and Father had achieved that delicious state where the two may "communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil, and uphold each others' hearts in joy. Understanding (had) . . . outrun knowledge" between them; Father needs to be no clairvoyant to guess the scene that is in Mother's mind as she dances, the old, old scene of their meeting at the fraternity house, that night so long ago when Father wore his Oxford suit because he had no tuxedo, but boldly camouflaged his trickery by wearing black tie and formal shirt with all the grace of a boulevardier.

Father hadn't danced with Mother since New Year's Eve, and, as always, he wondered at

Continued on page 8

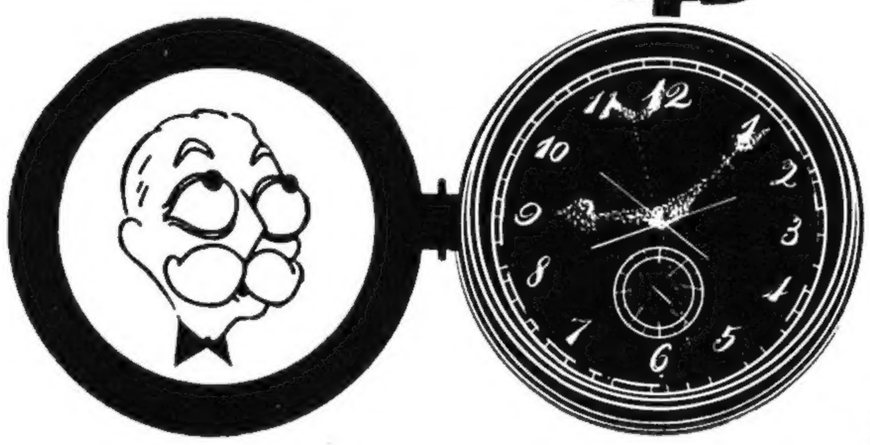
it's time to

REMEMBER FATHER

"the man of the hour"

You've a date to see this special
Esquire FATHER'S DAY window display
now appearing in the finest stores
from Coast to Coast.
(Check the list on this page
for Dad's favorite store nearest you.)
The experienced personnel at these stores
stand ready to help you choose from
a colorful array of Esquire gift suggestions . . . gifts
appropriate for
FATHER—
"ROUND THE CLOCK."

look for this window.



It's your timely reminder that

FATHER'S DAY *is June 19th.*

Look for this Window Display at these Leading Stores

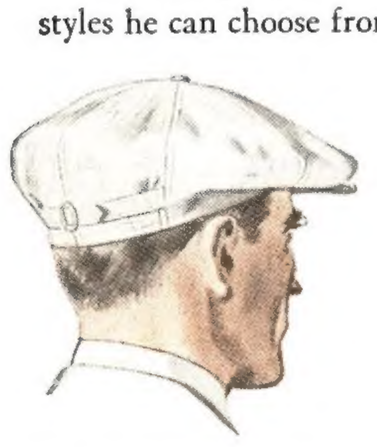
Albany, N. Y.	Steefel Bros.
Albuquerque, N. M.	Stromberg's
Allentown, Pa.	Koch Bros.
Altoona, Pa.	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich.	Wagner & Co.
Athens, Ohio	J. L. Beckley & Son
Atlanta, Ga.	Muse's
Atlantic City, N. J.	Charles of Atlantic City
Augusta, Ga.	J. B. White
Aurora, Ill.	Alshuler's
Baltimore, Md.	Isaac Hamburger & Sons
Bayonne, N. J.	Charles Grotsky
Berea, Ohio	Art's Men's Shop
Birmingham, Ala.	Blach's
Bloomington, Ill.	Dewinter & Co.
Bloomington, Ind.	Sullivan's
Boise, Idaho	Falk's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Meigs
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Kleinhans Co.
Butte, Mont.	Schwartz Men's Store
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Newman Mercantile Co.
Champaign, Ill.	Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger & Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	Ed Mellon Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	Baskin
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio	W. B. Davis Co.
Columbia, Mo.	Puckett's
Columbus, Ga.	J. A. Kirven
Columbus, Ohio	The Union Co.
Davenport, Iowa	The Syndicate
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Dubuque, Iowa	The Hub-Urbach
Eau Claire, Wis.	Campen Men's Store
Elizabeth, N. J.	Goerke's
Ellensburg, Wash.	Lee Simon
Erie, Pa.	Isaac Baker & Son
Flint, Mich.	Crawford & Zimmerman
Fort Collins, Colo.	Hickman's
Fort Worth, Tex.	Monnig's
Galesburg, Ill.	Stern & Field
Gary, Ind.	Miller's Toggery
Grand Rapids, Mich.	A. May & Sons
Greenville, S. C.	Heyward Mahon Co.
Hammond, Ind.	Edw. C. Minas Co.
Hanover, Pa.	Greenebaum's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Huntington, W. Va.	Dunhill's
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sport Shop
Jackson, Mich.	L. H. Field Co.
Joliet, Ill.	Al Baskin
Kansas City, Mo.	Rothschild & Sons
Lafayette, Ind.	Geisler's
Lima, Ohio	Hofeller, Hiatt & Clark
Lincoln, Neb.	Magee's
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Long Beach, Calif.	Desmond's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Desmond's
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes-Rapier Co.
Lowell, Mass.	Macartney's
Madison, Wis.	The Hub
Manhattan, Kans.	Bob-Art
Meadville, Pa.	Weldon
Memphis, Tenn.	Oak Hall
Middletown, Conn.	R. W. Camp Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Juster Bros.
Montgomery, Ala.	Fannin's
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Langdon's
Nashville, Tenn.	Castner-Knott
New Brunswick, N. J.	Snellenburg's
New Haven, Conn.	J. Johnson & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Godchaux's
New York, N. Y.	Stern Bros.
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Langdon's
Normal, Ill.	Hal's Tog Shop
Northfield, Minn.	Perman's
Oberlin, Ohio	Powers & Dawley
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Rutland's
Oxford, Miss.	Hume's
Paterson, N. J.	Konner's
Peoria, Ill.	Block & Kuhl
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reed's Sons
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Portland, Me.	A. H. Benoit & Co.
Portland, Ore.	Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
Portsmouth, Va.	Blumberg's Dept. Store
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Luckey, Platt & Co.
Providence, R. I.	The Outlet Co.
Reading, Pa.	Walter Jones
Redlands, Calif.	Gair's
Richmond, Va.	Greentree's
Rochester, N. Y.	National Clothing Co.
San Antonio, Tex.	"Joskes of Texas"
San Bernardino, Calif.	The Harris Co.
San Diego, Calif.	Walker's
Savannah, Ga.	Harris-The Hub
Scranton, Pa.	Cleland Simpson Co.
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	M. Levy Co.
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Roth's
Springfield, Mo.	Barth's
State College, Pa.	College Sportswear
Syracuse, N. Y.	Wells & Coverly
Terre Haute, Ind.	Joseph's
Toledo, Ohio	B R Baker Co
Topeka, Kans.	Palace Clothing Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Haveson's
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandever's
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Black, Friedman & Winston
Valparaiso, Ind.	The Oxford Shop
Walla-Walla, Wash.	Sporleder's
Warren, Ohio	Rose & Sons
Washington, D. C.	Young Men's Shop
Waukegan, Ill.	Lovinger's
West New York, N. J.	Schlesinger's
Westwood Village, Calif.	Desmond's
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Wilmington, Del.	John A. Carlson Co.
Wilmington, N. C.	Belk, Williams Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Norman Stockton
Youngstown, Ohio	Hartzell's
Ypsilanti, Mich.	Mellencamp's

For the head of the house

It's the DOBBS Gift Certificate

You can be sure Dad wants a Dobbs. Let *him* pick the style . . . with a Dobbs Gift Certificate from *you*. Spring the whole handsome package—certificate, miniature hat and hat box—on Dad, June 19th, and watch him glow!

Here are just four out of the endless variety of styles he can choose from . . .



DOBBS DEL MONTE
with back strap $3.95 and up

DOBBS ROAMER
$2.95 and up

DOBBS NASSAU CLUB
$5.00

DOBBS PELICAN
$2.50 and up

Available at the finer stores

Dobbs Hats, New York's Leading Hatter,
Park Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

"And One Man in His Time Plays Many Parts"

Continued from page 6

how lightly she contrived to follow his unpredictable excursions towards little open spaces on the floor, or those curious plunges of his when he got going in one direction and couldn't remember how to shift gears and start off somewhere else. He could feel the soft curve of her back, and her breath on his face, and, by God, none of his classmates had a wife who could look as stunning in an evening dress, back at that fraternity, or tonight either. He led her to their table on this anniversary of theirs, and signaled the waiter for more champagne. And, as mother looked at him across the table, Father's eyes glistened young and clear in the candlelight, his expensive tuxedo softly turned into a cheap Oxford suit, and on his bald head shone the loving miracle of wavy blond hair. Mother, as always, felt safe and a little breathless in the company of such a godlike creature.

To his wife, Father is the date who stayed for dinner.

* * *

Grandmother looked apprehensively at the sunny, cloudless sky. Weather, she reflected, was as whimsical as a man. Just expect one thing, you'll be sure to get another. Like the time when it had come down in buckets over the ten-year get-together of the whole family back in South Falls. And that, mind you, without so much as a cloud in the sky or a by-your-leave when they had hitched up the mare early that morning. In the midst of these reflections, Father came to kiss her good-by as he left for the office.

"Are you going to carry your umbrella, son?" she asked.

"Umbrella!" said Father. "Today? Look at that lovely sky—and the paper says it will be clear for a few days at least . . . "

"Fiddlesticks," said Grandma. "Your Aunt Sophie always said the worst storms come up the quickest, and she was right, poor dear, although I'll always remember how hot the sun was the day of her funeral."

"I'll tell you what," said Father. "If I see it's going to rain, I'll buy an umbrella at a store near my office. Good-by, Mother."

Grandmother allowed him to kiss her, a little peevishly. What was the world coming to, and what good did a fine education do, when her son talked about buying umbrellas when he had a perfectly good one at home?

To his mother, Father is a boy, and one badly in need of guidance at that.

* * *

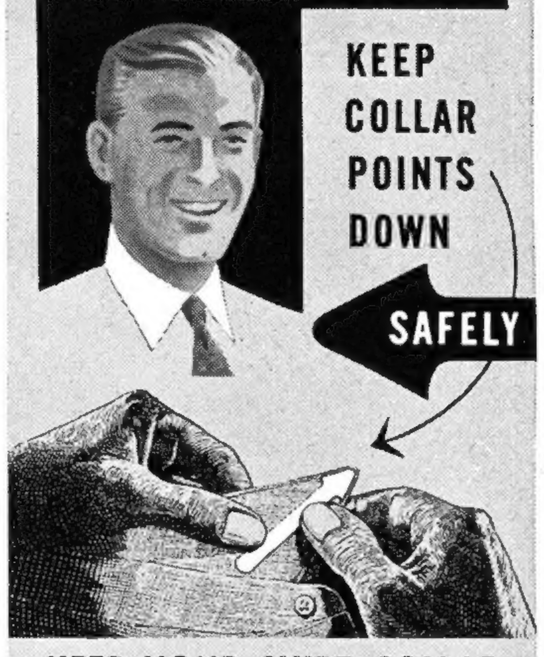
Dorothea looked anxiously out toward the gates of the finishing school. Father was about due to take her home for vacation, and although Mother couldn't come, still he had just bought a new Cadillac, and it would be something to show the girls. In fact,

Continued on page 10

PATENT APPLIED FOR

Pres-Stay

NEW ADHESIVE STAYS



KEEP YOUR SHIRT COLLAR "Morning-Fresh" ALL DAY LONG

SO SIMPLE . . . you'll say "Why didn't I think of it myself!" Just peel 'em off the card! Stick 'em under collar points (they hold by themselves like adhesive tape). Use them over and over again. No metal to rip, tear or fray your shirt. And your wife can reverse the collars! What a saving! What an aid to smart grooming! *And all this for pennies!*

A package of 4 pairs **25¢**

Featured Nationally at Fine Stores; including . . .

RICH'S, INC.	Atlanta, Ga.
JERRY ROTHSCHILD	Beverly Hills, Calif.
HART-ALBIN CO.	Billings, Montana
FILENE'S	Boston, Mass.
JORDON-MARSH	Boston, Mass.
ABRAHAM & STRAUS	Brooklyn, N. Y.
SPEARE BROS.	Chester, Penna.
MANDEL BROTHERS, INC.	Chicago, Ill.
THE MABLEY & CAREW CO.	Cincinnati, Ohio
PARSON-SOUDERS CO.	Clarksburg, W. Va.
THE HUB CLOTHIERS	Dubuque, Iowa
WOLF & DESSAUER	Fort Wayne, Ind.
THE FAIR	Fort Worth, Texas
HARRY DINE	Hollywood, Calif.
L. H. FIELD CO.	Jackson, Mich.
THE LEADER STORE	Lima, Ohio
MILLER & PAINE, INC.	Lincoln, Nebr.
BUFFUM'S	Long Beach, Calif.
COULTERS	Los Angeles, Calif.
GUS S. MAY	Los Angeles, Calif.
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PHELPS-TERKEL	Los Angeles, Calif.
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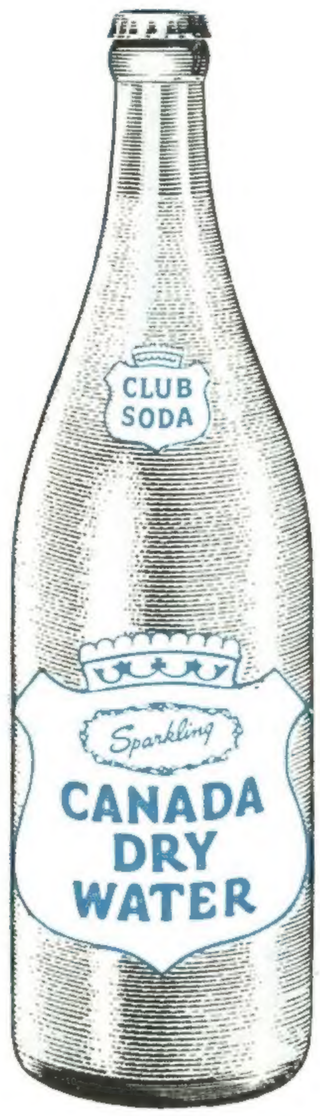

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

World's Most Popular Club Soda

"And One Man in His Time Plays Many Parts"

Continued from page 8

Dorothea wondered whether she had mentioned it to the others once too often. "Custom built, of course," she had explained with natural impatience for poor poverty-stricken waifs whose fathers drove ordinary cars that anybody could buy. "It's bigger than anything on the road," said Dorothea, "and the fittings are all sterling. Father needs a fine car to keep up with his financial standing. And, of course, he's a magnificent driver. Before he married Mother, he raced many times in Europe, and won the Grand Prix at . . . at Cannes. Long ago, natch, but we still can't keep him under seventy, even on back roads."

Dorothea hoped that the Cadillac was a big model, at least.

Father didn't come, and didn't come, so Dorothea returned to her room for a primping session.

A few of the girls stuck their heads in, a little while later.

"He's here," they said. "Your Father's here."

They were laughing about something, but Dorothea couldn't figure out what.

"Did you see the car?" she asked. "How did you like it."

"A ratty old Ford, all rusty," said one of the girls. "And your Father's pants are all wrinkled. Better go down and see him."

Dorothea looked out the window and saw the man by the little car.

"That's not *my* father," she said, wildly. "I won't see *him*!"

While downstairs, Father waited patiently by the battered Ford he had rented, and wondered if he could have his suit pressed for the evening. It had made quite a noise when he smashed the Caddy into that truck downtown, but the damage, luckily, had been slight. The bump would be smoothed out of the Caddy's fender by the time he had dinner with Dorothea. She'd think it was the funniest story she ever heard, he decided, when he told her about the accident. And where was Dorothea? The girls had gone to call her quite a time ago. Great thing, girls: a daughter is so much easier to understand than a son.

To his daughter, Father is a checkbook, and frequently overdrawn at that.

* * *

Father looked away from the mirror after a shaving. "Don't check on your teeth, or your hair, or your nose," he told himself. "You're getting to be such an old wreck it's a wonder anyone can stand coming near you. And pull in your stomach, for crissake, and stand like a man."

Father sighed a little, and finished his dressing. Then he went slowly downstairs, where his wife and his mother and junior and Dorothea were waiting, their eyes shining and each clutching a precious present for The Most Wonderful Man in the World. ⫴

With a new bag of Grand Slam Golf Clubs over his shoulder, Dad can write his own fun ticket on the links.

In new Grand Slams he'll have something more than just new clubs . . . their fine balance and precision workmanship are sure to help his game and lower his scores.

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Swell Father's Day gift idea . . . right?

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

laugh suit

Have just finished reading *We Were Just Having Fun* (January). For the internal pains I am suffering from laughing, I should sue you.

EDWARD G. HAYES
Guam

Esky on the high seas

Captain Bethel's letter in the editorial, *The Mail Animal*, in April, certainly did start a fire in my heart, a large conflagration filled with the romance of far-off places. It was truly a breath from the sea.

I enjoyed that letter as much or more than many articles of fiction appearing between the pages of this excellent magazine. For I, too, am a seaman. Although I sail in the capacity of "Sparks," and am a much younger man than Captain Bethel, I have known the life he portrays so well in his letter.

It is true that Esquire turns up in amazing places in the course of one's travels. It has an audience of hearty adventurers the world around. It speaks their language.

BILLY B. WALDECK
Radio Officer
S./S. Natalie O. Warren
Houston, Texas

of lions and lambs

It is only fair to warn you beforehand that I am a member of the opposite clan, namely a woman, and what is worse, European by birth and breed; but your article, *She Gets Away with Murder* by J. B. Rice (April) incensed me, whereas I have taken all other ribbings with a definitely good-natured chuckle.

First of all, the title is most inaccurate. The adequate one would run something like "He Lets Her Get Away with Murder . . . and with plenty besides." Far from me is the thought of advocating the dainty pinch of arsenic or other most irremediable methods to deal with one's mate. Like all criminal acts, they show an inability to cope with situations along more sensible and, in the long run, more practical lines of business.

What burned me up like a breath of hell is the nerve and the audacity of men to squawk about it. If things are the way they are, it's just because you men let them come to a head.

This is by no means limited to murder, this encompasses all the infringements you so easily took and so often loved.

Your recriminations make me think of the baby coming to mama to cry. This human race is a competitive one for both sexes and if man was not able to keep his place at the head of the list, he was just a little less smart than the lion in your article. It's too bad, not only for him, but also for her.

We women really love a lion of a man. But can we pick him up by the skin of the neck, put him on top of the dresser, and repeat to him day after day, "You're the lion," while on the other hand he needs us at all times, refers to us in his business, does what we decide, sulking with the sullen maturity of a twelve-year old?

If you want a man to be a lion, tell him first to behave like one. After all, we women are sensible beings at times and you can't ask from us that we should go around blindfolded, repeating: "Men are lions."

Give us men that are really men and we will probably behave as women. Don't ask us to put a man in a position he doesn't seem to have the strength to hold by himself.

Nature gave the male the physical ascendancy and, by implication of your article, the greater mental alertness. Accepting these two facts, there are only two possible answers: either man possesses these two faculties and he lets himself be despoiled of them, which is the act of a fool, or he is losing his prerogatives through the degeneration of these two qualities, shifting society as we know it towards a more and more matriarchal one. And this does not make women happy, no matter what feminists write about it.

What you call a "mistaken sense" of chivalry is, to my opinion, a mild euphemism for the stupidity of the *genus Americanus* toward his women. If you read our national magazines and popular novels written by men as well as women, adding to it the very widespread "Mommism" complex, what is the composite picture you obtain, the picture of the All-American female?

In my experience, the dream-girl fitted together from all these readings is something like this: virgin, age eighteen to twenty, retaining something of the baby appearance, possessing at the same time the human experience of a hundred years of motherhood, and the feminine wiles of a hundred courtesans.

It would not be bad if this ideal were limited to the dream-period of puberty, yet something of the all-powerfulness of the image remains much later, in the "never-do-wrong" attitude and the many excuses men accord women.

As for your marriage vows, yes,

Continued on page 14

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America's Finest Accessories for Men and Boys

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 13

we love the word "obey." There is only one condition, dear Esquire: to obey, you have to respect. And what woman with self-respect could respect some of the shiftless, dull, irresponsible, and spineless specimens of the *genus Americanus* you so flatteringly call "men"?

I am uninhibited writing this. I have a lion of a husband.

MRS. KARIN ROTH
Miami Beach, Fla.

fearless pete

I have just finished Henry Kane's latest story in the December Esquire, *Hang by Your Neck*. For a while I thought they would have to call in "Fearless Fosdick" but good old Pete really came through. From now on he is my boy and I don't think Fosdick could find limburger cheese in a phone booth. Who would want to find it there anyway?

No kidding, it was a swell story and it's a relaxation to read a good one over here. I hope old Pete's dislocation is *joto* by now.

CORPORAL H. H. BOLAND
APO 24, San Francisco, Calif.

satisfied dreamer

I would like to thank all of the Esquire personnel connected with "Good Golfing" (April) for a "12-page guide" supremely done.

I am so completely satisfied with the "Special" that I am mounting it for future enjoyment. I believe this note of appreciation is inadequate for expressing my thanks for a job that literally hundreds of golfing articles and books have never done.

I may be a dub, lacking all the necessary fundamentals of golf, and a peon in that I cannot pursue the luxuries of the game, but if you can dream, so can I.

ERNEST E. ETTINGER
Shaker Heights, Ohio

many thanks

May I, through Esky, thank every reader who answered my appeal for magazines. I have received so many I couldn't possibly write and thank them individually.

RITA MARSLAND
Grove Park Hospital, London

spare the rod

Dr. J. B. Rice will probably be widely condemned for his article in the April issue, but I know from experience how right he is. I know that if I had remained "unspanked," my marriage to a man many years older than myself would have gone on the rocks.

The first year of our marriage he was so proud of having won me away from a much younger man

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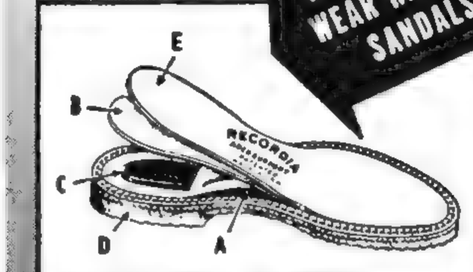

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that I was able to run him completely. That came to an end one evening after we had returned from a dance. I had resented what had appeared to me to be jealousy on his part during the evening.

Instead of begging forgiveness, he turned me over and gave me a sound spanking. Next morning, I was still so mad I consulted an attorney in a neighboring city. Fortunately, he was experienced and wise so I returned to my husband without his knowing of my errand.

For the next year there were many times when I was spanked by him and spanked hard, but each time I knew I deserved what I got. Now such occasions are very rare, but I always know that no matter how old I get, he will treat me as a child if I act like one.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Ellensburg, Wash.

Rolls wrong

In the April issue you have a picture of my 1907 Rolls Royce along with several other fine antique automobiles in a story called *Old Gold on Wheels*.

The story is well written, and the pictures are well reproduced, with the exception that your layout man has changed the driving position of the pre-1910 autos—quite a trick.

Actually, your layout man has revised the pictures and made all the cars left-hand drive, whereas in reality they are right-hand driven cars. This is a grave error and will surely result in a howl of protest from every veteran car enthusiast who reads your magazine.

I hereby offer my personal protest in my most strident tones.

JAMES MELTON
Norwalk, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our thanks to Mr. Melton and a great many other wide-awake readers for flagging us down on this. Sorry: we should have looked closer before shifting into reverse.*

still-stalking

Still-hunting (*Sound and Fury*, April), is a term to cover a system of searching for game where the hunter *quietly* moves through the woods, generally alone, and locates the animal's bedding or feeding or resting ground. Often you expect to locate and shoot the animal as it jumps; generally, this is the case.

Stalking is the art of sneaking up on game that is unaware of the hunter's presence; you take advantage of the wind and what cover there is and work your way as close to the animal as possible and then cut loose.

No kidding, down here in this dense cover, with a breeze blowing steadily and strong enough to make a bit of sound, and in my favor, I have occasionally slipped up to within twenty feet of a big buck before he zoomed out of his bed. Actually, they come out just ahead of you, almost under your feet, like a rabbit. The puzzle:

Continued on page 16

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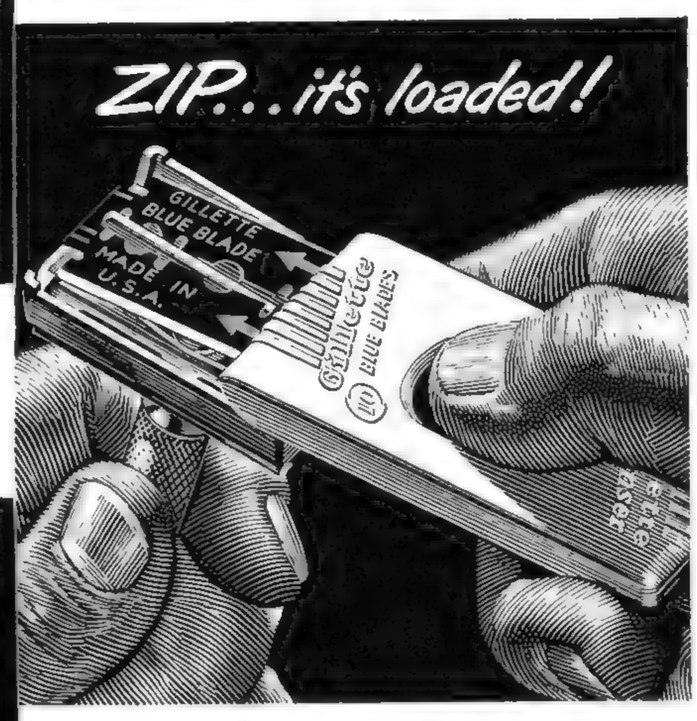

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WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

where the hell is the cover high enough to have hidden him?

It's an easy trick for a good still hunter to get within buckshot range of a buck. He should be within twenty yards when he jumps, then you can hit him with your buckshot before he's forty yards away and get him. Buckshot at over fifty yards is very unreliable and should never be tried.

The trick works the other way, too. One morning I was slipping along the rice-field bank and I walked right between a big doe and her yearling fawn. The pair were not fifteen feet apart, one on each side of the path and each in a sparse clump of briars only a few feet from the path . . .

Each of these deer waited for the other one to jump first, and neither moved until I was well past them and two other men came blundering along. Then both doe and yearling busted out in a hurry.

I could not believe it was possible that I had passed them and had to go back and feel their warm beds to believe that the two men had told me their exact locations. That doe was as big as a Shetland pony and the yearling as big as a Holstein calf, yet they hugged the ground and let me pass between.

An incident like that is good for one's soul.

T. G. Samworth
Plantersville, S. C.

fable found guilty

Giving a new interpretation to the fallacious high jinks of fair Lady Godiva only proves further how simple it is to concoct a legend. Of all the indigestible myths served up to choke the functions of reason, this flapdoodle about Godiva effortlessly takes the cake.

In the interest of truth, here is an excerpt from a purely impartial source, *Funk and Wagnalls Desk Standard Dictionary of the English Language, 1927 Edition:*

"Godiva—The wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, England (c 1040); Legend claims she rode naked through Coventry as the condition of the removal of oppressive taxes but there were no streets in Coventry in her time."

Ernest F. Wyman
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *True. But cannot legend build a street?*

a pinch of salt

On page 144 of your April issue you have the doctor pour sulphur into a bullet wound. Perhaps he did, but I think it more likely that your writer meant to write sulpha or sulfa and an editor let it slip by. Am I correct?

William J. Sculley
Rockport, Maine

Editor's Note: *Correct.*

Continued on page 118

YOU MUST AVOID
GREASY
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On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*; it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling so CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

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The sportsman father

If Dad is the "outdoor" type... if he likes "he-man" accessories... he'll go hook, line and sinker for this handsome set of Basketweave Tie Bar, $3.50 and Cuff Links, $3.50. They've got plenty of the "Bold Look" that is so popular today.

The executive father

Dear old over-worked Dad... slaving in a hot office all day long! How his eyes will sparkle when you give him this Hickok Ribbon Initial Wallet on Father's Day! It's made of imported Morocco leather and says "important executive" all over! $5.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

E. Simms Campbell

Cartoonist E. SIMMS CAMPBELL says: "I guess you might say that I really got started in 1933; that was when Esquire was starting, and I was asked to contribute to the magazine." He's been doing it ever since (pages 34, 74). Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Campbell came up the hard way. He spent three years at the Chicago Art Institute, graduated and went to work on the New York Central Railroad. Finally, he got into an advertising agency in the Windy City, came to New York in 1929, and began selling artwork to the magazines. About that time, a fellow cartoonist advised him to specialize in drawing lovely women and since then he has drawn few cartoons that didn't have a cute wench in them somewhere (one of the few is in this issue). Syndicated by King Features and recognized as one of America's outstanding cartoonists, he lives with his family in Westchester County, New York. There he has a neat eight-room fieldstone house complete with four-and-a-half acres for hunting and romping with his Airedales.

Harold Von Schmidt

Rugged is the word for the gatefold painting that illustrates *There was a Man: Abraham Lincoln*, page 42. The same word describes the early life of the artist who painted it: HAROLD VON SCHMIDT. Born in Alameda, California, fifty-six years ago, "Von" worked in lumber camps, with construction crews, in cow camps, and even did some rodeo riding while growing up. He studied art on the Pacific Coast and in New York and has been doing magazine illustrations since 1914. During his busy life he has been a teacher, lecturer, civic worker, football coach, and member of the American Olympic rugby football team that went to Antwerp in 1920. During the last war he was an artist with the AAF in Europe and also an artist correspondent attached to General MacArthur's headquarters in the Pacific. The artwork of his eighteen year old son, Ric, appeared for the first time in a national magazine last May.

Harry Botsford

The childhood activities of HARRY BOTSFORD and his gang make for nostalgic reading in his story *Pranksters Unlimited*, page 49. And writing a story like this, Botsford says, is a sure cure for his own sudden and unpredictable nostalgia for country life. He broke into writing in 1919 when he got slightly less than fifteen dollars for a memorable piece on how to conduct a military funeral, and has been writing ever since—mostly about food, cookery, and Americana. A resident of Manhattan and an amateur chef, he has compiled a personal notebook containing a list of New York eating places wherein the food is wonderful. This is, he insists, the best book he has ever written.

The sensitive, perceptive writings of CYRIL HUME, author of *The Corbina*, page 31, have been receiving critical acclaim ever since the publication of *Wife of the Centaur* in 1923. With this book, he says, "I became, willy-nilly, a member of the Lost Generation, and have been trying to get my

Continued on page 20

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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 19

bearings ever since." Born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1900, Hume "passed through school, the Army, and Yale University, while growing up to some extent." He has written seven books and a number of short stories, articles, poems, and "regrettable letters." Now he is in his "Movie Period" and lives with his wife and children in Palos Verdes, California, where he has found a lovely view.

Robert J. Misch

Knowing the monotony that torments many people day after day, ROBERT J. MISCH tells what one man did about his boredom in the story *Cromartie's Ride*, page 54. The author, however, has managed to keep busy during his own forty-three years. He claims distinction as one of those rare people who is New York born and bred, whose parents were born in New York, who has always lived in New York, and who still loves the Big City. Graduating *magna cum laude* from Dartmouth in 1925, he has written for several publications, in addition to being vice-president of a New York advertising agency. He recently published a children's book called *At Daddy's Office* (Alfred Knopf, New York). And he is still proud of having won his "D" at college, where he was fencing team captain.

Joseph E. Shaner

Esquire presented a new talent to the public in January, 1946, when we published JOSEPH E. SHANER's fine long poem, *All Hands Lay Aft*. Shaner notified us after publication of the poem that he

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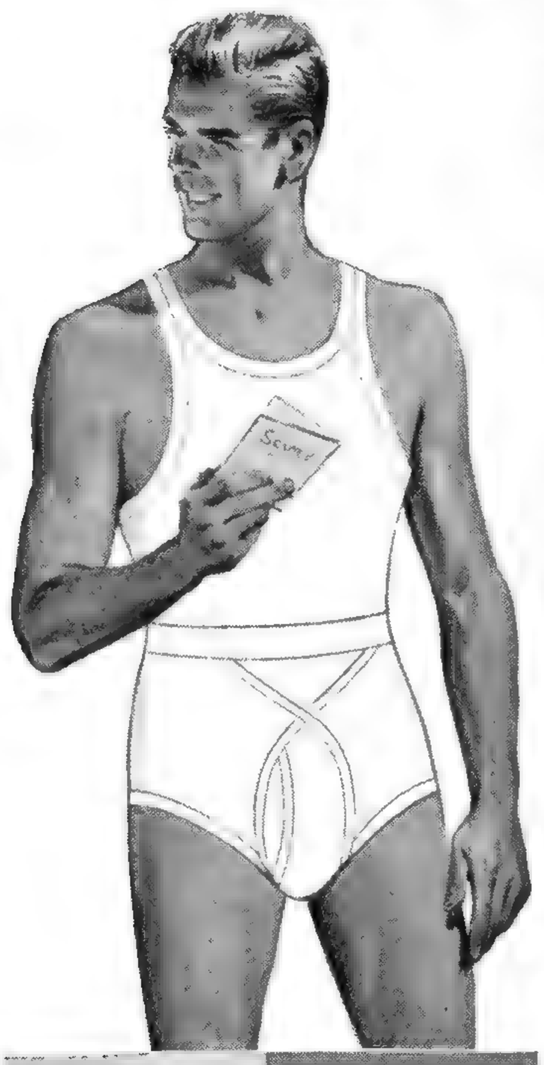

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had a prose side, too, and since then has been contributing such fiction as the cheerful story about a dreamin' seaman, *All a Sailor Can Ask*, page 58. Even as a boy back in Altoona, Pennsylvania, Joe Shaner had two loves: the sea and writing. Born in 1913, one of eleven children, he started as a cub reporter on his home-town paper and advanced to the staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* by 1937. The war came, the sea called, and Joe Shaner went on active duty with the Coast Guard. He became a Lieutenant Commander in 1944, subsequently coming of "literary age" with the writing of the burial at sea poem, mentioned above. Nowadays, he spends most of his spare time in the saloons along the Baltimore water front, swapping stories with the other old salts who fascinate him almost as much as Captain Ahab and Lord Jim.

Sam Elkin

A combination philosopher-sports-writer once told us that if you can't play the game, the next best thing is to write about it. SAM ELKIN has followed this logic ever since he broke an ankle sliding into second base while playing for the Butler Yankees, in the now defunct Penn State Association, Class D league. An outfielder, he had "every hope in the world that someday I'd be wearing a New York Yankee uniform." He took up writing "as a second-best thing" and insists that he would have made the big leagues if it had not been for his accident. In *Di Maggio's forgotten home run*, page 38, he tells a little-known story about the great slugger.

As the saying goes, KERR PETRIE cut his teeth on a mashie and has been writing about golf ever since. Before the turn of the century he was covering the tournaments in his native Scotland, and on a visit to this country in 1908, he started writing for the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Petrie switched to the New York *Herald* in 1910 and has been covering big-time golf in the United States to this day. He watched his first championship golf match at Garden City, New York, in 1908 and writes *Father and Son: Golf Partners*, page 68, with an affectionate familiarity. We asked him who he thought was the best golfer he had ever seen and he wisely answered that *all* who were

Continued on page 22

color story of the year

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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 21

outstanding in their time were great golfers: "Changes and improvement in course conditions and equipment must divide the golf scene into eras. Nowadays both amateurs and professionals work harder at the game; they drive further only because of the improvement in equipment."

Many of GEORGE JESSEL'S varied talents stem from the early days in New York when he used to sing in his grandfather's tailor shop. Young George provided the entertainment while you waited for your pants to be pressed. Although his audience was rarely more than two people, he made it to the vaudeville stage where he sang with the "Imperial Trio" consisting of himself, Jack Weiner, and his first partner, Walter Winchell. George was ten. From those inauspicious beginnings, Jessel rose to stardom as an entertainer, song writer, and toastmaster (Esquire, October, 1948, *Toastmaster General*, by Earl Wilson). *And Then They Wrote*, page 35, is not his first skirmish with literature. His autobiography, *So Help Me*, appeared in 1943.

Gustav Rehberger

The artist with the right background for painting the portrait of Ring Lardner's *Champion*, page 33, was the thirty-eight-year-old GUSTAV REHBERGER, a former all-around athlete, who, despite his two-hundred-pound physique, is still one of the top-ranking table-tennis players in the country. An added recommendation was one critic's comment that Rehberger is the "Hemingway of painting." This is not to say that all of his subjects have hair on their chests; but his work is notable for the artist's ability to get down to fundamentals whatever the theme. Rehberger tells us that he'd rather paint a storm "than a blonde *en deshabille*" and that when he was a sergeant in the U. S. Army Air Forces his work was shown at the National Galleries in London. Most recent of his prize winners was "Deluge" which took the top award as "most creative painting" in the last annual national Audubon Artists' Exhibition in New York. ###

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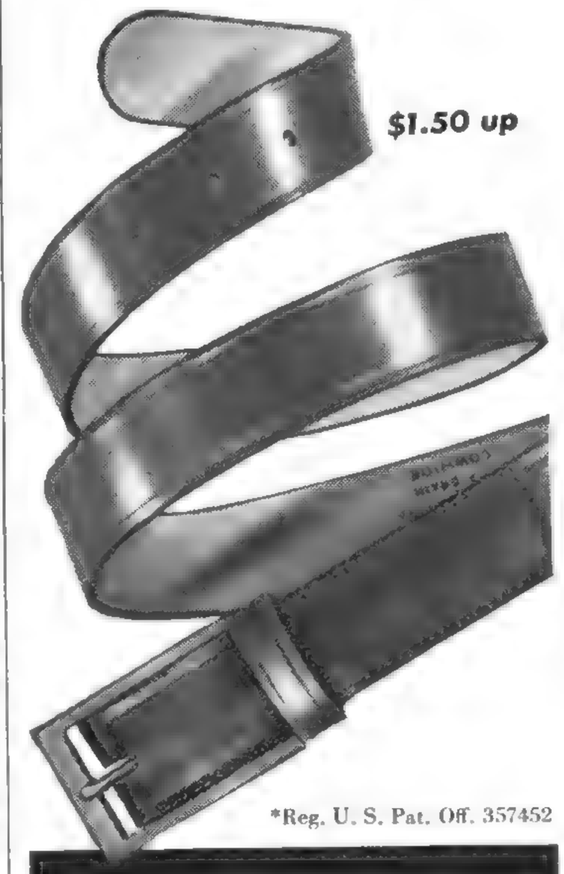

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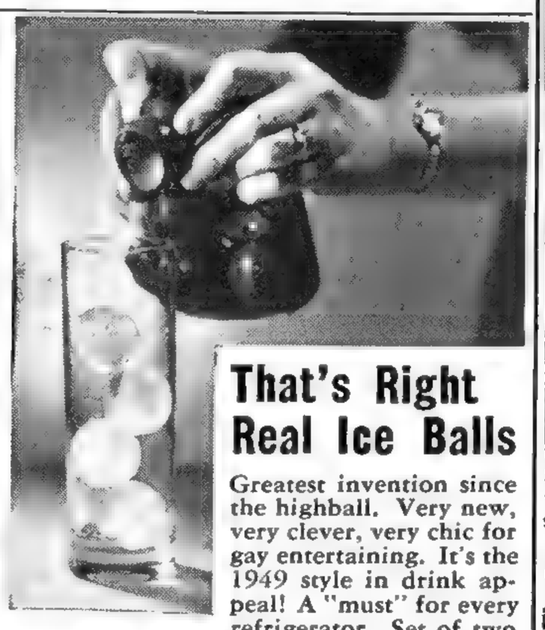

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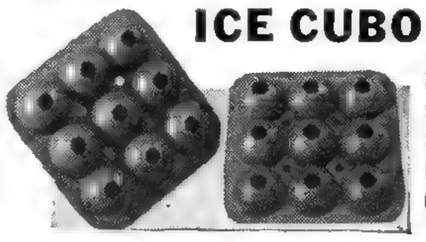

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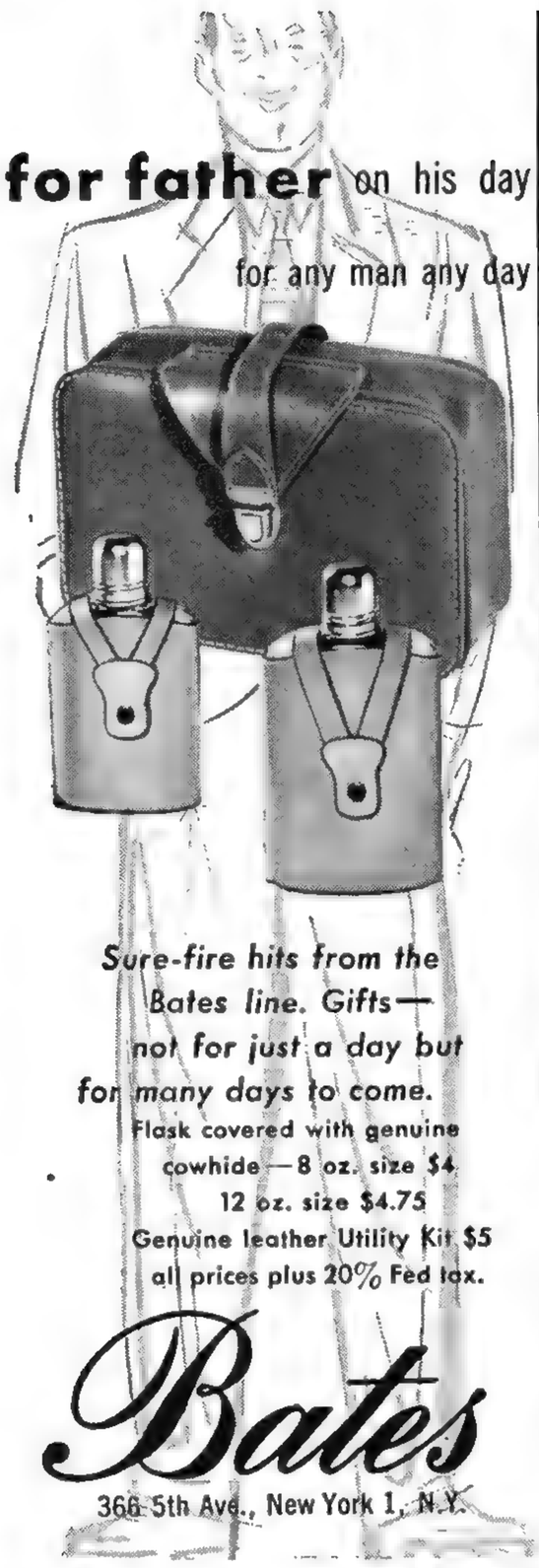

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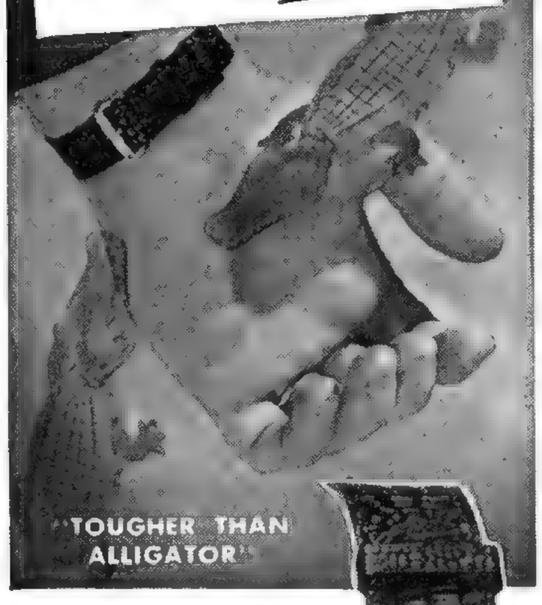

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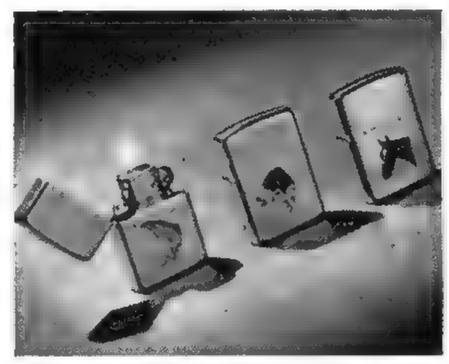

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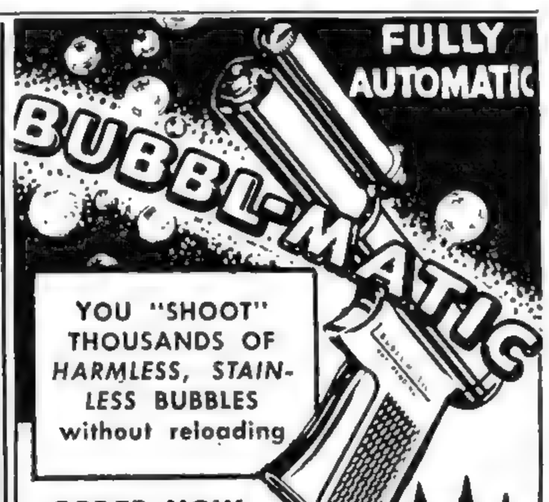

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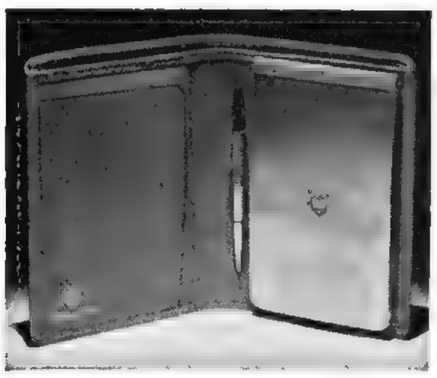

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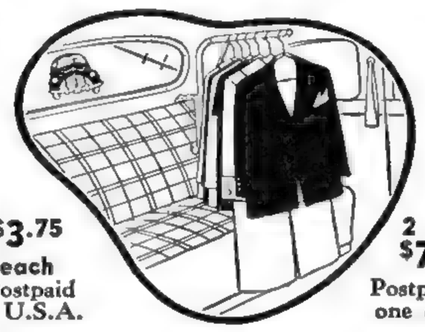

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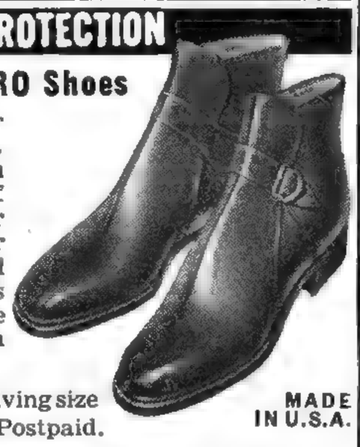

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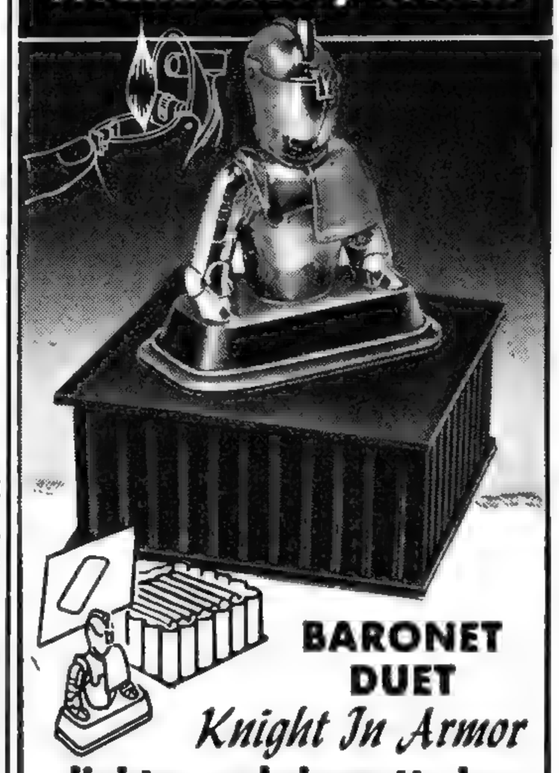

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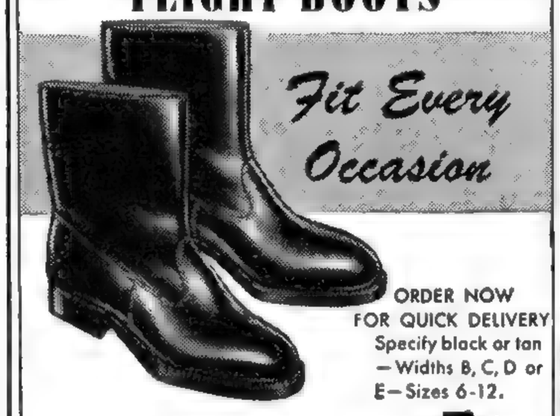

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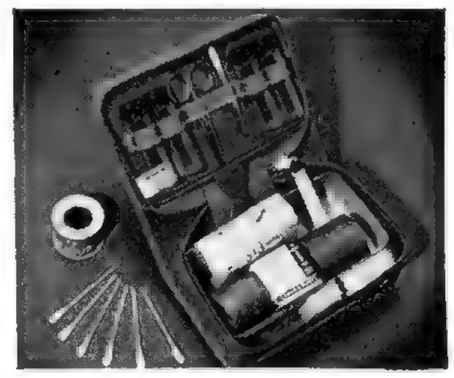

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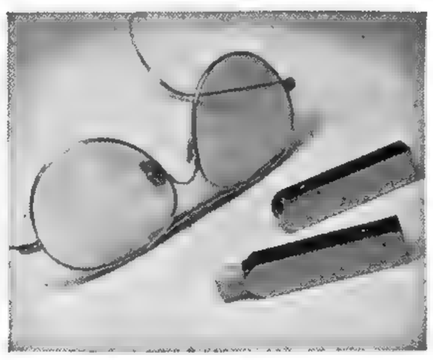

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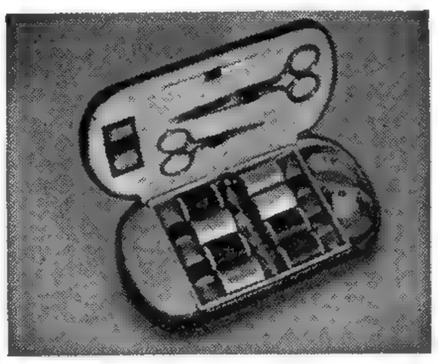

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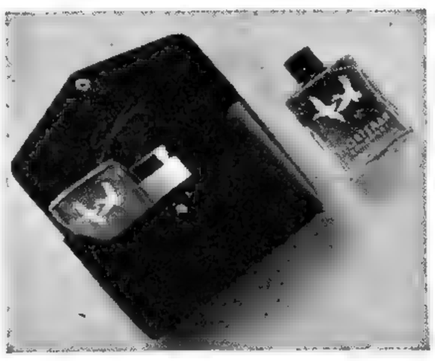

Continued on page 130

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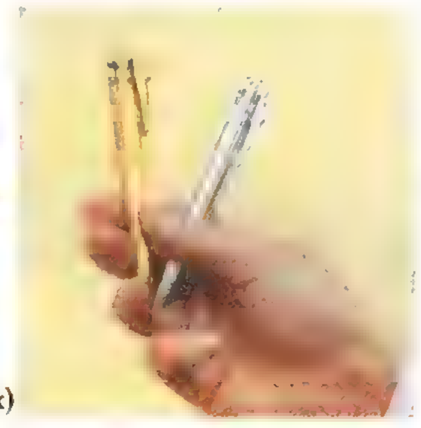

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ILLUSTRATION BY BOB FINK

A STORY FOR FATHER'S DAY:

The Corbina

by **CYRIL HUME**

My little son, who is five years old, had for three days refused to do anything I told him to do. Worse, he had refused to stop doing anything I told him to stop doing. Since he is naturally of a grave and courteous disposition, I could not think what had got into him to make him so unhappy. But, having tried every imaginable form of patience and impatience, I finally told him that now I would not take him fishing with me on Saturday.

For my own part I had looked forward to this expedition with an eagerness which I felt obliged to cover up in an assumed and probably stupid gruffness. We had planned it for over a year while he had simply tagged along of a Saturday, serving his apprenticeship. He had been a good companion and stayed clear of my rod, handing me bait when I wanted it, and following all I did with sober attention. At last I had bought him a rod of his own, and we were to have gone fishing as equals.

When I delivered my sentence I felt he had expected it, and for some obscure reason had even provoked it deliberately. Yet at the same time I saw that he was not quite able to believe I meant it and would ever really go without him. Even when I backed the car out of the driveway on Saturday morning he could not quite believe it. He stood at the back door, a little paler than usual, and watched me. I was aware that his new rod was just inside where he could snatch it and come running with it when I relented at the last moment. But I did not relent. And the last I saw of him in the rear-view mirror, he had come out into the driveway. The rod was in his hand now, and he stood there with it, looking after me.

Driving to town I almost crashed a truck marked "inflammables." I bought two dozen sand crabs from the bait man on the pier, and went down the coast to a spot which I had previously looked over. Here on the flood tide two almost imperceptible eddies worked against each other like a pair of cog-wheels. They had built up a submerged sandspit off the beach, and I had felt that there if anywhere the boy would hook and land his first corbina. I parked the car on the bluff; and when I looked down, the tide was flooding strong and quiet and the twin slicks of the eddies were already rotating together just beyond the surf.

I tobogganed down the bluff with my equipment, rigged up, baited, and cast. When I felt the sinker hold, I set the rod up on the spike, reeled in the slack, and lighted a cigarette. I tried to keep my mind on watching the shore birds, or now and then a cormorant or a line of pelicans out over the ocean. After a few minutes I saw the tip of my rod vibrate sharply. I let it happen twice more to make sure of him, and then brought him in carefully, remembering the corbina's delicate tubular mouth. Corbina fishing is actually less a sport than a minor art.

It was a nice fifteen-incher, but as I dropped it flapping into the sack I thought how the boy would have exulted with me. I even thought I would rather have lost the fish altogether if only he had been there to be tactful about it afterwards.

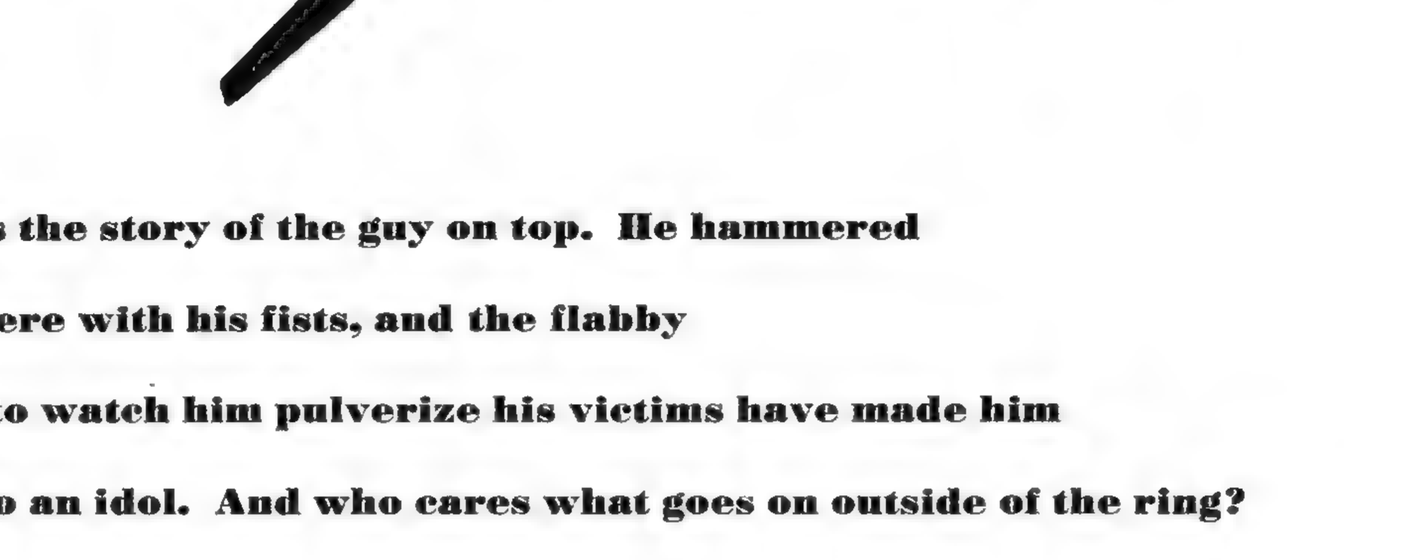
I shook my head like a fish trying to get rid of a hook. I told myself angrily that I was going to enjoy this Saturday just as I had always enjoyed them before my wife had borne him in such pain and trouble five years ago. I baited again, and spat on the bait, and announced aloud that now I would get the big one. This time I cast right into the meshed watery gears of the eddies, and when I had set the rod up I even forced myself to be superstitious about watching it only out of the corners of my eyes, so that the fish or fate or something might not suspect how eager I was. But secretly I knew that now neither my wife nor I would ever again do anything or want to do anything quite as we had done it five years ago. Because now he was with us, and we loved him.

I had just flipped the butt of a second cigarette into the surf when something kicked up a little jet of sand (*Continued on page 122*)

Ring Lardner's

Champion

This is the story of the guy on top. He hammered his way right up there with his fists, and the flabby people who pay to watch him pulverize his victims have made him into an idol. And who cares what goes on outside of the ring?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some years back, when Ring Lardner first published *Champion*, a lot of people read it, liked it, couldn't forget it, and a generation later were amazed at the number of people who had missed this little classic. Something ought to be done about it, they said. Something was. Screen Plays, Inc., bought the movie rights and made a picture with Kirk Douglas, now being released through United Artists. And we are pleased to print this masterpiece of malice for those lucky men who have not read it before—and for those who do not believe that twice is too much of a good thing.

MIDGE KELLY scored his first knockout when he was seventeen. The knockee was his brother Connie, three years his junior and a cripple. The purse was a half dollar given to the younger Kelly by a lady whose electric had just missed bumping his soul from his frail little body.

Connie did not know Midge was in the house, else he never would have risked laying the prize on the arm of the least comfortable chair in the room, the better to observe its shining beauty. As Midge entered from the kitchen, the crippled boy covered the coin with his hand, but the movement lacked the speed requisite to escape his brother's quick eye.

"Watcha got there?" demanded Midge.

"Nothin'," said Connie.

"You're a one-legged liar!" said Midge.

He strode over to his brother's chair and grasped the hand that concealed the coin.

"Let loose!" he ordered.

Connie began to cry.

"Let loose and shut up your noise," said the elder, and jerked his brother's hand from the chair arm.

The coin fell onto the bare floor. Midge pounced on it. His weak mouth widened in a triumphant smile.

"Nothin', huh?" he said. "All right, if it's nothin' you don't want it."

"Give that back," sobbed the younger.

"I'll give you a red nose, you little sneak! Where'd you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it. It's mine. A lady give it to me after she pretty near hit me with a car."

"It's a crime she missed you," said Midge.

Midge started for the front door. The cripple picked up his crutch, rose from his chair with difficulty, and, still sobbing, came toward Midge. The latter heard him and stopped.

"You better stay where you're at," he said.

"I want my money," cried the boy.

"I know what you want," said Midge.

Doubling up the fist that held the half dollar, he landed with all his strength on his brother's mouth. Connie fell to the floor with a thud, the crutch tumbling on top of him. Midge stood beside the prostrate form.

"Is that enough?" he said. "Or do you want this, too?"

And he kicked him in the crippled leg.

"I guess that'll hold you," he said.

There was no response from the boy on the floor. Midge looked at him a moment, then at the coin in his hand, and then went out into the street, whistling.

An hour later, when Mrs. Kelly came home from her day's work at Faulkner's Steam Laundry, she found Connie on the floor, moaning. Dropping on her knees beside him, she called him by name a score of times. Then she got up and, pale as a ghost, dashed from the house. Dr. Ryan left the Kelly abode about dusk and walked toward Halsted Street. Mrs. Dorgan spied him as he passed her gate.

"Who's sick, Doctor?" she called.

"Poor little Connie," he replied. "He had a bad fall."

"How did it hap- (*Continued on page 111*)

Reprinted from How To Write Short Stories, *by Ring Lardner;* © *1924 by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.*

"My—you look cool, Miss Logan"

And Then They Wrote

by **GEORGE JESSEL**

Not every composer is his own Cole Porter—

Sullivan needed Gilbert, Rodgers needs Hammerstein.

When Jessel hears America singing, he

thinks of the men who put the words in her mouth

CARICATURE BY JACK MASEY

At the approach of fifty, there are many signposts that make you realize life ain't kidding. I won't go into the romantic side—as far as I am concerned, that would strike home with too big a hammer. But men are compensated when they reach the fiftyish stage by having more power from the neck up. The power of thinking. The realization of what was actually good and actually bad in the past. And a nicer and warmer feeling toward their fellow men.

When you're my age, you look forward to an occasional Sunday morning when you can go through old papers, old books, letters, and theatrical notices (particularly if you are in the amusement business as I have been all my life). And on such a Sunday morning, I found a poem by Jean Havez, who wrote songs and lyrics when I was a little boy. As I read it, I realized that this Jean Havez had a poetic side few people knew about. Today, how many have even heard his name?

That got me thinking, too, of other lyric writers—men whose words have been such an inspiration—men who, strangely, have been responsible for America's greatest songs and yet whose names are barely remembered. This seems odd in this day when everybody is advertised and everybody has billing. The stationery of any bank lists all the vice-presidents and even the fellow who opens the door in the morning. Even the smallest passenger airplane now gives you the names of pilots and hostesses, and I expect them soon to furnish the names of people who said they enjoyed the last trip.

In motion pictures, we run the gamut in personal credits. Some films seem to give more footage to those who helped make the picture than to the story itself.

So now I want to lift my voice and pen to some great poets whose lyrics are sung throughout the civilized world and whose names are never mentioned. Except for a few men—like Richard Rodgers' two collaborators, Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein—our great American lyricists are almost unknown, their praises seldom sung.

So let me begin with radio, as it plays to the largest audience and therefore is the most imposing of all popular-song mediums. I'll bet there isn't a kid from the age of six up who doesn't hear, three or four times daily, the announcer say: "And now—Victor Herbert's everlasting song, *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life.* And now—Victor Herbert's *Kiss Me Again.*" No mention that *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* was written by Rida Johnson Young and *Kiss Me Again* by Henry Blossom. This followed swiftly by George Gershwin's songs from *Porgy and Bess* and *I've Got Rhythm*—with no mention of the writer, his brother Ira. This goes down the line: Jerome Kern's lovely song, *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.* What about Otto Harbach?

A list like this could go on for months. What about Gus Edwards' *School Days* and *Sunbonnet Sue,* with their beautiful lyrics by Will D. Cobb, who wrote with the simple beauty of a James Whitcomb Riley.

I wonder what would have happened to many great melodies—I wonder whether they would have been so successful with other lyrics. For example, instead of Oscar Hammerstein's lyric to *Ol' Man River:*

Ol' Man River
He just keeps rollin' along.

(*Ol' Man River*—copyright 1927 by T. B. Harms Co., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.)

just suppose its words had been like this:

Good-by, Harry.
Why don't you tarry
And stay and marry
Your old girl, Carrie?

Or try to imagine the Carrie Jacobs-Bond melody of *Just a-Wearyin' for You,* without Frank L. Stanton's lovely words and with something like this, instead:

All aboard for Alabam'
Soon I'll see my brother, Sam.

Or to the melody of *The Last Time I Saw Paris,* instead of Oscar Hammerstein's:

The last time I saw Paris
Her heart was young and gay.
I heard the laughter of her heart
In every street café.

(*The Last Time I Saw Paris*—copyright 1940 by T. B. Harms Co., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.)

how about these lines?

Let's all go down to Coney,
That good old Coney Isle.
A hot dog and a glass of beer
Will bring about a smile.

I will not attempt to be facetious about the lyric of *The Rosary* by Robert Cameron Rogers, but I am willing to bet that this is the first time his name has been written in the last thirty years. It is always Ethelbert Nevin's *The Rosary* that people mention.

Besides those names already mentioned, there is George Graff, who wrote the lyrics for *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* and *Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold,* and J. Keirn Brennan, who wrote *A Little Bit of Heaven.* And I present to you the names of these gentlemen so that those of you who are inclined to like beautifully budgeted words, the warm rhyme, or the honeyed phrase may know from whom they came and, if you so please, commit the names to memory. I am afraid that is all the billing they will get. For if these still living lyricists should suddenly take leave of us, I doubt whether the radio or press will eulogize their songs again as *theirs* and not the composers'.

It is remarkable how the names of some men and women are on the tips of everybody's tongue and others are hardly ever mentioned. On a quiz show the other night, no one could guess who had written the inscription of the Statue of Liberty. One man said Napoleon, others guessed Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Isaiah. I did not know myself that this inspiration to democracy:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

is from *The New Colossus,* by Emma Lazarus.

And so of a Sunday morning I find myself sentimentally inclined to a good thought or two. Whether these good thoughts come because of the goodness itself that is present in most men or whether the inclination to have bad thoughts wanes with increasing age, I don't know. All I know is that I found some names that I wanted to bring to your ear—and I hope you'll remember them. ###

KODACHROME BY JACK BREED

. . . For Spacious Skies

While Monument Valley stands, no American lacks his own back yard

MONUMENT VALLEY is literally a string of sandstone formations stretching along the Utah-Arizona border. But that is like saying that a beautiful woman is merely a composite of chemicals worth now about a dollar thirty-five. There is something about this scene that is so American that every cowpuncher or soda-jerker instantly recognizes these cathedral-like giants as his own property. O. O. McIntyre is supposed to have said that after you leave Hoboken and go West, it's Bridgeport all the way, but that was only a New Yorker's way of singing *Home, Sweet Home* to Broadway. You may have cantered by these monuments in the desert sunset, or you may remember them only for the times the hero in the current Western rides the stagecoach through this valley, all for the honor of a girl in calico. But in saddle or balcony seats, this magnificent chunk of America is yours for its rugged beauty, for its sheer size, and for the outright cussedness of country that's as tough as this. The nearest monument you can see in this picture is eight miles away. It rises higher than the Empire State Building, cuts a piece out of the sky big enough to satisfy even Americans. At least, we hoped it would satisfy you, sir, for the Fourth of July—if you'll think of the first man going West who saw this Valley you'll know his thrill is yours, too, by the magic that makes our land truly ours, for everybody.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT FRANKENBURG

Di Maggio's forgotten home run

by **SAM ELKIN**

Jolting Joe—the ballplayer everyone wants on his side—holds a bat rack full of records, but the most satisfying homer he ever hit isn't in the record books

One fine day about a year ago, Joe Di Maggio hit two homers off Bobby Feller and one off reliefer Bob Muncrief in the first game of a double-header at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland. Later, in talking to the reporters, Joe remarked that this was the best day he had ever had in baseball.

Now I know how much Joe must cherish the memory of those three home runs in one ball game. But there was a homer Joe hit one night, and not in a major- or minor-league ball park either, which he probably doesn't remember, but which I saw and won't forget for a long time to come. As I say, Joe may not recall that particular homer, but I'm sure he'll remember Convention Hall in Atlantic City late in 1944.

In the late Fall and Winter of that year, I was stationed at Atlantic City along with a good many other G.I.s, including a staff sergeant named Joe Di Maggio. I saw Joe for the first time, one cold November day, on the enormous floor of Convention Hall.

Convention Hall had been completely taken over by the Army, and its main floor was laid out for many different kinds of sports. There was a full-sized softball field, three basketball courts, about eighteen Ping-pong tables, several badminton courts, a regular-distance archery range, and two full-sized tennis courts. We had mass exercise at least twice a week, and the first time I showed up for it Joe Di Maggio walked out in front of us.

In appearance he was unassuming—even a bit shy. His voice was low but forceful. And he sent us through our drills quickly and easily. After the exercise everybody crowded around him until it began to look and sound like a press conference. He didn't have to answer questions, but he did. And he didn't have to sign autographs, but he did that too, although I could see that he didn't like doing it while in a G.I. uniform.

I saw Joe Di Maggio off and on after that. Often, at night, I would go back to Convention Hall to work—we had our offices in one section of the building—and along about seven or eight I'd go out on the balcony overlooking the main floor of the hall. And there would be Joe Di Maggio playing softball with one team or another that had come down to play without the required number of men

One evening I got into one of the games and Di Maggio was on my side. Against us was one of the fastest softball pitchers I had ever seen. Softball, as you probably know, is quite different from baseball. The playing infield is smaller; the bases are closer. The ball is larger than a baseball, but almost as hard to hit. Worst of all, the pitcher is many feet nearer to the batter. And when you get a real softball pitcher against you, I don't see how anybody manages to hit him.

Joe Di Maggio didn't see how that night, either. Twice he went to bat, and twice he struck out. He was swinging way behind the pitch. None of us were doing any better, but it was obvious that the pitcher out on the mound was bearing down particularly when Di Maggio got up to bat. With the rest of us he played cat and mouse, tossing up slow curves, fast curves, let-up pitches. But when Di Maggio got up, he concentrated on zooming that ball through there, three pitches and all strikes; and when Joe struck out the second time, I looked at the pitcher and saw one of those irritating little smiles curl his lips.

I didn't like that pitcher from then on. He was medium-height, but stocky and solid. He was obviously a professional softball pitcher, and when he struck Di Maggio out the second time, I could almost hear his mind saying: "Boy, if I only had you in my league!"

I'm sure Joe wasn't aware of this, because each time he missed the third strike he'd come back to the bench, smiling and shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders, as if to say: "That kid's really got it out there."

But I was well aware of it. For me the game had become a battle, real and significant, and I kept wishing that Joe would really tag one the next time he got to bat. I just wanted to see the pitcher's face when that happened.

In our half of the seventh I led off and walked into a slow-curve ball. The umpire waved me on to first base and there I stayed while the next two men struck out. Then Joe Di Maggio walked up to the plate and I started to yell to the pitcher, trying to unnerve him.

As far as the pitcher was concerned, though, I could have been out in left field or up in the balcony. He never even looked at me. He just went through his full underhand motion and shot that ball past Di Maggio twice—two strikes. And Joe didn't move a muscle. He kept his eyes on the pitcher, his bat back and ready, his feet spread apart. It looked as though he was studying the pitcher—just standing there, watching and studying the pitcher.

I roared my lungs out as the pitcher wound up for the third pitch and zipped the ball in. Joe came around with his bat and the ball screamed foul down the first-base line.

"That's it! Now you got him, Joe!" I yelled. "The big one, Joe! Get the big one! You can do it! This guy's a bum!"

The pitcher just gave me a quick look, shook his head once, and faced Joe again. Di Maggio was standing in the box, as before, ready, watching, waiting.

The pitcher's face was tight and set as he stepped on the mound. His right arm went up, then down and around, and I didn't see the ball go in. But, brother, I saw it go out! Joe caught it full, as he had caught many a pitch before at Yankee Stadium, and the ball leaped away from his bat, straight up into the balcony in left field.

I just stood there on first base and laughed and yelled until a voice behind me said: "You moving, or do I have to climb over you?" I looked around and laughed up at Joe. I jogged around the bases, touched home plate, turned around, and shook Joe's hand as he crossed the plate. For one quick moment, I felt as though I were in a Yankee uniform, shaking Joe Di Maggio's hand in Yankee Stadium.

"The greatest homer I ever saw you hit, Joe," I said as we walked back to the bench. He smiled, and I glanced out at the mound and saw the pitcher, nervously bouncing a new ball in his glove, his chin on his chest, his eyes on the ground.

I don't suppose Joe Di Maggio remembers that home run of his, but I do. And I won't forget it, no matter how many balls he may yet knock into the seats before he throws away his bat for the last time. ###

Variation

KODACHROME BY MUKY

MARINA SVETLOVA, prima ballerina, of the Metropolitan Opera, is one of the reasons why classical ballet has not yet ossified completely, in our untutored opinion. When the pasta-filled basso struts upstage and Marina Svetlova glides in, weary husbands who have been yearning for a cigar and slippers shake themselves awake and reach for the opera glasses—and with good reason. Ballerina Svetlova is a superbly rewarding sight. Svetlova has pranced her pretty *jetes* from Paris, where she was born and trained, to the Met by way of the most glittering ballet theatres of Europe and South America. Somewhere along the line, the *premiere danseuse* became an aviation enthusiast. Her favorite part down here on earth is in "The Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda;* lots of ballet devotees watching her have observed that from any angle—as you can see—the hours pass all too quickly.

A LOT OF THINGS:

A String of Firecrackers

July Fourth and kids; Jess Willard; a homesick catcher and a sick-of-home copyreader; and two explosive brothers

***An Article by* JIMMY CANNON**

THE Fourth of July is a holiday in this country to honor the great document in which our liberty is asserted, but we have desecrated the original motive for locking up the stores and closing the banks. Independence Day is now twenty-four hours of minor terror and its customs are faithful allies of juvenile delinquency. Such practices alienate many children from their parents, are the foes of family life and disturb the tranquillity of the entire population. We are becoming increasingly neurotic as a people and this holiday in a small way contributes to the mass uneasiness. It has assisted in the demolition of my frail nervous system and there must be many who are in a similar state of jitters when what should be our proudest anniversary approaches.

On this day, boys discover that firearms are the great equalizers among men and a pistol can get a midget a decision over the heavyweight champion of the world. It is frequently a child's first contact with violence that does not depend on the fist and it should make us very happy about our young to know they find a joy in inciting fear in others. If I had a son and intended to train him as an underworld assassin my first act would be to buy him a cap pistol.

The pattern of children's play changes on the Fourth of July. They do not work at cowboys and Indians. They are not armies and their battles have no plot. They shoot off blanks pointlessly on the Fourth. They hunt alone and with a wild slyness. On the Fourth the kids seem to go insane with a frenzied jubilance. It is because they know their elders have sanctioned this mild lunacy and must take the rap for the harm they do. It is a peculiar father who doesn't finance his son's armory with an unnatural generosity on the Fourth of July. It is not done because it is a day of national honor. It is a foolish ritual and not in any way connected with love of child or country.

On this day the average boy finds the value of instilling fear by surprise and that even the bravest and most normal of men can be made afraid by a firecracker exploding unexpectedly in his vicinity. It gives the suffering of others an importance and it is seldom the boy does not accept this as comical. Children early understand the pleasure of inflicting pain. On other days a boy who would torment others with fire and sound would be fetched a few licks with the belt and sent upstairs without his supper. But on the Fourth of July persecution by flame and tumult is an accepted practice and ignored by the guardians of the young. It is a revolt of the young against common decency. It is condoned by their elders and this is what makes it dangerous.

We bill ourselves as the most civilized people on the earth. Yet on the anniversary of our finest day we permit children to cultivate the traits of the sadist. My recollections of the Fourths of my childhood are clear and repulsive as I look back upon them. It was our purpose to be mean and we were not concerned with the significance of the day. We flung strings of firecrackers into soda stores and other places where the people of the neighborhood assembled; we hid in doorways and pounced upon weaker boys and girls and fired our cap pistols into their faces; we put toy grenades on the trolley tracks and secretly hoped the explosion would result in a derailment; we placed tin cans over big crackers and tried to slant the course of the missile toward windows.We made the harmless sparkler a dangerous weapon. We held it until the bouquet of sparks flowered to a full growth and then we threw it in a high and malicious arc. We did this in narrow streets or in the back yards of tenements. The boy who pitched one into an apartment or ignited the wash on the clothesline by dropping the incendiary stick into a garment hung up to dry was proclaimed a hero. The cop on the beat would have shagged us on other days for such pyromania, but the date on the calendar granted us an immunity which we abused. Always there was a kid who was blinded or killed; some had their fingers blown off; others were scarred forever. But the real harm is never mentioned in the newspaper accounts of the celebration of the Fourth of July. The stories never list those who, for the first time in their lives, find triumph in being a source of dread. It is related in a way to the sickness of aggression which rots our civilization and terrible in a world which finds peace a temporary season between wars.

The sensible mothers and fathers are in a jam if they don't buy a Fourth of July ammunition dump for their kids. Other children on the block will be given arms and those who are deprived of them usually decide they are being fleeced out of their birthright by the stinginess of the old folks. It is a theory which they may take with them into maturity and such a small occurrence can impair for all time their relationship with their parents.

It is not enough that the chief of police of your town calls in the reporters on the third of July and gives them a handout imploring the parents to supervise the front-yard fireworks on the Fourth. City ordinances can't stop the sale of fireworks, and such bootlegging is a profitable black market. It is too late now for the parents of children who already know the joy of hurting others to end this children's carnival of fire. But the parents of cradle-age children should organize immediately, street by street, up one side and down the other, and form a group dedicated to eliminating the firecracker as the symbol of this country's independence. By the time the next generation is ready to walk, the firecracker will become obsolete and this is the way it should be.

It is an unsubstantiated theory of mine that the recklessness of motorists on the Fourth is rooted in the childhood conception of what this day is. Children know that on this furious day it is possible to torment the other guy and get away with it. I concede that the traffic is heavier on all roads because it is a holiday, but there is a surly wildness in Independence Day drivers I don't see in other frivolous multitudes.

There is another Fourth of July practice which annoys me. There are some parents who force their get to attend picnics where local statesmen explain the Declaration. This is a holy statement (*Continued on page 88*)

"Yes, Gregory, a baby! That sort of ruins our trial separation"

"I wish my husband could see how suave you are"

THERE WAS A MAN:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The gentle spirit of the young giant of the Illinois wilderness was backed by a magnificence of strength and endurance that has become a legend

TODAY when Lincoln's words and deeds are part of our national creed, it is difficult to think of him as did his contemporaries—friends and enemies, who saw him only as a man, both good and bad.

But that man, with perhaps the greatest American heart and mind of all, also possessed an epic physique.

His unforgettable triumph—unforgettable because it was so symbolic—was the wrestling match between the young Abe Lincoln, peaceful storekeeper's clerk, and bully-boy Jack Armstrong, professional brawler and champion of a backwoods gang with little more on their minds than practicing the gentle arts of gouging, kneeing, butting, biting, and breaking limbs.

Young Abe faced one of the toughest fights of his life when he turned to grapple with the gorillalike Armstrong. Yet he was superbly equipped for it.

Lincoln's strength was legendary even in that frontier Illinois community where muscles were respected more than money. The extraordinary tales of his feats may be true, or not, but their Bunyanesque quality reflects a man who was truly a young wilderness giant. They said he had once lifted a box of stones weighing more than a thousand pounds! Many a time he had snatched up the 200-pound carcass of a hog by the hind legs, and swung it clear of the ground. He could lift a barrel of whiskey in his arms and drink from the bung—but he never swallowed the whiskey. Neither did he smoke or swear: no wonder Jack Armstrong's gang thought their champion could throw this gentle giant.

The Armstrong gang were the typical young bucks of a frontier town; they preferred fighting to working; they weren't all bad, but they could give an enemy a bad time, they were loyal to their own kind and to hell with the rest of the community. Their boss, Jack Armstrong, was the toughest of them all, and the terror of New Salem, Illinois, in 1831.

Young Lincoln, just 22, was the protégé of the storekeeper he worked for, Denton Offut. Lincoln's great biographer, Carl Sandburg, has told the story best*:

"Offut's enthusiasm about his new clerk ran high: 'He knows more than any man in the United States . . . Some day he will be President of the United States . . . He can outrun, outlift, outwrestle, and throw down any man in Sangamon County.'

"And the Clary's Grove Boys, just four miles away, began talking about these claims; what they said mostly was, 'Is that so?' Bill Clary, who ran a saloon thirty steps north of the Offut store, put up a bet of ten dollars with Offut that Lincoln couldn't throw Jack Armstrong, the Clary's Grove champion.

"Sports from fifty miles around came to a level square next to Offut's store to see the match; bets ran high, from money to jackknives and treats of whiskey. Armstrong was short and powerful in build with the muscle haunches of a wild steer; his aim from the first was to get in close on his man where he would have the advantage of his thick muscular strength.

"Lincoln held him off with long arms, wore down his strength, got him out of breath and out of temper. Armstrong then fouled by stamping on Lincoln's right foot and instep with his boot heel. This exasperated Lincoln so that he lost his temper, lifted Armstrong up by the throat and off the ground, shook him like a rag, and slammed him to a hard fall, flat on his back.

"As Armstrong lay on the ground, a champion in the dust of defeat, his gang from Clary's Grove started to swarm toward Lincoln, with hot Kentucky and Irish epithets on their lips. Lincoln stepped to where his back was against a wall, braced himself, and told the gang he was ready for 'em.

"Then Jack Armstrong broke through the front line of the gang, shook Lincoln's hand and told the gang Lincoln was 'fair,' had won the match, and, 'He's the best feller that ever broke into this settlement.'

"As the Clary's Grove Boys looked Lincoln over they decided he was one of them; he weighed 180 pounds; he was hard as nails; he outran the footracers of Sangamon County; he threw the maul and crowbar farthest; he told the lizard story; he saved a flatboat that looked like a wreck on the Cameron mill dam. Yes, he belonged; even though he didn't drink whiskey nor play cards, he belonged. They called on him to judge their horse races and chicken fights, umpire their matches, and settle disputes. Their homes were open to him. He was adopted."

"He was adopted." More amazing than Lincoln's victory was his final acceptance by the gang: and yet all through his young manhood, dotted with wrestling, running, and lifting contests, there runs the inevitable finale that the man Abe had bested became his follower and friend thereafter. Lincoln knew how to win in matters of the spirit as well as the physical.

He was well made in every way for his great and tragic role. ##

*From ABRAHAM LINCOLN—The Prairie Years, by Carl Sandburg. © 1926 by Harcourt, Brace & Co

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

CKS JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY AL MOORE

Superstitious

ZELDA, as Henry knew when he decided to marry her, had everything: big blue eyes, gorgeous black hair, a voluptuous figure, and —as if heaven had not been kind enough to her —plenty of money.

Henry had hesitated to pop the question only because of one thing about Zelda. She was unbelievably superstitious. She never walked under ladders, spilled salt, looked at cemeteries; she always found four-leaf clovers, wished on horseshoes and kissed under the mistletoe.

"Ah, yes," said Henry, mentally balancing her bank account against his calculations, "Ah, yes."

He never worried about superstition, himself, but he waited about a week longer than he had meant to before proposing, before assigning himself to a lifetime of bliss under the Scorpion. Somehow that slowed him.

But, on the day of the wedding, Henry was a happy man. He should have been: a nice piece of Zelda's money was already promised at his tailors, his liquor supply man, and a certain builder of custom automobiles. Henry whistled blithely, even when he broke his mirror while shaving, dropped the salt at breakfast, and found his hat on the bed. Even when, on the way to church, he accidentally walked under a ladder, and then broke his leg in a slight automobile accident, Henry still whistled gaily. Zelda would take care of all.

An hour later, Henry had stopped whistling. No Zelda. What could have happened?

A telegram told him.

"Just eloped with man I met last week, owns night club called Black Cat. Best of luck to you. Signed, Zelda."

The Early Bird

Even a criminal who has had great success at his chosen profession is entitled to some remnants of the amateur spirit. After all, why not give the police fair warning?

A Story by

GEORGE C. APPELL

THE cathedral clock struck the half-hour as I walked away from the call box on the corner of Lexington Avenue and headed east. The night was wet—a good night for the sort of crime I was working on. Remembering that it was 9:30, I began to hurry.

A butler let me in to a badly lighted hallway. I showed him my badge and he led the way to a massive door and knocked twice. He pushed it open and stuck his head in. "The police gentleman, Mr. Haran."

I walked into a small library lit only by the coals from a fireplace and the sick yellow glow of a single lamp. Old Mr. Haran sat crouched in a deep armchair, his face slightly forward. He relaxed as the door shut behind me, then waved me to a chair with a snub-nosed revolver.

"I'm taking no chances, Officer." Then, "What are you—a detective? Plain-clothes? Last ones they sent had uniforms."

"Yes sir." I sat down and declined his offer of a drink. After all, I was on the job. "A harness cart—a patrol car—responds to the first call. The second time, they generally send a plain-clothes man."

He glanced at the clock on the bookcase opposite him. "You're early."

"Sometimes we are." Our voices were ending suddenly, hollowly. This was a soundproofed room. Mr. Haran was really a frightened man, and he had a right to be. "To catch a worm, you have to be early," I reminded him. "And this man must be a worm."

He poured a drink and drank it neat. He choked, and recovered. "Not used to tippling, but a man has to keep up his courage."

"Courage is a quality, not a quantity. This man isn't brave—he's brash. When did you first suspect he might try to rob you?"

"Last week, after the Schuyler robbery—that was when I first called you fellows. He operates one week apart, I read, and usually between ten and midnight. A week has passed, so I called you again, to come tonight." He refilled his glass.

"I see." I'd figured that's what he'd do; he was keyed up, and he'd need quieting down. Nervous men, in an emergency, are no help to anyone. "Relax, Mr. Haran. The butler's outside, and I'm in here."

"Well, this man's never failed." He looked at me. "You don't seem like a cop. I thought they were big and dumb."

I laughed. This was what I wanted—yack-yack, to get his mind off danger. "Most cops today don't look like cops," I said. "It's a new force, really, and better men are joining it. They're lawyers, linguists, scientists—walking beats. They've chosen it for a career."

He nodded. He was relaxing. "At least, this man is never armed. You have a gun?"

I patted my armpit. "I take no chances," I told him.

He nodded again. "Then I guess we can handle him. Funny, the nerve of him. He wrote the police and said he could find all he had to know in the newspapers."

"Yes—he's clever, no doubt." I thought of the Schuyler job: the thief had crashed a late cocktail party and then set fire to the bedroom. Schuyler had scrambled for his most precious possession first, the thief had conked him, doused the lights, and got out by way of the service stairs.

I took a turn around the room. The walls were paneled; there were few pictures and no drapes. "Mr. Haran, do you have a safe? Someplace to protect this diamond?"

He looked crafty. "Promise to keep a secret? No one else knows it."

"I promise."

Gently, he picked up the decanter, unscrewed the false glass bottom, and showed me the stone. I know about precious stones—my job demands it—but never had I seen one like this. It was unset, and perfect.

I must have been holding my breath, because my chest was tight and my mouth dry and I felt dizzy. Mr. Haran put the stone back in the false bottom and screwed it tight.

He was getting nervous again; and now I felt it too. I needed a drink, but still I didn't dare. The job came first. "That's some clock, Mr. Haran. Antique?" I stood in front of it, trying to calm myself. It was delicate, fragile, and quite old.

"Yes, but I guess you know all about that—the new type of cop."

I didn't want to show my ignorance, so I just whistled and said, "It's a beauty."

Mr. Haran was pouring another drink; the gun was shaking in his hand. I didn't want him to hurt himself, so I asked to see it. "They interest me." The clock's hands pointed to 9:55, and it was almost time to go.

His gun was a .32, small in the palm. It was the kind a rich man might keep in his pocket, or under his pillow. This rich man had his glass raised when he looked at me, and I'll never forget his expression.

"What are you up to?" he shouted.

"I'm truly sorry, Mr. Haran, I truly am." I don't like guns, but I leveled the .32 on him. "Are you going to make trouble?" I never carry a gun. I don't take chances, which is why I had to slug Schuyler instead of shoot him. But this was a quick break.

Haran sprang for a bell-pull and I shot him. The shot bounced hollowly off the walls. No one heard that gun, and I wiped it clean and put it back in his fingers.

I took the stone, wiped my prints off the decanter, threw the badge into the fireplace, and ambled into the hallway. The butler was in the back of the house and I walked out into the street. No one was in sight, and I squatted, rammed a thumb into the roots of the nearest wire-encircled tree, and buried the stone.

As I turned toward Lexington, I heard a siren moan in the near-distance. That would be the cops, answering Haran's call to sit with him from ten o'clock until midnight.

I reached the corner and stopped to light a cigarette. When I dropped the match, I looked up into the face of a harness cop. Another slid from the patrol car. Down the street, a man in plain clothes dove into Haran's hallway. One of the cops took my arm. "Would you like to come to the movies with us?" He winked at his partner.

The man in plain clothes came jogging toward us. I tried to wrench away. "You haven't got a thing on me! Let go!"

The plain-clothes man came up, studied me, and nodded. "That'll be him, all right. He'll show up nicely, too."

I was placed between the two cops in the car, and we rolled off. I put up a show. "What the hell is this all about?"

The cop on my right grunted. "On the face of it, a lonely old man got drunk and committed suicide. Perhaps he got nervous, with all that ice around, hidden away."

We got to the station house, and the plain-clothes man climbed out of a car behind us. He was carrying a small metal spool. He said, "We figured you might be early—it's your mark. So we gave it to the newspapers that we'd set up a ten-to-twelve night watch. But"—he waved the spool of film—"we started the camera in the clock at six. Wanta see the movies?" ###

"I guess that's what they mean by 'The Good Old Days'!"

Pranksters Unlimited

by **HARRY BOTSFORD**

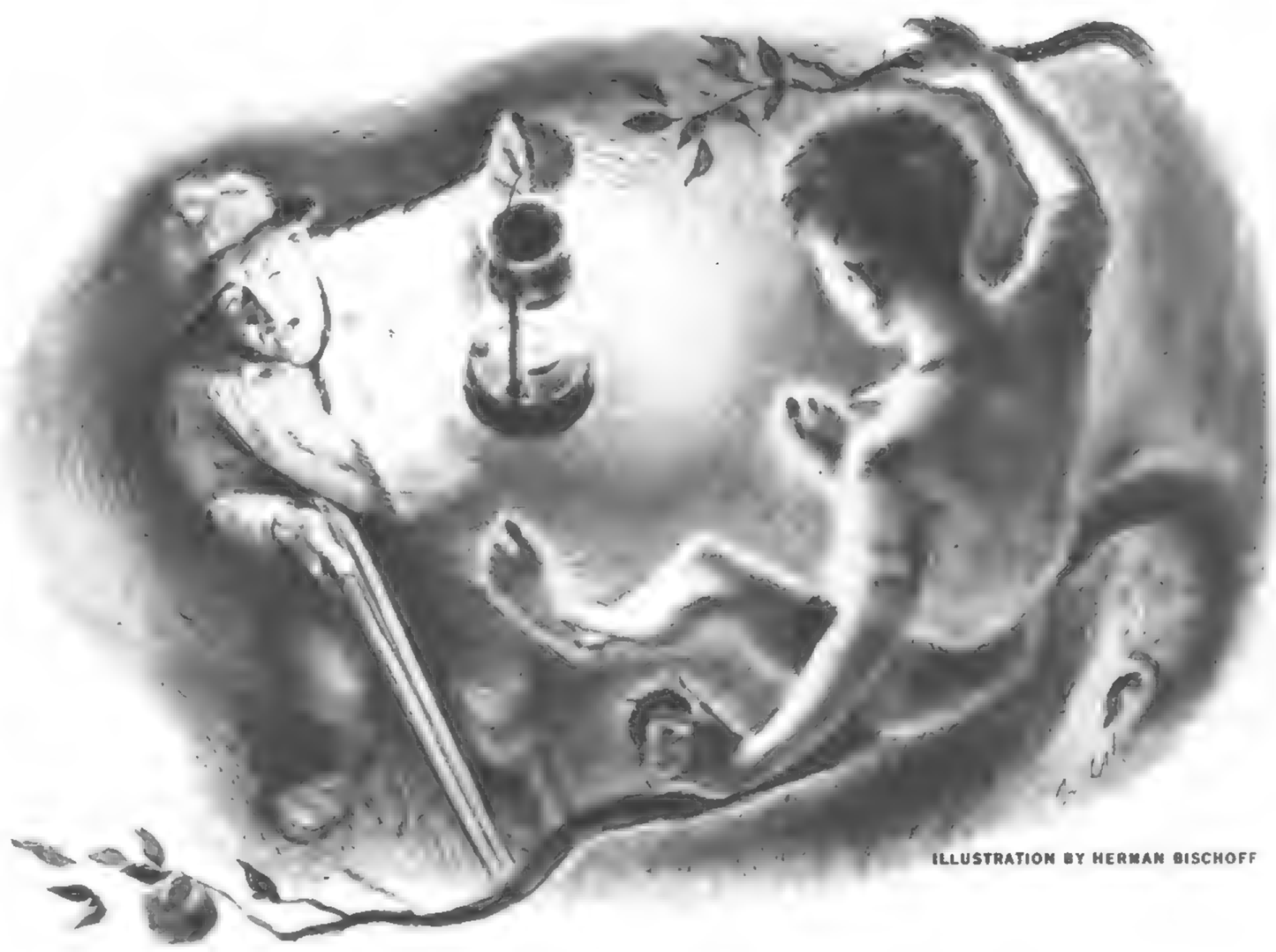


ILLUSTRATION BY HERMAN BISCHOFF

An invitation to a nostalgic—
and hilarious—glance at those days
when you didn't need a razor, but
each day had its close shaves

I WONDER if little boys have any fun these decadent days. When I was a youngster in a small village, we had lots of fun, even if we had to invent it. Our capacity for assorted mischief seems, in restrospect, to have made every other day April Fool's Day, and the nights were all Hallowe'ens.

No one was immune from our raids against the peace that is supposed to abound in a small town. When a new Presbyterian minister arrived, it became our solemn duty to induct his son, a boy of our own age, into our gang. This cadre was composed, I can truthfully say, of the children of the best element in town. Percival Charnock, the new boy, was a guileless lad from the city, innocent and trusting beyond belief.

One night we lured him to the apple orchard of crusty old George Otto, an ardent and militant Methodist who disliked Presbyterians and set great store by his apples. Percival Charnock believed that we were engaged in a harmless game of hide-and-seek. He was advised to climb to the top of a tree and stay there until he was "found."

A boy with a face so dirty that he could not be recognized then went to the door of the Otto farmhouse and informed the master that some boys were stealing his apples, and that one boy, in particular, was perched in the top of the prize Northern Spy tree shaking down the fruit for the others. With a bellow of rage, George Otto grabbed a lantern and his shotgun and ran to the scene of the invasion. He found Percival, brought him to earth under threat of shooting, collared him, and demanded an explanation. The explanation was not to his liking; he was a strange boy; what might his name be? The son of the Presbyterian minister, eh? This confirmed one of George Otto's pet theories—that the members of that sect were no better than they should be. Percival was marched to the office of the justice of the peace, his father was called, and what might conservatively be called a scene ensued.

It was all very pleasant and rib-tickling to a half-dozen boys lurking in the darkness, eating up every word of it. Percival was released; and his father paid damages that were outrageous, considering the fact that no apples had been stolen or damaged.

The next day, Percival found Rex Bodine, alone and far from a protecting cordon of his hoodlum friends, and gave him what we judiciously admitted was a superior sort of beating. After that, Percival was one of us, and he eventually developed into a leader of sorts.

It was Percival who conceived the great clearance sale at Ward Banks' store. The sale was a retaliatory measure. Banks, stingy and a bit on the mean side, owned our one general store. One day, he kicked me and Lon Siggins out of his establishment for no reason at all, except that we were switching price tags from one item to another—an entirely harmless amusement. Vendetta was immediately declared at the next meeting of the gang, and we discussed various and sundry ways of "getting even."

Percival came up with the prize idea. He owned a small printing press, the envy of most of us, and his plan was simple: we would print a hundred handbills allegedly advertising a gigantic Saturday clearance sale to be held by the Banks store, and we would distribute these bills to the farming sector late on Friday night. According to the handbills, the stock of the store would be practically given away. Rubber boots, for example, were to be sold for a dollar a pair; blue-serge suits were listed at seven dollars; and ten-dollar sets of heavy harness would be offered at five dollars each.

That was a memorable Saturday. Hundreds of farmers and their families descended on the store, money in hand, eager for the bargains. Banks was amazed and indignant, and, when they flashed the handbills on him, he sturdily and loudly denied authorship and responsibility. He made few friends that day. Deny the advertising as he would, most of the farmers failed to believe him. It was a dodge, a crafty scheme devised to get them into the store. He was called a cheater, a trickster, and a what-not. We enjoyed his discomfort very much and considered the books balanced.

The next issue of the *Eagle*, our weekly newspaper, contained a full-page advertisement signed by Banks, in which he outlined in plain language the outrage he had suffered and the scurvy trick played on a gullible and unsuspecting public. He demanded justice, retribution, ransom, guarantees; and he offered a reward of ten dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the guilty person or persons.

We felt pretty uncomfortable about that advertisement. No Judas betrayed Percival, but his father was an astute and observant parent. Suspecting the origin of the handbills, he investigated the little printing press—the fine educational toy he had bought for his son and heir—and discovered that so urgent had been the deadline on the handbills that the printer had not taken time to tear down the type. It was a tragic and shameful situation in which the good man found himself. Indeed, it would have been uncomfortable for any parent. Only the fact that Ward Banks was a member of his flock speeded the satisfactory settlement of the affair without unpleasant publicity. Percival, a stout fellow, resolutely refused to divulge the identity of his fellow-conspirators. The next year he was sent to a private school, and, soon afterward, his father was moved to another pastorate. We mourned our loss for a long time.

We once frightened a redheaded bricklayer within an inch of his life. Only luck, in reality, *did* save his life—for which we were grateful. An addition to Odd Fellow's Hall was being built by a city contractor. The workers carried their lunches in deep, double-decker tin pails. One day, Bill Walbridge sneaked away with one of the dinner pails, filched the food contents, and thoughtfully substituted a cat. The cat, ordinarily an amiable creature, permitted himself to be packed snugly in the lower section of the dinner pail. By lunch time, however, he was good and mad at the confinement. When the redheaded bricklayer, perched on a beam fifty feet from the ground, casually lifted the top of his tin pail and reached for a sandwich, the cat took off without ceremony, spitting, (*Continued on page 120*)

The hectic rush of action in a polo match—the straining of the horses, the sure, quick reflexes of the riders, the bright colors of the game—can be caught in a photo, but its excitement is something to be felt firsthand

KODACHROME BY HY PESKIN

The Sport of Kings

Polo is a rough and fast sport where the bruises are black and royal blue

A polo mount must be ready for 20-50 body checks

or to strain to quick, jolting stops for strikes

and ignore the mallet in a sudden underneck shot

and then to thunder down the field at full speed

No one really knows when the game of polo originated. Some authorities claim to be able to trace it back to rough-and-ready Persian horsemen; others say that there is no record of its having been played before the 1860's. That little difference of opinion is apt to cause much bitterness in the reading room of the Royal Library, but nowhere else. No matter where polo started, the game has been played in England and the English-speaking world for only the past 80 years. Those who claim that the game originated in the past century trace it back to an exhibition of fancy riding put on by some Indian horsemen for members of his majesty's army in India in 1862. During the course of the entertainment, riders whacked away at a willow-root ball, or pulu, with some sticks. The English soldiers watching the demonstration were fascinated and tried their hands at the sport. Its name, by the time it was wrung through the chain of command, had been changed to polo. When the Englishmen split into teams to give a competitive spirit to the recreation, polo had arrived, though it took time and a lot of bruises before it was refined into the gilded game of today. Outdoor polo is played on a field 300 yards by 200 yards, surrounded by station wagons. The field may be narrower if it is boarded. There are four men to each team: No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4, or the back. The 60 minutes of play are divided into 8 periods, called chukkers, of seven and a half minutes. The little white pellet that takes the beating is a willow-root ball, measuring 3¼ inches in diameter, and weighing between 4¼ and 4¾ ounces. One point is scored each time the ball is put through the goal, a set of uprights at each end of the field. The mallets that fly over, under, and around the horses are looped to the players' hands with thongs, and meet the ball, not, as many believe, with the point, but with the side. In indoor polo, each team has only three men, and the size of the field is determined by the enclosure. Players are rated as 6-, 7-, 8-, 9-, or 10-goal men, on the basis of the number of points they might score in an ordinary game, and matches are handicapped to make the contest equal. The greatest expense for the player, who needs gold resources as well as steel nerves and iron muscles, is his mount. Polo horses, which may be thoroughbreds or thoroughbreds bred to range mustangs, have to learn to run at full speed, crash into other horses, veer sharply, cut quickly, stop suddenly, absorb accidental clubbings—and to do it all while mallets, arms and bodies are flashing in front of their eyes. The price of a trained polo horse starts at $1000 and climbs as high as the buyer's bank statement will permit. The skill of the player may keep the polo ball hopping around the field, but money put it there in the first place. For a long time, English teams were the best in the world. Polo was imported to America in the no-income-tax 1870's. But it wasn't until 1909 that Americans were good enough at it to give a real match to the British. Since then, we've had a pretty tight clutch on international championships. Polo is a fast, jarring, jolting, slam-bang game, and there's more behind a 10-goal man than a family fortune. A polo match is 60 minutes of rugged action and high excitement; the saddle of a polo mount is no place for a weary darling of the dawn patrol. Recently, promoters have tried to popularize polo by opening games to the public, but it still hasn't caught on. Fans who can rattle off Di Mag's or Musial's averages for their last five seasons have only a vague idea—if any—of the place of Stewart Iglehart or Cecil Smith in the hierarchy of polo greats. It's too bad, too, because polo has all the qualities that make a great American favorite. It's fast, it's tough, and it's fun. ⊞

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM I. N. P.

SIXTH IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS
"PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

Let's Coast

Whether you go down to the sea in ships, shorts, or hip boots,
America has a shore place for you to visit in July.
So turn off the sun lamp, pack your gear, and strike out
for sand, salt-water taffy, and the briny deep

A Travel Article by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

WHEN, for any reason, an American is tired or worried or both, he is apt to rely on a trip to the seashore to put himself back in shape. It's a good thing, then, that we have more miles of enjoyable shore line than any other country in the world—45,000 miles along the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts.

All this is not beach, of course. The American shore line includes everything from the rocky coast of Maine to the sands of sunny California, to coin a phrase. Along these shores can be found just about everything any man needs for a happy vacation—fishing, swimming, sailing, and cruising in coastal waters; sun-bathing, golf, tennis, seaside amatory adventures, horseback riding, and long walks along the shore.

That's why our recommendation for your July vacation is the not particularly startling but nonetheless eminently practical suggestion that you take you down to the sea.

The writer is an old island man, himself. He likes to swim out to a float and lie there

The surf is pounding on the rocks, the cool wind caresses your face, the beer is still cold, you're counting the new freckles on your girl's nose; all's well with the world

UNION PACIFIC COLORPHOTO

the rest of the day, warm in the illusion that he has left the world behind. Islands are wonderful places for the discoverer and the escapist—the man who delights in discovering a new vacation spot, until it in turn is discovered by the crowd, whereupon he escapes by discovering another island.

For such a man the vacation world begins in the thousands of islands of various sizes along the Maine coast, and continues down along the shores of twenty other seaside states. One of our favorites among the quieter and lesser-known islands is Cuttyhunk, off the Massachusetts coast at the end of Buzzard's Bay. It has three hotels, twenty permanent houses, and some of the best striped-bass fishing that ever gladdened the heart of an angler. Lying right in the middle of the route of the migrating fish, Cuttyhunk is the place where surf-casting for striped bass originated, and it is the site of the landing of the world's record striper—a seventy-three-pounder.

Cuttyhunk's atmosphere—or lack of it—is reminiscent of some of the more remote fishing villages of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, which is a recommendation for the man who wants to miss the mob. You get there by ship from New Bedford, or aboard the private fishing boat of Captain John Peterson, of the Cape Codder Hotel in Falmouth—if you're a personal friend of the Cap'n's.

Not that all or even most island vacationists are incipient hermits. Such places as Bar Harbor, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Cape Cod (yes, it's an island—separated from the mainland by the Cape Cod Canal), and Newport all attract visitors seeking the amenities of more or less polite society. And any man who has spent a summer Sunday on Jones Beach, which is on Long Island near New York City, and still managed to retain his sense of solitude is surely a philosopher.

One of the happiest things about a July vacation is the fact that there's good weather along practically all of the American shore line. To us, a beach is a beach is sun is sand is surf and is the stars at night. Translated, that should mean to you that there's no reason why you have to choose the most popular and therefore most crowded sea resort for your vacation this month.

What's wrong with Florida, for example? Let's say it's a few degrees hotter on a Florida beach than on a northern beach. (Which it frequently isn't.) The slight temperature difference means little when you're lying on the sand in a swim suit and the cooling breezes roll in with the surf. And you have your choice of accommodations at the finest resorts at a fraction of what you would pay during the winter season.

And California, which is such a fine all-season spot that Southern Californians have formed an All-Year Club to make the world aware of the fact. California's coast, stretching 840 miles in a straight line (much more, if the countless small bays and inlets are considered in the total), offers as diversified a shore line as can (*Continued on page 124*)

COLOR BY MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION

In between the rocky ribs of Maine are clean sandy beaches and the tall masts of ships waiting to carry you out where they're biting

UNION PACIFIC COLORPHOTO

Southern California, with palm trees, Technicolor, and a municipal swimming pool right at the edge of the ocean in Santa Barbara

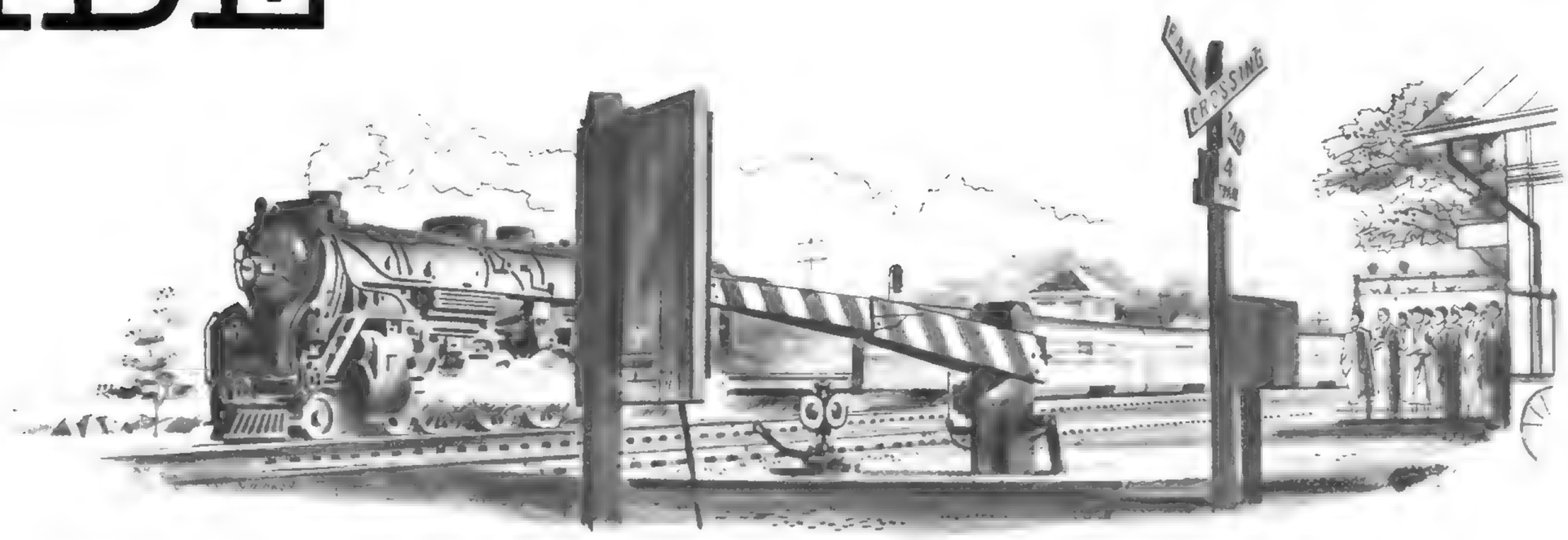
UNION PACIFIC COLORPHOTO

Not everyone swims, even in the Golden West. With a pipe and a good cast, the fisherman whiles away long lazy days in northern California

COLOR BY RAY ATKESON

Long Beach, Washington, runs twenty-eight miles and is nicely decorated; Eastern beaches aren't so long, but the gals are as pretty

CROMARTIE'S RIDE



Cromartie tired of seeing the same rail spikes every night,

so he gave old No. 202 the highball to the Big Town

by **ROBERT J. MISCH**

GEORGE CROMARTIE, locomotive engineer, sauntered into the roundhouse, whistling. It was a beautiful night and that meant an easy run. He walked past the phalanx of sullen, silent locomotives, ranged like a half-pinwheel. There was No. 202. He could single No. 202 out from a million; she had personality from headlight to tender and Cromartie knew every bolt in her brazen body. He swung up into the cab, lunch box clattering ahead. Sullivan, the fireman, was there already, stoking up.

"Hi, Jim," said Cromartie. "All set?"

"Yep. Ready to roll."

Cromartie pulled a pair of grease-stained jeans over his clothes, seized an oilcan, and gave a near-by bearing a sticky greenish squirt. He looked at his watch. The Empire would be along in ten minutes. "Let's go," he said, and pulled a long overhead lever downward. No. 202 breathed hard and emitted a devastating blast, then another. Ponderously she backed onto the turntable, was swung around, and headed out into the yards, her headlight illuminating the track far ahead.

Cromartie leaned out of the window, hand on brake lever, as 202 clattered over a multitude of blue-lit switches to the main line beyond. She came to a halt at Albany Station, and panted patiently on No. 3 track, awaiting the Empire's arrival. It was 202's job, and Cromartie's, to take the crack Empire State Limited on the last lap of its run, from Albany to Harmon; the electric took over from Harmon on into Grand Central.

"Every night the same thing," thought Cromartie, as he circled his engine with practiced eye, oilcan in hand. No. 202 was a beauty. The run was soft: no real grades, no stops, open her up, watch out for the local at Poughkeepsie, and—but then, there you were in Harmon! Always Harmon. Those electric engineers got all the breaks. Little piddling runs for them—no dirt, no pressure to watch, no roaring stoker, no leaning from cab windows on bitter nights. Just sissy stuff—a glass-enclosed cab up in front, and a handle to make her go.

The Empire panted into the station. Craigin's locomotive rolled by; he waved to Cromartie. Craigin's turn was over. Cromartie backed 202 into the first coach and the coupling was made. Cromartie pulled down the lever, gave her steam, and the Empire slid off on her last lap. Cromartie let her out a notch, and then another. She hit the long grade below Hudson. It was a beautiful night and No. 202 was purring contentedly. Sullivan turned the stoke valve, and the roar of the automatic stoker filled the cab. There was a smudge on the bridge of Sullivan's nose. There generally was, thought Cromartie. He looked far up the track. Green eye, on Tower 61. The track ahead seemed to be molten metal as it gleamed in No. 202's headlight glare.

The twinkling lights of Poughkeepsie swept round a curve. Cromartie slowed down. He whizzed past the local, a long pencil of light. Brennan, in the tower, waved to him, as he did every night. God, how dull it all was! Night after night, the same thing . . . Cromartie opened her up again and gave the whistle cord a vicious yank. No. 202 wailed into the night. Click-clack, clickety-clack. Garrison, the Berkshire, then Peekskiil, the big curve. No. 202 screeched; sand hissed onto the wheels; Sullivan lurched and then regained his balance. They'd be at Harmon soon now, and then Cromartie would hear the same old banter in the lunch wagon: "202 still going?" "What d'ye do, tie her together with string?" "Well, Cromartie, when you gonna learn to run an electric insteada that choo-choo of yours?" "Ever seen New York, George?"

H., 2 M. The mile post whizzed by. H., 1 M. The lights of the yards began to flash into the cab. There were the sidings, the waiting electrics. Cromartie looked down at the covered third rail alongside No. 202 now. He spat at it.

Suddenly, Sullivan looked out of the cab window. Then he crossed the rocking engine cab in a bound and shook Cromartie's shoulder. "Hey," he shouted. "You dead, or gone crazy? We've passed Harmon."

Cromartie just sat, staring into the night. Harmon was far behind now, and he let her out another notch. It was a strange track ahead, but old 202 didn't seem to care.

Sullivan shook him again. "George," he said, "for Chris' sake, what's the matter with you? We'll both get the gate for this."

"Get over there where you belong and don't bother me," replied Cromartie. He was grinning grimly (*Continued on page 123*)

All right, Cromartie, where are *you* headed? Calm down, old boy. Stop!

What's the matter, Cromartie? We said Stop. Cromartie. *Cromartie.* CROMARTIE. Can't you hear, Cromartie? *Stop.*

***Cromartie.* This is the last time we're telling you, Cromartie. Hey! STOPPPP!**

O.K., Cromartie, our lad. The least you can do is prepare to stop, right?

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGLERT

Something New

by I. G. MATTINGLY

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL NONNAST

Father, Dear Father, gets a once-over-lightly as Mother and her three little sophisticates disturb the sleeping past in the family album

"MOTHER," said Letitia, who was seven and the prettiest of the children, "please tell us about your wedding?"

"Of course, dear," said Mother. She took down the family album. "To begin with, we were married in June."

"How conventional of you," murmured Angelica, who was eight and sophisticated. Her mother ignored her and pointed to a picture in the album.

"Here is Papa surrounded by his ushers."

"They look drunk, Mother," said Frederica, who was nine and inclined to be cynical about men.

"They were, dear," said Mother. "It was horrid."

"Father was bald, even then," said Letitia, shaking her head.

"He couldn't help it, dear," said Mother. "And here's a picture of me, in my wedding dress."

"But that isn't a wedding dress," said Angelica. "You're wearing a bathing suit!"

"Now who's being conventional?" said Frederica.

"But you should have had something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue," protested Letitia.

"And so I did," said Mother. "My eyes were blue, we had to borrow the money to pay for the ring, and the bathing suit was new. And as for something old, I had—"

"Father!" the children chorused. ###

"Hello, Mom—hello, Pop"

All a Sailor Can Ask

Every swabbie has his dreams in the privacy of his hammock, and with no Shore Patrol to spoil things. But Graff's experience topped every dream on record

A Story by

JOSEPH E. SHANER

"GRAFF," the Commander said, "this report quotes you as stating that these five men tried to kill you."

Graff stiffened. "We bunk together," he said. "They roughed me up, dragged me to the end of the wharf and threw me over."

"Why did they do this to you?"

There was silence. The tall yeoman, who was taking notes of all that was said, looked from man to man. Like Graff, the five defendants were petty officers. They had spent the night in the brig and were looking bedraggled and sullen.

"It was about a night in Baltimore," one of them volunteered. "He told us a story."

"What kind of a story—a dirty story?"

"A very dirty story," said the man, whose name was Blackie. "Graff should tell it."

"Fair enough. Go ahead, Graff."

"It's only a story," said Graff. "Just an experience. I was in Baltimore and I picked up a babe and she—"

Blackie stepped forward. "I think he ought to tell it all, just like he did last night. If he don't, you won't get it."

"All right," the Commander said. "By rote, Graff."

"Well, do you know Baltimore, Sir? There's a lovely square there, and in springtime the fountains spray beautifully and flowers smell up the neighborhood. The night this happened I was walking in the rain, dragging up that hill alongside the Conservatory. I was on the Charles Street side and I had my pipe upside down like a guy will smoke it when it's raining. I had just heard a big clock boom out eleven when I thought I heard a baby crying. I couldn't see anything at first because it was dark. Then under the Conservatory marquee, I saw her. She was a baby all right . . .

"Now I know when guys tell about their woman they always say that this particular jane they're talking about was a knockout. Well, I don't tell lies about women. This girl was leaning up against the handrail and crying. By what light there was I could see she was something a guy dreams about.

"She was blonde and blue-eyed, tailored fore and aft for a seagoing man. Her complexion was like cream, and she smelled good—this sweet, clean, dreamy smell.

" 'What's up, Honey?' I asked.

"She seemed to be kind of afraid at first. I stepped back and puffed on my pipe, trying to prove to her I wouldn't hurt a fly. I could take my time. I had a week in Baltimore, and all any real sailor needs with a girl is one week. Usually less. 'Get me a cab,' she whimpered. 'I hurt my ankle and no cars will stop to help me.'

"Well, Sir, I got her a cab and got in with her, but, holy hell, I looked like a dope when we came to her apartment. I didn't have any money, and so she had to pay the hackie, but she didn't squawk. I got out and helped her up the outside steps. Then, because she moaned a little, I carried her up the inside steps. She was small and neat.

"Her place was a comfy joint with fireplace. I put her down and she said, 'I'm wet, let me slip into something comfortable.'

"Commander, I drew a big breath. That's the old battle-cry.

"She came out wearing a lacy black gown that you could practically see her white skin through. I could hardly swallow, watching her walk back and forth. She said, 'How's for some Java?' so I knew some other swabjockies must have been in this place, and all I could do was nod. Then she went over to a record player and put on a record. I should have noticed she wasn't limping, but her perfume knocked all sense out of my head.

" 'Can you build a fire?' she asked, and I went to work like a Boy Scout trying for his Eagle rating. She came in with a bottle of brandy, and I took a slug. She had beautiful Betty Grables and Jane Russells and I kept trying to sneak glances at them.

" 'Why not take a real look?' she said suddenly. She lowered the lacy, black stuff down off one shoulder and snuggled up to me on the couch by the fire. I reached across her for the brandy, and then, just as I took a snort, something hit me."

"Go ahead," the Commander snapped.

"Well, Sir, I thought of what the doc had been preaching on the ship about dames and liquor. I was just about to get my rate, and a foul-up on my physical would have fixed me. I halted maneuvers. The babe sat there awhile, talking while she played with the poker. She'd stick it into the crackling fire until it got red-hot on the tip. Then she'd burn it into the stack of newspapers on the floor beside the fireplace.

"All at once, I said, 'I gotta shove off.' I got my raingear and cap. Then she looked up. 'Aren't you going to sleep here?'

" 'I'm due back aboard,' I told her.

"She jumped up and pushed against me, holding the hot poker out to the side like a fencer. 'You're staying here or else I'll burn you, I'll mark you for life!' "

Graff stopped, seemed afraid to go on.

The Commander's eyes burned bright. "Well?"

Graff showed the side of his face to the Commander. "Sir," he said, "I got back to the ship on time but I'll always wear this horrible scar."

The Commander's eyes narrowed as he studied Graff's face. There wasn't a mark on it.

Suddenly, Blackie snorted. Then the petty officers began to laugh. Last night, it had seemed a cruel stunt, but now it was different—an officer had been taken in. The Commander did not laugh.

"I meant they should have taken it that way last night," Graff apologized. "I figured they would laugh, but they didn't."

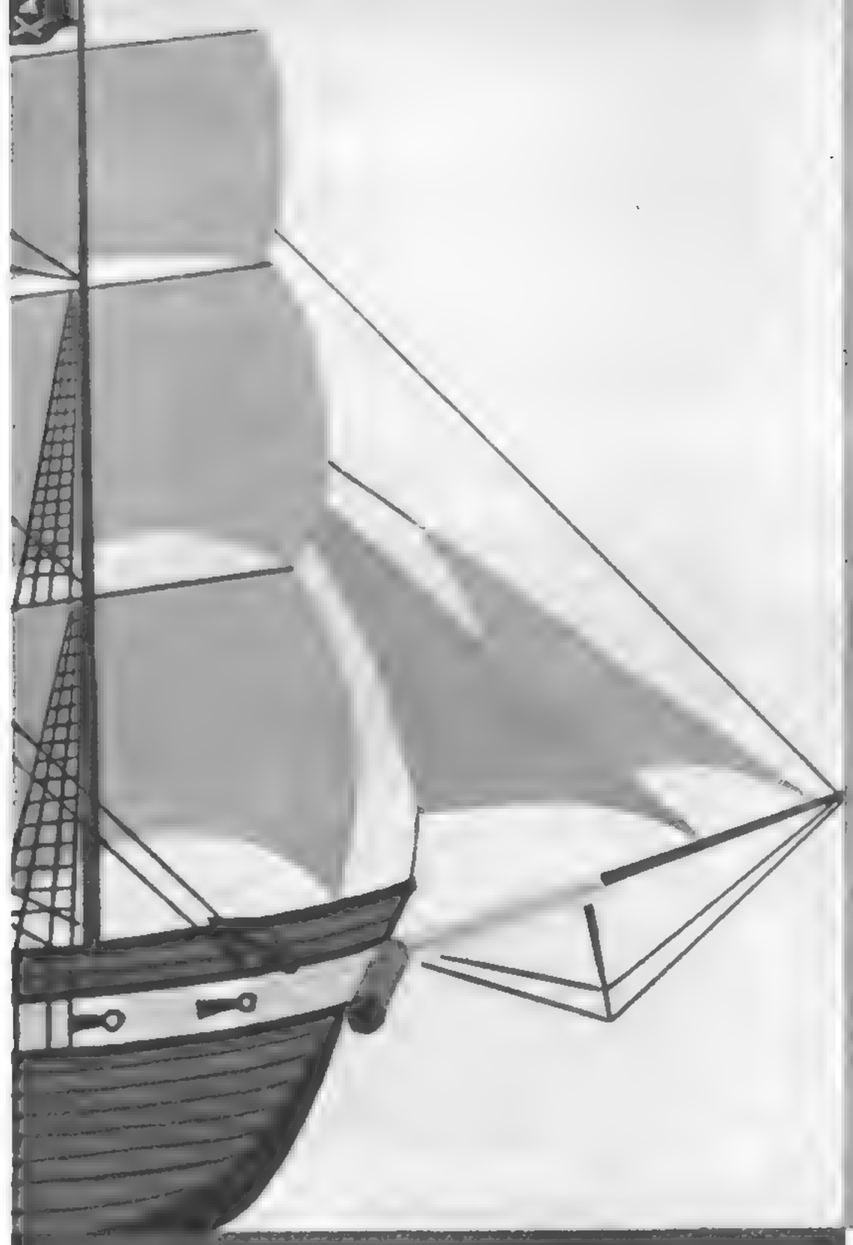
"Get out of here, all of you," the Commander ordered dryly.

The men thumped out into the sunlight. The yeoman labored to keep his face straight.

"Tear up your notes," the Commander said. "Don't put anything into their records and type me one copy of that story the way that man told it."

When the yeoman had gone, the Commander sat musing. It was not his kind of story, but there was one party on the base—the commodore—who would enjoy it, especially if a whole group of junior officers were taken by it. The other officers wouldn't like the Commander for it, but the commodore *would*, and the commodore was the one to decide whether an officer was to get four stripes or keep three. The Commander grinned and began to memorize the first part of his quiz for a promotion. ✠

"I love these lazy summer days"



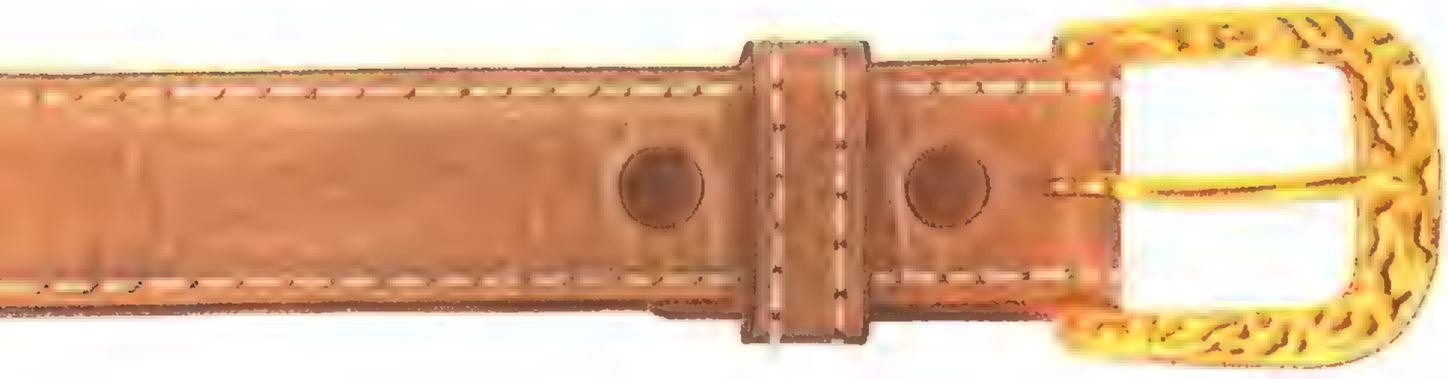
BOLD

Better news than double grog to all hands— Pirate Bold is your color standard for summer

Cutting a swath as wide as a free-swinging cutlass, Pirate Bold has chased those pastels and soft colors clear over the horizon, and set up a man's regime where a blade with a taste for rum and a wench on his knee can look like himself. All too often the theme for summer has been a "nothing" idea: no weight, no substance, no color, no score. Pirate Bold is straight stuff, good enough to break out at the topsail for everyone on the Main to see: metallic glints of Palladium blue, Palladium green and yellow in combination with Navy blue, black, and dark brown. You've got it: the very dark with the very light. This sharp contrast has never before been readied for summer wear, right across the boards, in town clothes, sportswear and casual and spectator sports apparel. If you tried it before, it had to be a question of running in some of your winter stuff with the un-coordinated offerings on the summer table, a little like wearing your derby with your pajamas. Unusual, but a touch eccentric. Pirate Bold is smooth, masculine, a welcome summer adaptation of the Bold Look, and has the same happy facility for combining a look of distinction with the casual unconcern over it that American men prefer to the stuffy Bond Street what-a-rig kind of thing. Pirate Bold has even been caught up in jewelry themes—the sidearms shown on this page have been reduced to tie-pins that apparently split your tie as neatly as a cabin boy caught dipping in the treasure chest, but actually they don't touch a thread.
Starting from this swordspoint, turn the page and check Pirate Bold from port to port.

PIRATE BOLD.....

Pirate Bold, with its axiom of dark-and-light, is the striking answer to that midsummer madness which suddenly afflicts sane businessmen and has them at their Manhattan desks looking like colonial pukkah sahibs, robed in white wrinkles, chewing on rhinoceros hide, and conducting his Majesty's ivory traffic. A man in a Radio City office likes to bear some resemblance to himself, even in the heat of a scorcher, and here you see him, very much the executive his staff knows, in a dark tropical suit, lightweight and cool, but with a town look that assures his people that no one has gone native, yet. Dark suit, light accessories, is his rule: his blue Palladium shirt has the steely, luxury glints of this great new masculine tone, and his tie is a background of grey Palladium itself, patterned with bold geometric figures. Don't miss the way his Command collar gives the play to these bold figures and the Windsor knot. The Alpin straw Homburg is the perfect topper for summer, with a rather high crown, and a flat brim that doesn't cover the face too much. Shoes for this Pirate Bold are in the new and handsome Midnight Moroc. These too accent the formal touch for town but are providentially light in heft.



Summer often means coats off—you'll hold your own with a Swashbuckler, saddle-stitched in the wide Bold Look effect. It's in Palomino, the new tone right off the range that is galloping off with all the honors. The large buckle is in hammered metal.

. . . . GOES TO TOWN

A doubloon or a ducat always has another side—and so we flip Pirate Bold to the dark-on-light side. The suit is a three-button, extremely light in color, a single-chested model in lightweight rayon which is the first appearance of a new textile development which gives you a strikingly smooth and handsome sharkskin effect. Note the patch pockets for simplicity and minimum fuss on this streamlined summer job. Our cool friend wears a shirt of Palladium grey, and breaks out a tie with a bold black ground spacing high color figures. His hat again shows that the high crown is something to look for this year: this is a brown leghorn, the peak quite a bit above the usual, to achieve that town touch he wants to carry over from his spring wardrobe. The band puggree, you'll notice, has definite bold stripes.

PHOTOGRAPH MOORE-MCCORMACK LINES

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

PIRATE BOLD.....

Shore Leave...

Jean Lafitte himself would roar approval
at this order of the day to strike all soft colors
and break out with all the high-caliber
tones you've got, light and dark,
firing alternately. These three lucky characters
lounging, loafing, and casing the prospects on
the shores of Lake Louise are a case in point. The
happy gent to the right who has just spotted his
prey is wearing a sportshirt with the new
blackground for the yellow over-square.
After this splash (we emphatically deny, before
you say it, that the style is for blackguards only)
the proper slacks are in Palladium grey,
for extreme contrast. The second shore party
has given up the search and is
happily fixed for a date on the sun terrace or
cocktail lounge, to judge by his skillfully
calculated blend of the casual and formal. The dark
blue blazer with white pearl buttons is in a new effect—
rayon looking like linen—and although as comfortable
as an old sweater, will outsmart the critical eye
of the most difficult head waiter. With it, a Palladium blue shirt
checked bow tie, and mesh lightweight Panama with
a dark blue puggree picking up the tone of the jacket.
Again, the Palladium grey slacks, with plain white
buckskin shoes, red rubber soles. Husky ribbed socks are
recommended for comfort, and (if you're interested)
because the lines of the ribbing tend to
make your ankle look trimmer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

Walking the Planks...

This dispassionate pilgrim takes life coolly and quite in stride with a plain Palladium sportshirt fighting it out with dark blue slacks, the typical Pirate Bold clash. He wears a yellow and white elastic belt with the new anchor buckle that is both decorative and effective as a clasp. His Cat-Cay moccasins are the best afoot these days—reversed white calfskin with thick red rubber soles, the dressiest and most comfortable style to hit the deck for many a cruise.

PIRATE BOLD.....

The lusty freedom of Pirate Bold hits happily just where it should—in your active sportswear. The nifty nylon boxer trunks at the left, for instance, are built for a man who has his crawl tuned down to somewhere near a minute for the hundred, and the black will show off the tan he picked up on all those tune-up hours. The Grecian key pattern below is also for rugged guys, and once again, you have the boxer style which pulls you in where you want to stay in, around the waist, and then lets you out for your kick in the cut of the legs. The beach-jacket-and-trunks combo you see on the right is strictly Olympic-stuff: the jacket is actually of cotton with a bold India madras type of print, and the lining, lapels, belt, and pocket trim are of terry cloth, to catch stray spray, and dry you off. The shorts go with the outfit, and don't miss those wooden clogs, joined like an alligator's back to take you along without that coolie shuffle that the clog-dance usually features.
The clog below has a springy cork sole that gives you the same break.

HITS THE BEACH . . .

To a Tee, (*Below*) Long English-type shorts, laddie, this year, tailored, and with pockets and side tabs. The golfer wears them in natural shade linen with a checkered cotton shirt. The white linen cap with adjustable strap in back is making a terrific comeback, particularly with college men. The golf shoes are brown moccasin-last.

Knows the score, (*Above*) No man to beat his brains out while there are others to suffer, our knowing friend here wears a very loosely knitted shirt with Bold Look collar—no opening there, just slip it on, and the easy collar gives you plenty of room with no fastening to fuss with. The wide collar points accent height and shoulder breadth. His shorts are dark blue gabardine. Anklets, dark blue cashmere, and once more those spectacular Cat-Cay moccasins.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GOLDBERG

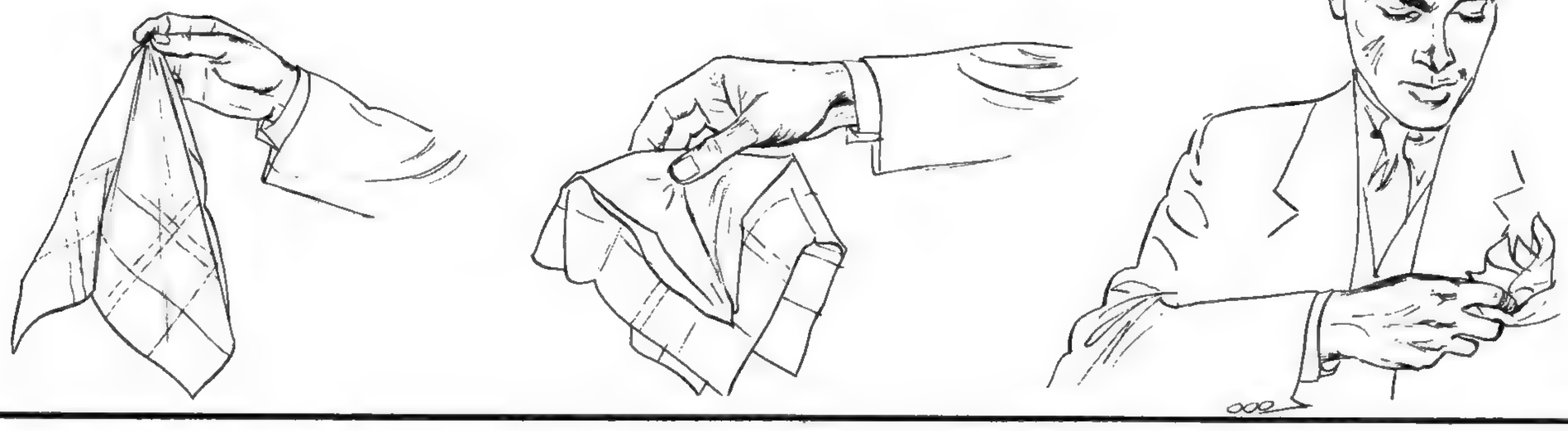
DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

The Finer Points: An Art

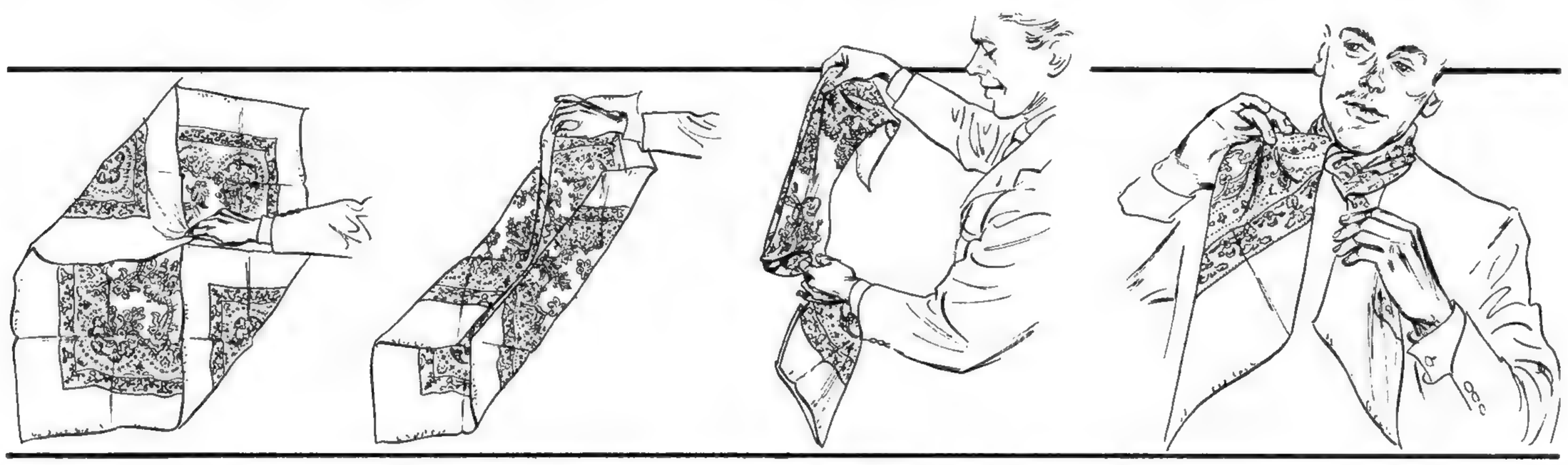
It's simple enough to cultivate

those fine touches that make all the

difference—if you do them right

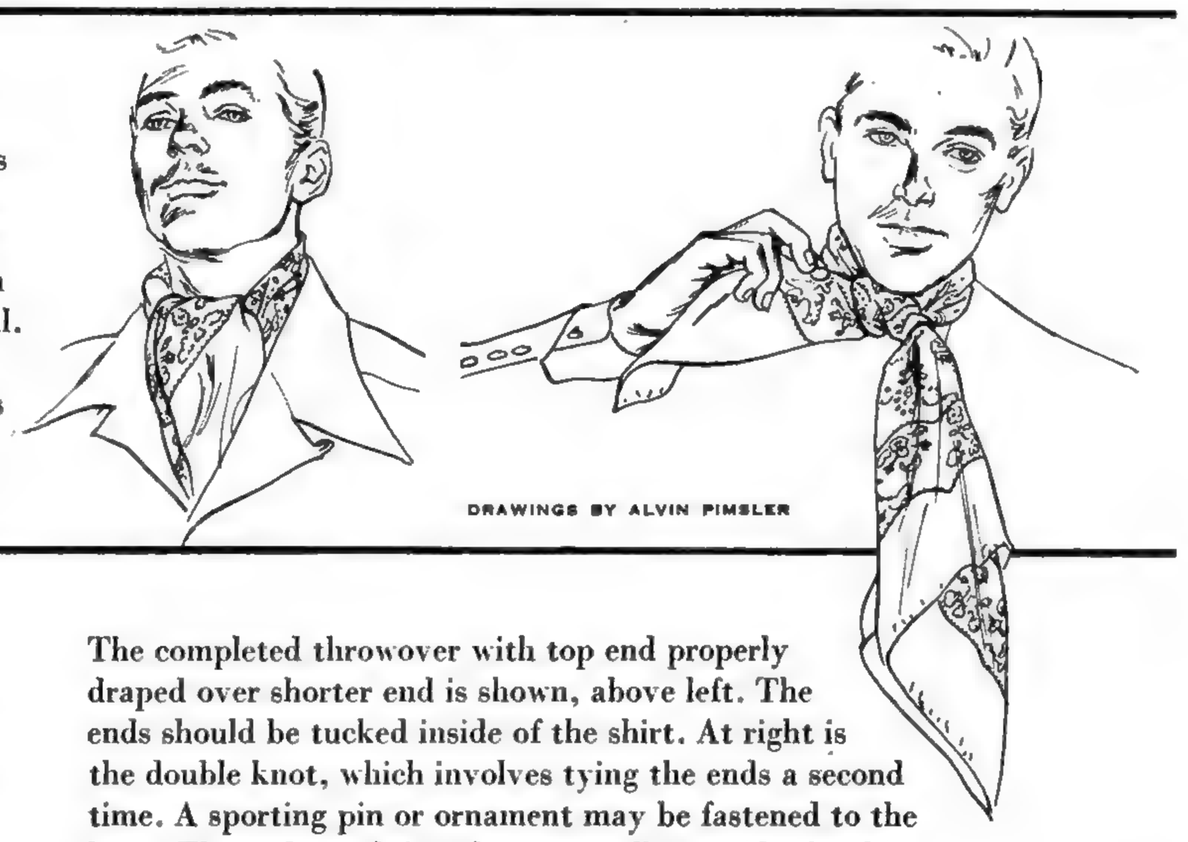


Well-dressed men prefer to have the handkerchief in the chest pocket appear to be tucked in casually, and shun any hint of preciseness, so the steps of folding and putting it into the pocket are illustrated above. First step, simply unfold the handkerchief and hold it at center, allowing the points to hang in an irregular manner. Second step, fold in half so that center falls just below corners of handkerchief. Finally, tuck handkerchief into pocket, center point side toward body, and let points appear to be irregularly arranged, not flattened to look pressed with the pocket.



Growing numbers of men like to wear a neckerchief or muffler in throwover fashion with sports shirts during the summer. If the scarf is a square of silk, rayon, linen, or cotton, these illustrations serve as a guide for tying and wearing. First step, fold opposite corners to the center. Second step, fold again so that creased sides are on the line between remaining two corners. Third step, fold in half once more. Fourth step, drape around neck inside of collar and tie in a single knot by crossing long end over short end. Then arrange long end so that it is centered and drapes casually.

The art of tucking a handkerchief in your pocket or wearing a kerchief around your neck is a small thing, of course: we never heard of a battle lost or a deal closed because of a few fine points brought up by a square of silk or linen. On the other hand, genius has been described as that capacity for infinite attention to details, and a wise man never skips the minor things if they contribute to the larger ones, as these certainly do. And, by the way, maybe you'll agree with us that it's worse to do such things badly than never to do them at all. Consider the average handkerchief you see in a man's chest-pocket. Sometimes it perches there with one corner sticking out like a rabbit's ear. Sometimes it looks as though he painted it there: every corner measured with calipers, and then pressed in place. We skip entirely the lad who thinks his handkerchief should dribble down his chest like a runaway milkshake. We want you to be the man with the casual, yet smartly folded handkerchief in his pocket—so that it looks as though it could be used, as well, if occasion demands, and yet serves meanwhile as a true and fashionable touch in your outfit. As for the kerchief, no need to tell you that when it's badly tied, you merely look like a hot guy with something around his neck. Well tied: you have a distinguishing and distinguished touch. You have learned the minor art of perfecting the fine points.



DRAWINGS BY ALVIN PIMSLER

The completed throwover with top end properly draped over shorter end is shown, above left. The ends should be tucked inside of the shirt. At right is the double knot, which involves tying the ends a second time. A sporting pin or ornament may be fastened to the knot. The ends are left to hang casually outside the shirt.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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owned Texas and hell, I'd rent out Texas and live in hell," and apparently no one remembered he'd said the timeworn joke before.

The chuck wagon was gone since noon; Shad had sent Chokecherry on to water, and told him, if possible, to unload everything but the casks and food and come back. "That fat Choke proba'ly took him a nap by the river," Cap said. "Why don't he come back?"

"Mebbe he's taken himself up a ranch," Shad said, "and is buildin' a house. Hell, man, maybe twenty miles more to water."

"Then we won't have bullets enough to help the cows," Cap said. "Colonel never shoulda sent us up this early. Spring rains ain't touched this badlands."

"Next year, join the Navy," Shad said, and rode on over to right rear guard and Mike Shattay.

"I think," Mike said, "I will take the magnificent pay I'm getting for this, and buy me a herd of whales."

Shad felt laughter welling up inside him. "Michael," he said, "you'll do. This'll end sometime." He looked at his friend. "See you're carrying a gun."

"Choke's," Mike said. "We'll be killing cows, soon." He pointed at a tan-and-white splotched cow who stumbled at every other step. "I already had to get down and take a stone out of her foot. It's pretty near down to the quick."

Though it had seemed, a few minutes before, that every word would be torture, talking seemed to make Shad feel better. He said: "You feel sick about having to kill one of these longhorned brutes, Mike?"

"I don't like killing," Mike Shattay said. "I can't stand to see an animal suffer, though."

"Mike, what made you come to Texas?"

His friend didn't answer. He stared down at his horse's neck and said, "If you are over by the remuda, tell Joe I want that brown mare next."

Up ahead a shrill voice cried, "Ki-yi-yippeee. Ay-yeeeee!"

"Choke!" Shad said. "He made it back!" He whirled his horse back of the dust and went around the rear, yelling to the swing men to keep their places; then he went forward.

But it wasn't Chokecherry. It was the colonel's buckboard (*Continued on page 90*)

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES SCHUCKER

PHOTOGRAPH BY INP

Taking a break in their tussle with fatherhood, Russel Crouse, left, and Howard Lindsay, right, stretch out comfortably on the pater's favorite chair. The friendship of Lindsay and Crouse has survived the fabulous collaborations of *Life with Father* and *Life with Mother*, and other hits

Life with Fathers

Howard Lindsay, the most famous father of them all, has already had more than fifty children

by **RUSSEL CROUSE**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Probably, about a thousand years from now, some thoroughly antiseptic historian will proclaim the truth that Father's Day was a twentieth-century festival held in Times Square to honor Howard Lindsay, or, more accurately, Clarence Day, the author of those unpretentious little volumes, *Life with Father* and *Life with Mother*. As books they won the hearts of thousands, but most importantly they caught the imagination of Messers Lindsay and Crouse. Two immensely successful productions have firmly established this quick-tempered, rigidly moral character as the outstanding symbol of American fatherhood in our nostalgic day. Here, in a warmhearted little piece, you get the lowdown on Mr. Lindsay from Russel Crouse, whose friendship with Mr. Father has even survived two collaborations. Mr. Crouse also has a thing or two to say about his own accomplishments as a father, which are, you'll see, a little more conventional than Mr. Lindsay's.

FATHERHOOD, both onstage and off, has been a magnificent experience for Howard Lindsay and me. We divide it evenly, just as we do our royalties. Mr. Lindsay takes the onstage fatherhood and I the offstage. It works beautifully and we are both happy.

What with *Life with Father*, which ran for seven and a half years, and *Life with Mother*, which we fondly hope will do as well, Mr. Lindsay has given almost two thousand performances as Father. He has had more than fifty children—without once pacing a hospital corridor waiting for word as to whether he had sired a boy or a girl. They've all been boys for Mr. Lindsay, for each play calls for four boys. The reason the number has run up to fifty is because they have to be replaced whenever they outgrow their trousers.

In the offstage department I have only two children. No matter how much they grow they don't have to be replaced—they're permanent casting. That's all right with me because they are ideal casting, too—a boy, Timothy, and a girl, Lindsay Ann, a year and a half apart. Whenever they get too big for their trousers we replace the trousers, not the children.

I must admit that, on the surface at least, Mr. Lindsay is by far the better father. His children never cry. When he speaks to them they answer politely and they say "Sir." When he orders them to do something, they do it, and promptly, too. When they are told to go to bed they go to bed—without asking for nine drinks of water.

Of course, it's a little easier for Mr. Lindsay than it is for me. At the Empire Theatre where he is Father. That's the way it's written in the script and that's the way Guthrie McClintic, the director, has directed it.. Mr. Lindsay doesn't have to promise anything or threaten anything to

PHOTOGRAPH BY INP

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM

Above, left: Fatherhood—literary or natural—has its trying moments. Lindsay, who plays Father Day on the stage, offers a suggestion, but not with his usual onstage confidence

Above: The great Day in the morning, puffing meditatively on a postbreakfast cigar, ponders the disposition of his stage-family finances, perennially hopeful that Vinnie will co-operate

Left: Sitting back and watching their progeny cavort, Lindsay and Crouse get ready to pass out the cigars. *Life with Father* gave Broadway Days without end for seven hectic years

Below: The authors dig around the Day family tree. If *Life with Mother*, which is now running on Broadway, ever rings down its last curtain, there's always grandfather or junior

get things done. If his boys don't do as they're told they get fired.

There isn't any script at our house. We all write our own dialogue as we go along. I ad lib the orders and Timothy and Lindsay Ann ad lib the answers. Sometimes they ad lib louder than I do. That's why there are pencil marks on my bedroom wall despite the fact I have announced, with what I thought was as much authority as Mr. McClintic used when he directed the play, that pencils are to write on paper and not on walls. We can't fire Timothy and Lindsay Ann. They have a "run of the play" contract.

But I have a hunch I have the better of the deal in the final pay-off. Mr. Lindsay's stage children, at the end of their day, knock on his dressing room and say politely: "Good night, Mr. Lindsay." Mine put their arms around my neck and say: "Good night, Daddy." ###

PHOTOGRAPH BY INP

"Well, what do you say, Jack—shall we call it a day?"

FATHER'S DAY

around the clock

giftwise for the man of the moment

the year around

Breathed there ever a
father with soul so dry that he never
to himself did sigh, "Oh for the well-stocked
wine cellar!" Well, you could at
least start with a bottle or two.

Or if you really want to go overboard,
shower down with a trim little $65,000 yacht.
That's good enough for most Fathers.

And there's always
the open road. This custom-designed
driver's dream is the "El Rancho"—
suede and saddle-leather, Mexican silver
trim, and calf-skin on the floor.
Hi ho, Father!

High in the subconscious yearnings of *pater familias* is that trip around the world. Of course you could slip him a quickie vacation to Arizona or a Caribbean cruise.

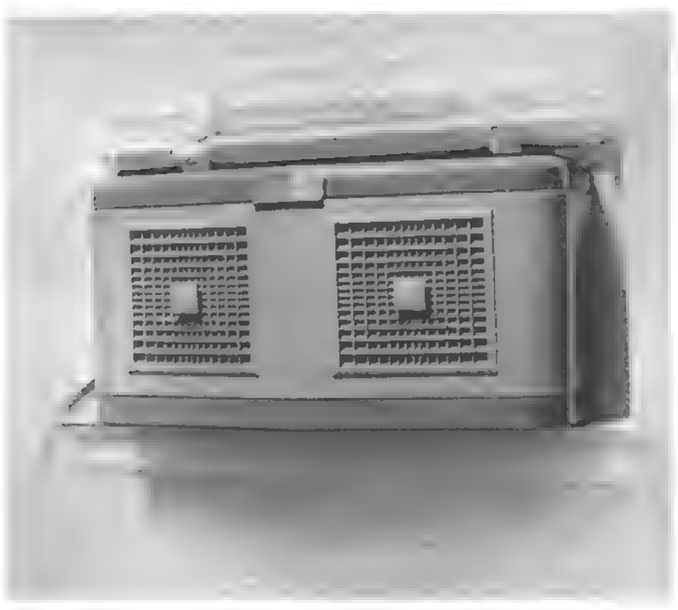
Then there's always that simple little hunting and fishing hideaway that he dreams of some day owning. Well, a rod or a gun are at least a step in the right direction.

3 A.M.

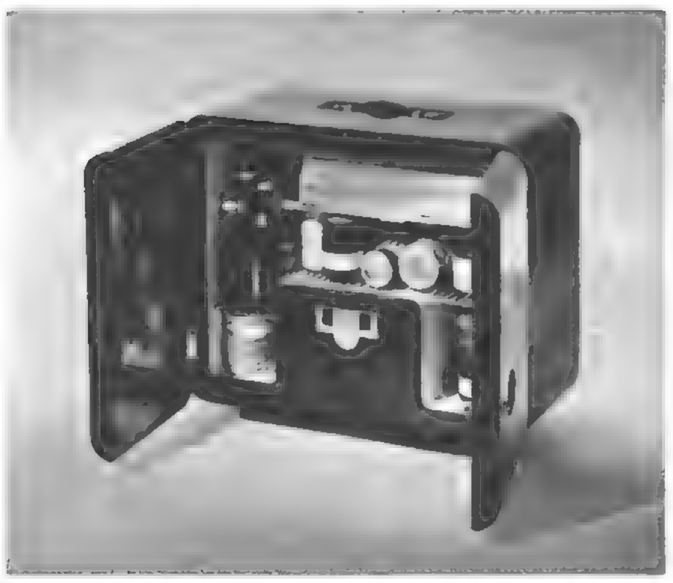
And Father's day starts in a dream world where money is no object. Here are five modest little gift suggestions that would make this life a Father's dream.

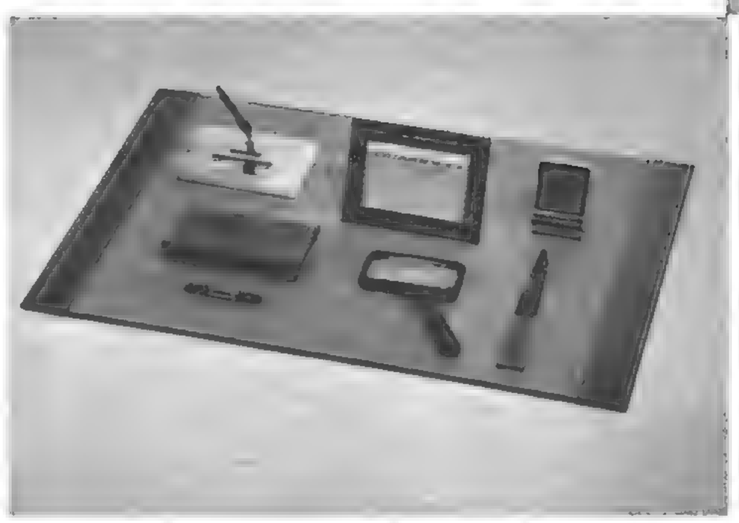
Out of the dream world and down
to earth
to the tune of the plastic-cased radio alarm clock, the day
starts right with a clean
shave in front of the shadowless mirror. The wherewithal
includes an electric razor, safety razor
with cartridge refill, fine badger brush, an assortment
of shaving lotions and talcum.
With them is a manicure set containing
everything he'll need, while the nylon-bristled military brushes
are ideal for grooming the head of the house.
Turning right, the silent valet holds everything
—in this case the Father's Day fundamentals: socks, shirts,
shoes, handkerchiefs, garters,
braces and belts. For the top of his dresser are
the things he mustn't forget in the morning—wallet, watch chain
and a choice of watches,
matching cuff links, tie clips and a
fine-grained pipe. The mahogany
shoe-shine kit which
doubles for a
bathroom stool
contains
everything necessary to launch the day
with a high shine.

9 TO 5

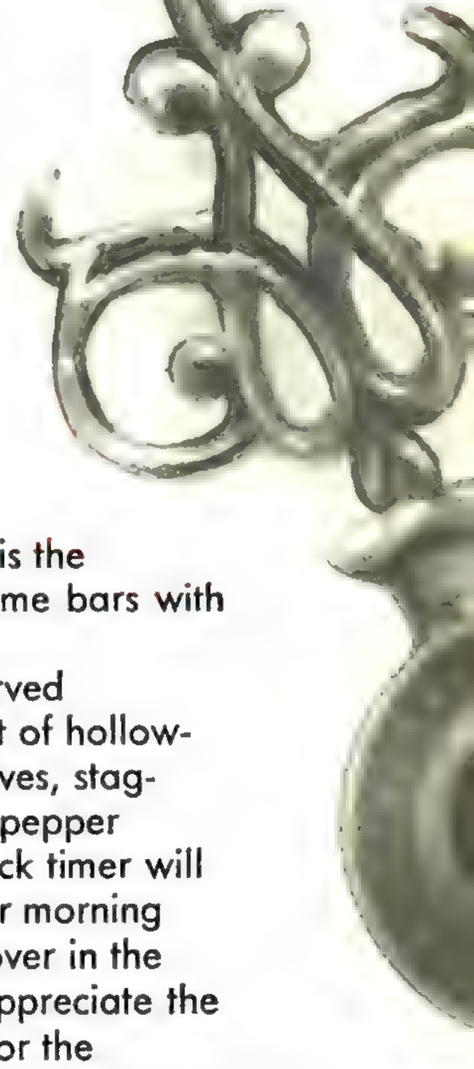


To clear the air
at the office in the morning is the
air-conditioning window unit with an adjustable
air flow which brings in up to 100%
of freshly filtered air.
The upholstered conference chair combines the
virtues of a flexible posture chair
with the luxury
of deep cushioning and smart appearance.
Below it, the portable refrigerator
is the ideal answer to ice
at the office and it holds food and plenty of soda too.
On the Florentine, gold-tooled
leather blotter pad is the perfect setup for his
desk, with the matching hand blotter,
calendar and letter opener. And don't overlook
the pocket pen or desk pen, the magnifying
glass and traveling clock with an illuminated dial.
The tile-lined walnut humidor
holds 100 cigars
and the electric unit shown alongside of it
will clear their smoke
away in less time
than it takes to
tell it as
father's business day
comes to a close.





5 TO 9



Commencing below, at "quarter to cocktails" is the last word in home bars with refrigerated compartment, an extra-large cocktail shaker and an assortment of bar glasses. Dinner will be served sharply at 8, with that set of hollow-ground carving tools, steak knives, stag-handled roast holder and salt and pepper mills. And the clock timer will serve notice on roasts or morning coffee. When the old man takes over in the kitchen, he'll appreciate the electrically heated crock for the slow simmering of soups and stews, the copper chafing dish, the chrome food warmer and coffee thermos—not to mention the collapsible tray on which they repose. And above all, he'll welcome the set of glass-bottomed pewter mugs.

9 TO 12

And so to the shank of the
evening, with a few friends in to put the
pewter to good purpose, or a quiet
frolic with the family. Within arm's
reach of the sitting equipment are both light
and heavy reading, tobacco
in the humidor of imported Dutch china

with its
matching pipe ash tray,
an onyx cigarette box, a silver
table lighter, pipe rack and pipes.
To ease into that chair
he'll be happy with a new
set of the basic necessities
—pajamas, lounging robe and slippers.
And once he's settled down for the evening,
he'll go on record
with a vote of thanks
for the two record albums and the hand-
some console television, radio and
phonograph combination.

and father's day off

A short, quick snap on the brass handle of the luggage shown above starts his vacation rolling without benefit of porter.

And speaking of going places—television is, too—with the portable set at the right. For out-of-doors is the raincoat, heavy rubber boots, fresh-water fishing rod and hammerless deer rifle. Tennis and badminton are good ideas to bat back and forth and so is the fishermen's gadget box. The golf clubs, ball or jacket will suit golfers to a tee, while for more lightweight leisure is the casual clothing from sweater to shoes.

Esquire wishes to thank the following for assistance in the preparation of the Father's Day Gift Section: Fisher Bodies and Cadillac Motor Company, car interior kodachrome, P. 2; Le Pavillon Restourant, New York City, wine cellar kodachrome, P. 2; Robert Heard Hale, New York City, yacht kodachrome, P. 2; and Knoll Associates, Inc., Abercrombie & Fitch Company, Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, Stern Brothers, Schoenfeld Linens, The Modern Room, Lord & Taylor and Domore Seating Service, all in New York City, for gifts and equipment.

"I thought we might look at these new 1949 car catalogues tonight, Harold"

1.

2.

3

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

From This Date Forward

The gay, mad whirl was strictly for posterity—or for the next press run—and after a hard day's play, the actors came out of the clouds with a crash and a laugh

A Story by

STEVE APRIL

At four a.m., Grand Central Station was almost empty except for the little group gathered around the entrance to Track 6. There were a sleepy maid and a make-up man standing by some suitcases, and a man with a camera, who was yawning, and a guy holding portable lights, who looked as if he had been up all night. But the tall slender blonde with the smart mink cape had the sparkle of an eighteen-year-old in her big eyes, and the husky young man standing next to her was obviously fresh and full of pep. In the center of everything stood plump Eddie Anders, eastern head of the studio's publicity department, wearing a sports coat and slacks. Talking so fast his words ran into each other, Eddie said, "Okay, kiddies, let's go—we got lots of work to get in. You know each other?" He nodded toward the young blonde and the young man. "Laverne, this is Brad. Okay, now you've met. You know the deal—*Daily Magazine* is giving us a big picture layout on you showing Brad around New York. It's his first visit to the big city and you're his date. Be a nice publicity build-up for you kids. Ready, Jake?"

The cameraman nodded, and Eddie clapped his pudgy hands and yelled, "Let's get rolling before the early-morning commuters come in. Brad, make like you're coming out of the track entrance. Laverne, you give him the big welcome smile. Only don't make it too big. And I don't want either of you mugging, trying to steal scenes from each other. Let's go."

Laverne made sure she held herself erect as she walked toward Brad, showing off all her lush curves. Brad turned so that he was almost in profile for the camera. The photographer took a couple of shots of them; then they rushed into a fleet of cabs and went over to the Empire State Building. At the top of the building, Brad peered over Laverne's shoulder as she supposedly pointed out places of interest around the city. The blonde easily stole this scene, since the wind blew her skirts a little to reveal long, pretty legs.

At Grant's Tomb, Laverne assumed the proper sad look of dignity, but Brad suddenly broke into a practiced warm grin. Laverne was a bit angry with him for this, although she realized that it was merely business for both of them; they were two youngsters fighting hard for a chance at stardom.

Back downtown, they were photographed examining shirts in the men's section of a large department store. Both had their backs to the camera, and so the department store hogged this scene—which was quite acceptable, for the owner of the store happened to be one of the magazine's biggest advertisers.

Laverne and Brad were almost mobbed by the curious on Times Square, and they came out even in this sequence, an excited expression on both their faces. Their mood was dampened somewhat, though, when a voice in the crowd asked, "Who are they? Famous stars?" and another voice answered, "Naw. They're just a couple of kids. Never seen them before. They must be models, or something."

In the shot at the zoo, the wind was blowing again and Laverne's good legs showed to advantage. After that, it was nearly noon, and they sped down to Radio City to be photographed "having lunch as they watch the skaters gracefully flying by on the ice" (as the caption under the picture would read). They posed at a table covered with wonderful dishes, both of them laughing as if they had just heard a clever joke. When the photographer was satisfied, Eddie shoved a couple of sandwiches in their hands and barked, "Sorry, no time for lunch here, kiddies. Eat these in the cab; we got to take some shots in the pool. Come on!"

Laverne was sure the swimming pool would be a cinch for her—her first break on Broadway had been the result of a bathing suit—but Brad's hard, muscular body made her whistle silently in admiration. From the pool, they drove to a penthouse night club, where they changed into expensive evening clothes. The make-up man went over their faces carefully, as the bored waiters and musicians watched. Laverne and Brad were photographed "chatting at the bar," dancing, talking to the band leader (who outmugged both of them), and joking with the hat-check girl. It was seven o'clock that evening before they finally posed in front of a plain door that was supposed to be the entrance to Laverne's apartment, although actually she lived in a modest little room. Eddie said, "Okay, kiddies, this one will wrap it up. Brad, you're giving Laverne a good-night kiss—the end of your date."

Laverne and Brad, eager to show how they could register passion, went into a violent embrace, but Eddie slapped his bald head furiously. "No, no!" he said. "You're supposed to be merely good friends; this is your first date. Give me a brother-and-sister peck."

Brad put his arm lightly around Laverne's shoulders, and his lips barely touched her cheek. Eddie clapped his hands. "That's it. Thanks a lot, kiddies. Hope this gets you some fat parts. So long."

Both Laverne and Brad sighed, sudden weariness replacing animation on their faces. The blonde went into the ladies' room, washed off her make-up, and changed into a simple suit that was hers and not the property of the studio. When she came out, she saw Brad waiting for the elevator. He said, "Tough day, Laverne."

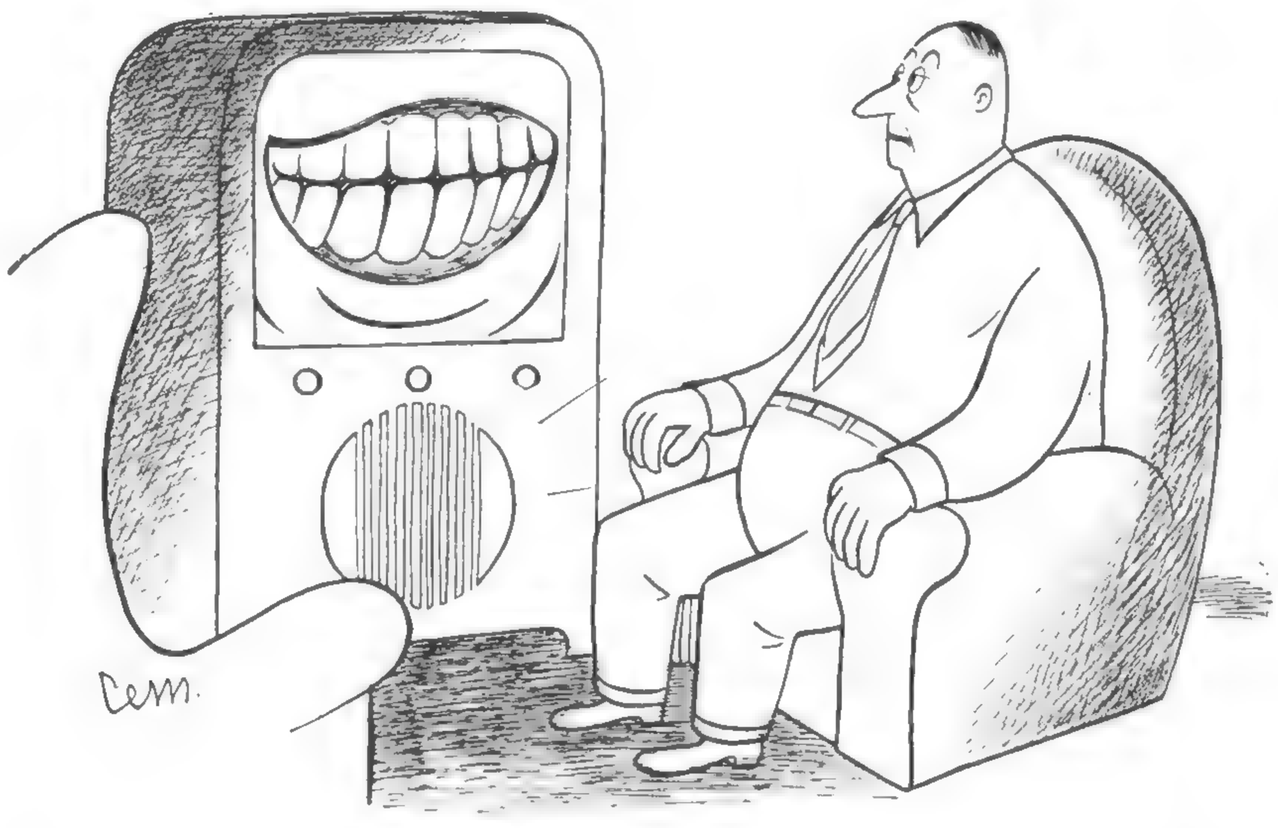
"I'm dead, and the name is Ann."

"I'm pooped myself. Call me Joe—Brad is something they dreamed up out in Hollywood."

The elevator came and they stepped in, looking like a couple of ordinary kids coming home from work. On the sidewalk, Joe hesitated. "I hope you don't think I'm rude," he said, "but I don't know anybody in New York. Do you suppose, if you're not too tired, we could have a real date tonight?"

"I'd love it," Ann said. "Could you go for a chop suey supper, a movie, and maybe a soda?"

"Great," Joe said happily. He took her arm as they walked toward the nearest Chinese restaurant, and for the first time that day they were *really* smiling. ###



"Now let us show you why Doctor Faustus' dentures are better"

Something White in the Night

How long can a man starve before he will betray his country? The conquerors thought they knew, but they discovered a white rag can mean more than surrender

A Story by

HERBERT BREAN

In that latitude, at that time of year, twilight falls swiftly. The captain, working over a weekly report in the small, prim parlor that had been the mayor's before the occupation, saw only shiny blackness when he looked up toward the window.

His orderly knocked, entered on being bidden, and closed the door carefully. "Sir, it is the informer, Char. He has been dealing with Lieutenant Nubba, but says it is important."

The captain looked through the orderly and said, "I will ring."

When he was alone, he went to a filing cabinet and drew out a thin dossier. It told him that before the occupation Char had been a minor official of the town, a bachelor and unpopular. Twice before he had come with information about the small Resistance group. Most of it had already been known to Nubba, yet Nubba had noted Char down as a man worth cultivating, and had paid him, once with food and once with cash.

Returning to his desk, the captain lit a cigarette. There was no doubt in his mind that he should see Char, but he did not like dealing with these people, nor with any except his own kind. He was an ordnance officer whom the exigencies of the occupation had tossed into commanding this small, cold town with its small, cold population.

An inhuman people, these—insane! They repeatedly risked being shot to chalk a word, "Freedom," on buildings, to shout it from a window, even to mutter it in the presence of his troops. And they did not even understand what it meant! They did not appreciate that "freedom" really means freedom to work for the state, to follow joyously and unflinchingly the orders of the man above you, to give all you are and have to advance the cause.

But even so, he thought, they might at least appreciate an opportunity to become part of a bigger and stronger country. Instead, they had fought their benefactors, openly at first, and, now that their government had fallen, treacherously and viciously. The captain crushed out his cigarette, straightened his tunic, and touched a buzzer.

Char, the informer, paused inside the door. He was a slight, bony man with a big skull and watery eyes. The gap between his trousers and shoes revealed bare ankles. "Before, I talked to the Sir Lieutenant," he began.

"I know. Sit down. Cigarette?"

Char took a cigarette eagerly and sat down nervously. "I have come," he began, "because the Sir Lieutenant has been most kind. My children are in great need . . ."

The captain, who knew he lied about having children, also realized Char was starving, and it pleased him. "If you have anything of value, you will be paid," he said.

"I—it is about the officers, Sir Captain."

The captain made a mask of his face. "What about the officers?"

Char looked down, as though forced to speak of something indelicate. "You have lost many."

"Well?" The mask was imperturbable.

But it wasn't easy. He had come here eighteen days before with five officers and a detachment of forty men. In the past week four of the officers had left headquarters on missions or inspection trips and had not returned. Morale was dangerously low in the barracks; the men went out on patrol with set faces and scared eyes, with nothing of the conquerors' pride. Only his own and Nubba's discipline held them together.

"I have learned what has happened to the officers," said Char. "All five of them."

"Four!" snapped the captain.

"Five," said Char very softly.

The captain's mask tore like chiffon. "Nubba—Nubba left last night for—"

"He did not get out of town," said Char.

"What happened to my officers?"

"A trick, Sir Captain, a clever trick. It involves a flag. I can show you."

"Good! What is the trick?"

Char coughed into both hands, and shuddered. "First there is the matter of pay."

"We'll speak of that," the captain said, "when you have told me."

Char clearly wanted to argue and did not dare. "It is not a matter of telling, but of showing," he said. "It is a symbol. The Freedom Flag, my foolish countrymen call it. Only a few minutes from here. The Captain can disguise himself like a villager."

The captain snorted. "I will take twenty men," he said. "You will lead us."

"If you take any men," said Char, "their movements will be known throughout the village before they have marched six paces."

As was his habit, the captain considered. He wanted to deal these stubborn villagers a blow; and what it would do for the men's morale if, singlehanded, he destroyed the Resistance's most telling weapon!

When duty presented itself, the captain was not one to flinch. He ordered civilian outer garments and, at Char's suggestion, a pair of night glasses. He drew a long automatic from his holster, inspected its magazine, and looked significantly at Char.

When they had slipped out the back door, he kept Char in front of him, and his hand, thrust through a slit in the cape, on the pistol's thick grip. They walked quietly along a dark, lifeless street.

Char turned into an alleyway. "Through here," he whispered. A dozen paces, and they turned again into a narrow passageway between two buildings. The captain paused to listen and assure himself that no one was following them. At the mouth of the passageway, Char looked out on another street.

"There, Sir Captain." He flattened himself against the wall so the captain could stand beside him. "You see? On the dark house, across the way?"

The captain strained his eyes. "I see nothing. What is it?"

"The Freedom Flag, they call it. A clever device. Use your glasses, Sir Captain."

The captain braced himself to hold the glasses steady. Presently he glimpsed a white flutter near the door of the house.

"Yes I see it. What is it?"

"A flag, Sir Captain. The Resisters whisper strange things about it so that your officers hear them. That is how they got your men to the house."

"But that's no flag," said the captain. "It's only a rag. It symbolizes nothing."

"That," said Char, "is the mistake all your people have made. It symbolizes everything."

And plunging his knife into the broad back presented to him, he twisted it hard. ##

"What did I tell you about tuning in ball games?"

A String of Firecrackers

Continued from page 40

unique and beautiful and a prayer of hope and bravery. It is a document which should not be deformed for small reasons and there never was a politician who made a speech without selfish motives. Such an experience is odds-on to be remembered as unpleasant by children.

The American child should be informed what the Fourth means in ways which he admires. Our government should use the authentic idols of childhood to relate the doctrine of liberty. Actors such as Roy Rogers and Gene Autry might be used, although their only dramatic gift is being able to sit on a horse. So should Joe Di Maggio, Joe Louis, Bob Feller, Sid Luckman, Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Sammy Baugh, Frank Sinatra, Lana Turner and Betty Grable. They could do more than teachers and clergymen. On this day, such spectacular personalities dear to the growing child should make personal appearances and the media of entertainment such as the movies, radio, television should donate people and time to a vast government-construed project.

It would improve us as a nation if this day became a time of appraisal and we took time to meditate on what we are granted in the original manuscript of our republic. It is an immense job, but even if it only defeated the firecracker it would do us some good. Christmas has the appeal I write about and even agnostics and fierce opponents of religion respect the decency on this day.

I am cynical enough to admit that patriotic motives are not the only ones which led me into promoting this reform. I stay in town every Fourth of July because it is a day of work for me. Last year I was troubled with a sort of minor combat fatigue by the toy bombardments. So I must support for personal reasons any movement which will make the firecracker as illegal as cocaine.

The Reluctant Champion

The last time I interviewed Jess Willard, he was a flabby giant of a man, slow and flat-footed with weight, and amiable and morose. I asked him about his fight with Jack Dempsey in Toledo and the grey eyebrows struggled like badgers in a trap as his forehead wrinkled with the cruel memory.

"A man's got no right to stand over you and knock you down every time you get up," said the old heavyweight champion. "Gene Tunney was in his rights, although I didn't see him fight Dempsey. Tunney was in his rights when Dempsey knocked him down and didn't go to some corner. The referee used a lot of good judgment for Tunney. He was in his rights."

I got the impression that Willard was proud of his sluggishness in the ring.

"I don't bother about fights," Willard said. "I don't pay no mind to fighters. I never did care much about it. I got into it by accident. They say Dempsey liked it. I just wasn't what you'd call vicious. I just wanted to win in a nice way. I never wanted to hurt no one."

It pleased him when, during the war, he went overseas for the USO.

"The boys followed me around like I was their daddy," he said. "They didn't know about the Dempsey fight. All they knew was I was the champion one time."

No Place Like Home

The big-league ballplayer goes first class and he is a big man in any town where his club plays. People come up to them on the street and in restaurants where they eat and tell them they're pulling for them. They ask them to write their signatures on scorecards and menus and scraps of paper and a lot of times they have never seen the ballplayer on the field. Sometimes they don't even know his name, but in this country when a man is identified as a big-league ballplayer that makes him a special guy. Strangers who are desperate in their obscurity find that just saying how do you do to an important man makes them feel good. They become part of what the ballplayer does and they act the same way with movie actors and even guys who get their names in the paper for murdering people. It would be difficult to explain to these people that a big-league ballplayer could be lonely in the city where he works. They would probably think you were kidding them if you told them how Yogi Berra was the first year he came up. He had the same fear of the city that a stranger has when he comes there for the first time. He lived alone in a hotel off Broadway, but all that's gone now because this is the first year he has been married. He is still a very shy guy and inarticulate and when strangers told him how glad his hello made them he thought they were working on him for laughs.

"Oh, I'm not handsome—you should see Montgomery. He comes on at two-thirty"

I lived in the same hotel with him, The Edison, and there would be Berra standing in the lobby or sitting on the stool in the drugstore. He would go to as many movies as he could and when he ran out of them he had no place to go and would loaf with the soda jerkers and the bellhops and they liked him very much. On days when he went good they printed signs and put them up over the bell captain's desk or behind the fountain and they usually read "Hooray for Yogi."

But then he slowed for a period and couldn't fetch himself a safe blow and Bucky Harris, who then managed the Yankees, sat him down on the bench. He became suspicious and somber. He sat in his room a lot and went to more movies and avoided the lobby and the drugstore. It was then that he would talk of Elizabeth Street in St. Louis where he comes from and the Fawn A. C. where his old friends are. It is here that he will finish when he stops playing ball and all other places are just temporary addresses.

"There is no place like home," Berra told me once. I have heard many a guy say that and in a lot of places. But I never listened to one who said it with so much yearning passion.

"Just being with the fellows is what I miss," Berra said. "I just go to the show here and stand around the lobby and people come up and talk to me and I don't know half of them. But the fellows are different. The fellows ask what's the matter with you if you're not hitting and how is Joe Di Maggio. You know the fellows mean it when they say they're pulling for you."

There are some who will tell you that the World Series with Brooklyn in '47 will remain the toughest ball games Berra will ever play. The Dodgers ran the bases on him and his excited throws were sailing high into center field. He was relieved of the catching job and went into right field. It was a bad Series even though he did hit a home run. There isn't a chance that Berra will ever be a polished ballplayer, although he could become a great hitter if he waited for his pitch and stopped lunging at sucker bait. But no matter what he does up in the majors or down in the minors it will never be like that first trip into his home town of St. Louis.

"A lot of the fellows stayed home from work just to see me," Berra said. "They lost a day's pay. I tried to make good for them, but I didn't get a hit. I really wanted a hit—bad. My mom saw her first ball game. She don't know what it's about. She was very proud of me. She didn't know I wasn't getting a hit. The fellows knew. But they were so nice, the whole lot of them."

Port of Call

The nature of his work must be responsible for the voyage, because he was a copyreader on an afternoon newspaper and he despised his job. His job isolated him from the excitement of the city and it taunted him as it reached him in his chair on the rim of the copy desk. New York is the city of opportunity for all those who live beyond the Hudson and he came there to be its historian years before. But his only creative expression was the insertion of a comma, or the whittling down of another man's story. The copy desk of that newspaper was close to a window which overlooked the water front and on this day there was a white ship in the slip across the way. It was an ugly craft, squat and low in the water, but it was freshly painted and the slot man remembered that it gleamed in the sun of the summertime. It must have assumed the shape of beauty in the copyreader's mind because he loitered by the window and admired it. He missed an edition with a bulletin as he watched the crew working in the heat of the morning. The slot man, who told me this story, reprimanded him because he ignored a flagrant grammatical error in a story about a shotgun in Queens and had shaved a fashion feature from the bottom, which eliminated the name of the big advertiser the business office intended to flatter. Usually he was a competent copy clerk who carefully blacked-out only worthless sentences when he was compelled to hack a story for space. But on that day it was impossible for him to function properly because for a week the white ship had nagged him with its beauty which existed only in his rye-ignited imagination. He spoke of it constantly to the slot man with whom he had a date that night for dinner.

The slot man, who investigated the incident later and told it to me long after it happened, explained that on this day the copyreader drank his lunch in the water-front saloon which was considered an unofficial annex of the newspaper. The bartender recalled that the copyreader stood with his back to the bar and it was the slot man's guess that he was gazing with yearning and sadness and some hope at the white ship. There are many ways to get drunk, but chasing rye with beer is one of the fastest and this was the route the copyreader took on his lunch hour. He was drunk and asked the bartender to wrap up a quart of rye and put it on the tab. Putting the bottle under his arm, he started back toward his office, walking in the sun past the warehouses, and across the way was the white ship. He was moving slowly in a precise stroll, his pace controlled by the heat and the whiskey. Checking up later, the slot man described the copyreader's mood as one of panic. He started to run across the way, in between the fruit trucks, moving

with an unexpected urgency. The slot man said that the copyreader, who was seen by a rewrite man, fled toward the white ship with the desperation of a commuter who discovers the train is in the station. He staggered occasionally, across the street, down the pier, up the gangplank and into the white ship. The slot man is a reliable reporter and he insists that the copyreader eventually confided to him what happened after that.

The copyreader awakened and there was only enough whiskey left in the bottle to drip an eye opener into his parched throat. He was in a stateroom and the ship was moving. He heard the gulls and their cries sounded like the noises made by children's whistles which sell for a nickel. Inside of him, conquering the sickness of hang-over, was a great happiness. What he had planned to do he had done and the pleasure of his recklessness soothed the moist shuddering of his body. As he lay there, proud of his escape, the door opened and a man in uniform stood there, looking at him. It was a steward who did not seem upset by his presence.

"I am a stowaway," the copyreader blurted. "Take me to the captain."

The steward muttered something about taking it easy, Jack, and closed the door behind him. The breeze found the porthole and there was salt on it when it reached him. After a time the steward returned with a guy who affably identified himself as the purser. The copyreader explained what he had done.

"Take him down and get him some coffee," the purser said to the steward. "I got a lot of work to do."

He went down into the crew's quarters, the steward with him, and the cook fried him some bacon and eggs and poured him a mug of coffee.

"Where is this ship bound for?" the copyreader asked.

"South America," the steward said.

The dream of escape from the desk with the stories which seemed to be written in an alien language was whole. There was no family to notify, only a few casual friends such as the slot man and a girl who wasn't much. She was a barfly whose loneliness merged with his own and became a common malady two could bear better than one.

The steward guided him to the purser's office and there the copyreader stated his case.

"I'm no bum," the copyreader said. "I want to work. I'll work my way. I'll do anything . . ."

The steward looked at him and smiled.

"You don't know how lucky you are," the steward said. "We're still in the bay. I'm going to have you put off with the pilot. But the next time . . ."

When the copyreader came off the pilot's boat he discovered that he could still make his dinner appointment with the girl and the slot man. He came into the place, wet with sweat and sick with dissipation.

"You're late," the girl said. "Where the hell you been?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "But I just went for a little sail down the bay."

It was said to punish himself.

"You're getting some sense in your old age," the girl said. "Instead of hanging out in a hot gin mill all day . . . what's better than a little boat ride down the bay?"

Kid Brother

Jackie Conn, who is Billy's younger brother, has the face of a cherub. Once at a party in Toots Shor's apartment, Jackie broke the house record by eating eleven corned-beef sandwiches and a pound of cookies which he used to chase a quart of ice cream. Mr. Shor called him a gourmet and this made Jackie very happy.

"Put that in," Jackie said. "Put that in that Toots called me a gourmet."

"Don't get swelled-headed," Toots said. "A gourmet is only a glutton with money."

But even when Jackie was boxing his appetite was immense. He ate himself out of shape and retired as a pro after Mutt Wormer, a society fighter, knocked him out in the Garden.

It has always been Jackie's boast that he is the second best-dressed man in sports.

"How do you figure that?" I asked him.

"Some creep picked Billy as the best-dressed man in sports when he first started fighting around Pittsburgh," Jackie said. "I wear his old clothes. Doesn't that make me the second best-dressed man?"

If they paved the ring with asphalt Jackie would be champion of the world because there isn't a better street fighter anyplace. After the war I saw him accept a challenge from six soldiers on Broadway. Jackie, who was a paratrooper, was heckled for being 4F. He tried to back away, but they insisted he fight. He won with four punches. He knocked four of them down, one punch a man. The other two fled. Once in Paris we came out of a mess hall on the Rue Lincoln. There was a drunken captain slapping the face of a frightened soldier. The officer was big-shouldered and young. Jackie hit him. The kid the officer had been abusing started to run.

"Take your time," Jackie said. "You don't have to run. That guy is going to be out a long time."

When he was in the Army Jackie boxed Billy a series of exhibitions in the ETO. They were savage fights, bloody and angry, and the brothers forgot they were related when they put on the gloves. All during this tour Jackie unsuccessfully tried to knock Billy out. But Jackie contends these bouts were quiet scuffles compared to the one he fought Billy two nights before the elder Conn scrimmaged with Melio Bettina for the light-heavyweight championship in Pittsburgh. At that time Billy had a big expensive new roadster with only sixty-seven miles on the speedometer. It was parked in front of the Conn residence and Jackie decided he would take some friends to a gambling house in Steubenville, Ohio.

"I'm doing ninety and all of a sudden I smell something burning on the way back," Jackie told me. "One of the guys said I shouldn't go fast because the car was brand-new. I slowed down to seventy-five right away. Another guy pushes two buttons at once on the radio and that's the end of the radio. I'm driving along when I make a quick turn and bang went the axles. Couple of times we stopped and I had a lot of trouble starting, but I kicked it around and off we went. I go up in my room when I get back when all of a sudden I hear Willie start to holler. He tried to back the car out of the driveway and it went clean across the street."

Jackie avoided any immediate explanation by hanging from the sill of the window of his second-story room until his brother searched the house. Billy disappeared and Jackie went down to the neighborhood where they hang out. There was a posse hunting him. They held him until Billy arrived, summoned by phone.

"You know what Willie done?" Jackie asked. "He went down to the corner and offered a reward for me and these bums hold me until he gets there. He pushes me in another car he borrowed because the one I used ain't so good and he drove me right to our garage. He locked the door of the garage and we started to fight. We fought for fifteen minutes, no rounds or nothing. All of a sudden I could hear people outside. They started to holler for the cops and a big crowd's there, but we still kept on fighting."

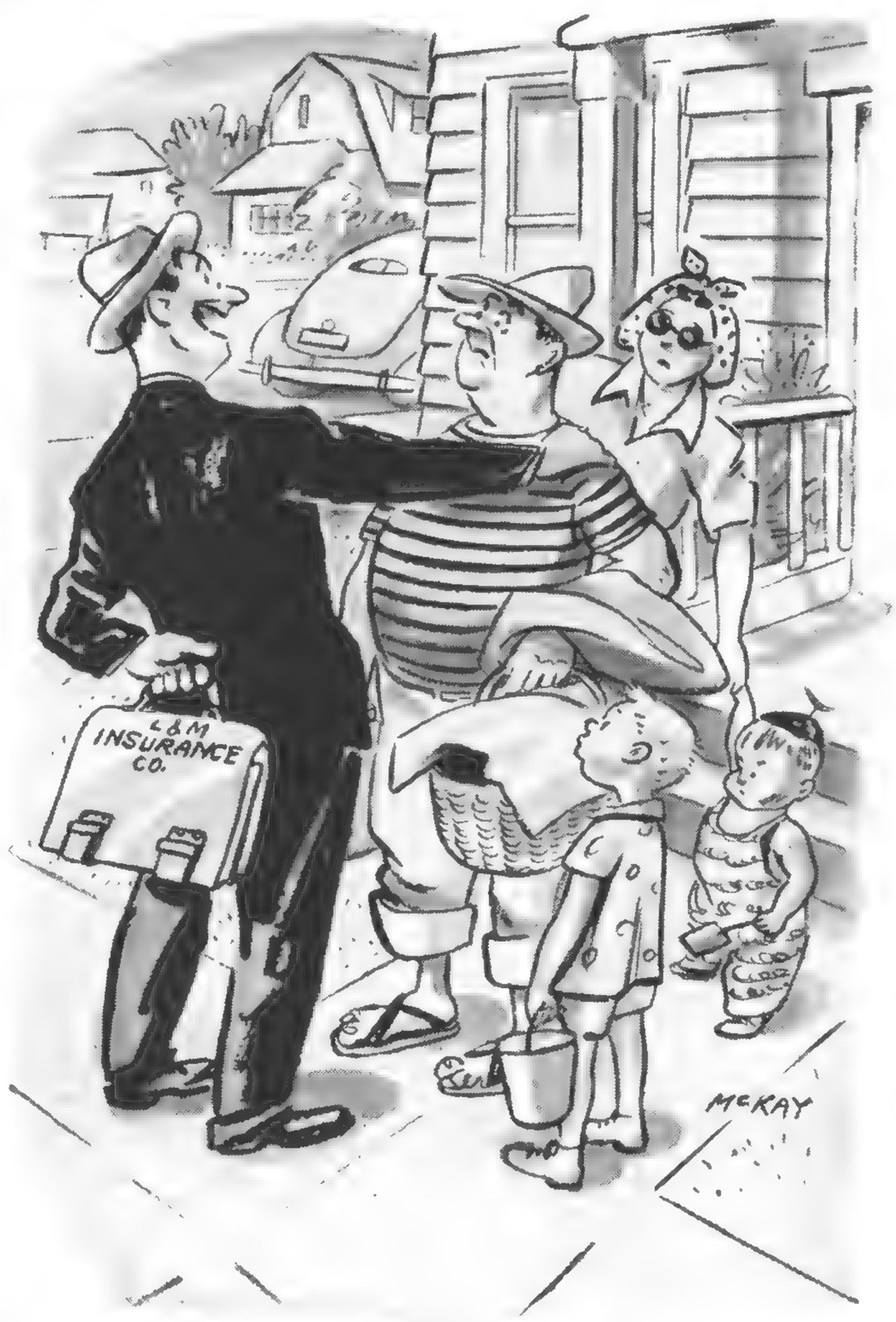
They heard the fire engines come and then axes began to hit the door.

"I'm laying on the floor by now," Jackie said. "Johnny Ray . . . Billy's manager . . . comes in. Billy has a tiny little cut over his eye. He looks at him and says, 'My God! What happened? Are you all right, Billy? Are you all right, Billy . . .' That's all they're asking. I'm laying over in a corner dying and they want to know if he's all right. I said to Johnny Ray, 'What about me, Johnny? He near killed me.' Johnny looked at me and says, 'Too bad he didn't kill you.' "

I once asked Jackie if he had ever licked his brother in their many fights.

"No," the kid brother said. "He's the greatest fighter in the world."

I didn't remind him that Louis was in the same world and had licked Billy twice. ⧺



"Going to the beach? Wonderful! We can have a nice cool talk in comfort!"

Continued from page 71

and the colonel's cream driving team, and Choke's casks were tied behind. Adelais Gilbert was driving.

He almost lifted his horse to go towards her, and then a shot cracked to the rear of the herd, and he had to raise his hand to salute her and ride back.

Mike, he thought. Mike had to shoot that cow.

Dust followed the herd, and he rode blind for a while. A second shot cracked through the air, cutting the noise of the steers coughing, cutting the constant rattle of stones rolling under hoofs. Then a little puff of wind took the dust away, and he saw Mike still in the saddle, a six-shooter in his hand. There was a look of horror on Mike's face. Over shooting a cow!

He pulled in alongside Mike. "Miss the first time?" he asked.

Mike's voice was funny. "Yes. Missed—the first time." He still had Choke's gun in his hand, hadn't holstered it yet. Shad shot out his own hand and grabbed the .44. "I'll ride rear guard awhile," he said. "Go help Corcoran. Adelais is out there with a buckboard full of water. Tell Joe I said use one cask to fill everyone up a change of hosses. Mop out their noses. You help him."

Mike acted as though one of his own bullets had creased him. Shad put his horse forward and rode past the dead cow. His eyes took in, automatically, the swollen leg that had stopped her. The hoof was bleeding a little, from the stone bruise. Well, one cow. He went on past, but Mike stayed back there, and something made Shad take a second look at the cow. Then he looked back at Mike quickly, and the gun he had been about to stick in his belt stayed in his hand. He put a snap into his voice. "You got your orders, cowboy. Go help the wrangler." He watched Mike gather up his reins and go off, not looking back.

Shad waited until his bunkie was gone through the red dust, and then, not wanting to do it, he broke the .44. There was only one empty cartridge.

He got off his horse, and unsnapped his knife. He shoved the point into the tough hide of the cow and slashed; when he straightened up, there were two slugs in his hand. His stomach turned over, and he leaned against his horse's saddle. Then he climbed back into the seat and sent the horse ahead, snapping his rope at the straggling herd.

Two bullets, but not two .44s. One of the bits of lead was only a little more than half as big as a six-shooter slug. Bigger than a .22, and smaller than a .44. The size of a hole in a man's back.

Mike Shattay, who never carried a gun in sight, had a small pistol hidden someplace on him. Mike Shattay, Shad's bunkie and his friend, had rigged himself as an Indian, and shot Rod Mains.

Water was on hand, and he would change horses in a few minutes. He used up what was left of his mount, and most of what was left in himself, rounding up the stragglers, shoving his corner of the herd forward. Got to work, he thought. Got a herd to get through to the water. I can sleep next winter, can hate next winter, can kill next winter, but I gotta punch cattle now.

The horse stopped, panting, and spurs and quirt didn't move him. Shad gave length on the reins, and the poor beast got his head down and blew; he shook all over so that the saddle creaked and rattled. Shad stood up in the stirrups, and looked around. I will not kill him till I am sure, he thought. Will not kill him and find out later I was wrong.

He gathered his horse under him, and walked it out of the herd. Shad let him have his head, and the horse found the remuda, going at a painful walk. He slid off the horse, and undid his saddle, let it fall off. He grabbed his saddle blanket, turned it inside out, and laid it on the saddle. Someone took the horse by the bridle, and got it away.

"Grey," Shad said. "I want the grey mare next." His fingers closed on the handle of a tin dipper, and he drank, his stomach clamping down on the water with a painful start.

"Pour the rest over your head," a voice said. "You're only ten miles from the river. Choke's halfway between, with the bean pots full of water. Take it easy."

Adelais Gilbert was staring at him, her eyes big as saucers. Behind her was Colonel MacKellar, his white hat red with the dust that covered everything. Mike Shattay stood by the water butts, and Joe Corcoran was bringing up the grey mare from Shad's string.

"Plan to sleep all winter," Shad said, and felt the mud crack into a grin. "Lord, Adelais, didn't even know your voice first time you spoke."

"You've made record time for a drive like this," the colonel boomed. "You must've had those cattle fresh as trottin' horses when you hit the badlands."

"Had trouble on the way, too," Shad bragged. "Stampede." He looked at Mike Shattay, and then he gestured ahead at the cloud of dust. "Ain't over yet, Colonel. Ten weary miles to go. Can't put the cow-critters in a spring wagon and haul 'em." His stomach had expanded a little with the water, now, and he dared another drink. "Joe, you need any more help?"

Corcoran said: "Naw. Plan to let the dust settle, then move the remuda easy up to where Choke'll meet us."

Shad nodded. "Do your best to have me a fresh horse halfway. Cattle'll smell water five miles after a drive like this. I'm ridin' ahead to the river. If there's no quicksand, I'll ride back, and the whole outfit can knock off and make it to the river best they know. Get on your horse, Mike, and take up the left rear of the herd. And don't shoot any more cows, if you can help it."

He stood straight and watched Mike climb on his fresh horse and lope up the badlands after the herd. Then he relaxed, his spine feeling soft and tired and hot as a poker in the fire.

"Thought you and Mike were bunkies," the colonel said.

"We are." Shad went for his horse. "See you halfway to the river, Colonel."

"Been having trouble with Mike, Shad?" the colonel insisted.

"Past the river," Shad said, "we'll be driving through Indian territory. Tell me there's no great trouble between there and Dodge, except a river to swim. Be a pleasure to see too much water for a change."

"Thought you'd get along better with the boys out on the trail," the colonel said. "But instead you seem to be fighting with the one friend you had in the outfit."

Shad got up on the grey mare. "See you in five miles, Colonel," he said.

Adelais said, "Shad!"

He touched his hat to her. Sometime in the dark and distant past, back behind that stretch of red stone, she had asked him to sell the colonel out. But that was past. Women didn't understand.

"You've already killed one man," the colonel said. "And not out of Texas yet. You going to drive the herd over Frenchman's Ford alone, and collect pay for the whole outfit?"

"Boss," Shad said, "you see your herd through the worst stretch, and not a cow lost. We've shot two and picked up more than that in mavericks. You have a right to be pleased with me. I'm glad you are."

The girl came around and put her hand on Shad's bridle. "Shad. The colonel has a right—"

"He's got a right," Shad said, "to know his cattle's gettin' the best kind of herding they can get. But on the trail, I'm boss, and gonna stay that way." He looked at her. "I'm boss to Dodge City. And I'm boss to Montana."

The colonel's voice was an angry bull's. "I've got my money, my future tied up in the trails," he said. "The kind of story your men will tell at Dodge, I'll never get another hand to ride Circle K."

Shad rested his eyes on the buggy with its empty water casks in the near distance. He said, "This is my first herd, and you know I have to bring it in to ever get another. So I'm interested. But there is more, Colonel. I didn't want to say it—not now, anyway—for reasons we need not go into. But if I don't bring this herd through, I don't think it will get through."

MacKellar said, "If that's a threat, Jones—"

"It's not me that is threatening you, MacKellar. But I'm going to give you one fact, and let you chew on it."

MacKellar said, "Shoot." He shoved his hat back from his face.

"Back today, Mike Shattay was ridin' rear guard. A cow went down. Mike is a humane man to animals."

"All right, all right." The colonel's voice was impatient.

Shad looked at Adelais, and what he saw there made his heart ache. "All right. He had a .44 he'd borrowed from the cook. But he lost his head when he saw the cow suffer, and fired—twice. Me, I had a little curiosity." He reached into his pocket, got out the two slugs. "This is what I took out of that cow."

He dropped the two slugs—a big one, a little one—into his employer's hand. "All right," he said. "Cap will have told you about the hole in Rod's back. You can read your own trail from here."

The girl cried, "Oh!" and walked away.

The colonel's boom was a whisper, though there was no one nearer than Joe Corcoran herding his remuda a half-mile up the trail. "You'll kill Mike?"

"Not till I find out what he was doing stampeding Circle K cattle," Shad said. "Not till I find out why he took a job as a cowhand, and him a ranch owner."

The colonel chewed his lip. "Don't see what he'd gain," he muttered. "Now, that girl would make a lot of money if you brought this herd into Dodge too late to drive on to Montana. Her uncle was crooked as a snake's track, and that's why I wanted her to buy those cheap steers. I've regretted it, for I think I can trust that girl. If your mind has it that Mike Shattay is working for her, I'd forget it, Shad."

Shadrach Jones stood up in his stirrups. "I've seen locoed cows and I've seen outlaw hosses," he said. "Mike Shattay doesn't fall into that class, *patron*. He's not doin' this because he's loco. He's doin' it for money."

Crawling into the blankets with Mike Shattay that night on the far side of the shallow river was as bad a bedgoing as Shad could remember. He had sat by the fire, and watched Mike take off his coat and fold it, in his neat way, put it in the fork of his saddle, shove his boots under the saddle, and settle down. He had not seen Mike do anything at all about a gun; but then, he never had, and they'd been bunking together for weeks.

If he went and bunked with

Continued on page 93

"Stop, Ed—everyone's watching us"

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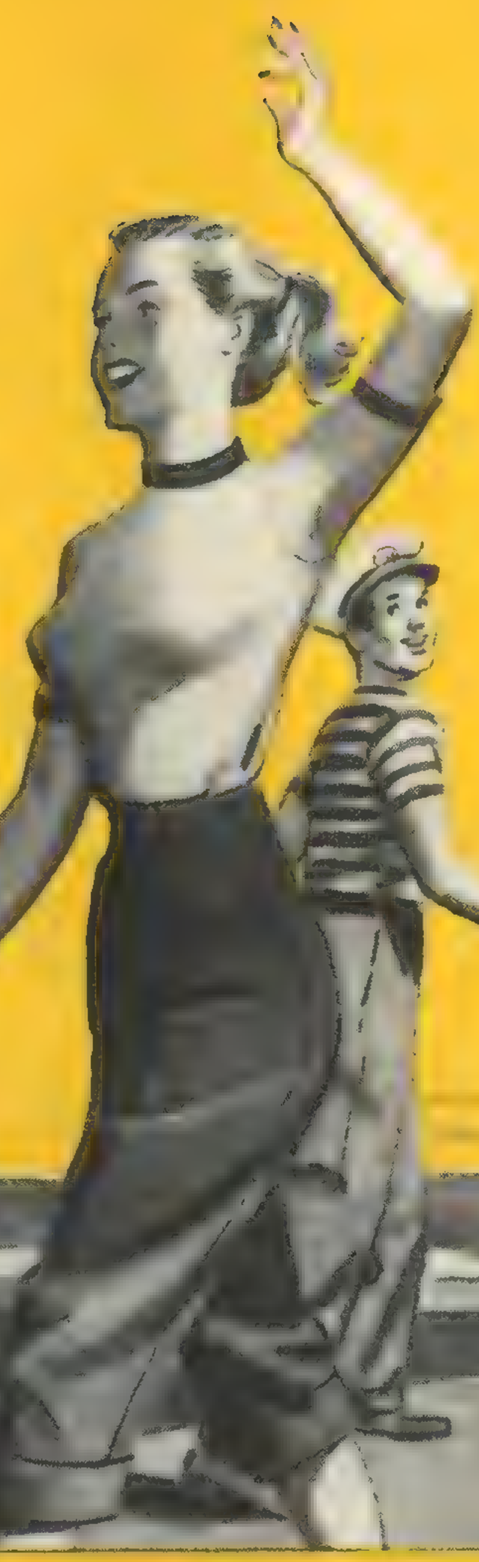

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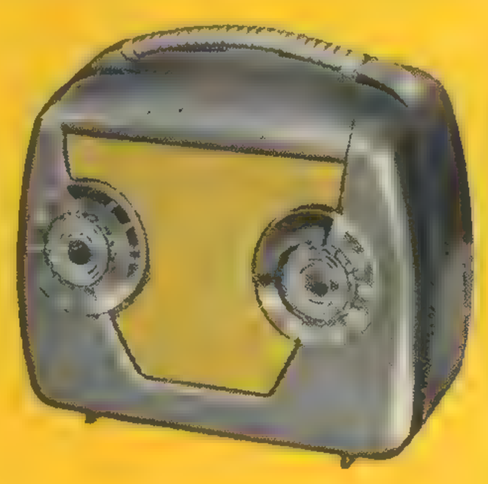

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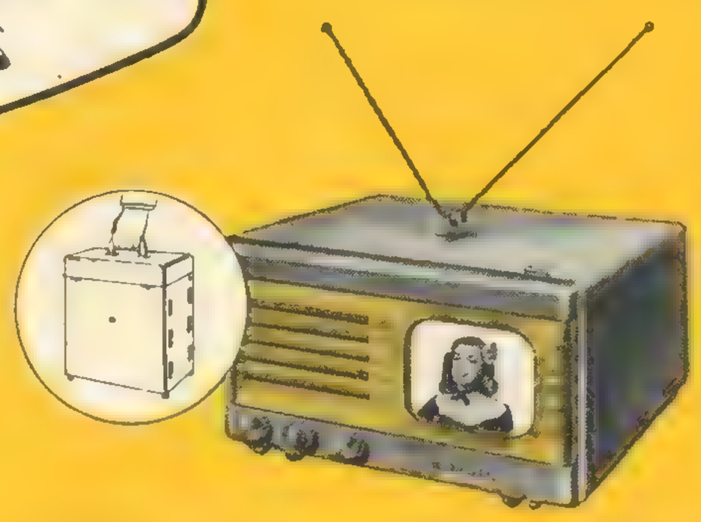

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Cap, Mike might resent it. Might quit. He couldn't lose another man. Every man was needed. Every horse.

Shad sighed, and got up and went over to their bedding. He could make Mike sleep with Cap, and he could bunk down single. Might be best. Foreman was up and down all night. Made him a bad bunkie.

He put his own jacket in the seat of his saddle, his own boots under the saddle, his gun and belt on top of the boots. He got in next to Mike. Then he put his mind on guns. Did Colt maybe make a little gun, like a .44, only so small a man could hide it up his sleeves? He turned over on his side so he faced Mike, slid his hand under the other man's saddle, and began a quiet search. His fingers closed on the tab of a boot and he slid his hand inside. Then Mike turned over and faced him, and Shad bent his arm back so it went under his own saddle. Mike didn't seem to wake up. His breathing was deep and even. Shad made his own breathing easy and deep, too.

After maybe a minute, Mike said, "Shad?"

Shad lay so still he could hear some kind of lizard rustle through the sand over by the fire. Slowly, the Easterner pulled his legs out from under the blanket, three hours before he had to go on night guard! He was quiet as a mouse getting his boots out, getting into them. He picked up his coat and crept away.

Shad got his boots and gun, and held them to his belly, and rolled to the bottom of a draw. He got his boots on, buckled the belt, kept one hand on the gun to keep dried-out leather from creaking, and crept after Mike.

There wasn't any moon at all, but the stars were out, and the whispering sandy river seemed to throw off a light of its own. Mike kept moving steadily up river. Going toward the colonel's camp, Shad decided finally. And, at the thought, he dropped a hand on his gun. Shattay would not mind using a knife in the dark. Not after what he'd done to Rod . . .

At last, Mike stopped and gave a whistle. Like a bobwhite, only with an extra note on the end. Shad bellied down and crept up, until he was not more than fifteen feet away, crouching in the bottom of the draw on whose crest Mike waited. Then gravel slid down to him, and Mike was no longer alone. Another shadowy figure had joined him.

And Adelais Gilbert said, "Mike, I thought you were never coming."

Mike's shadow stretched; he seemed to try to put his arms around the girl, but she moved back. "Shad said you shot Rod. In the back," she said.

"If I ever," Mike said, "go out of my way again to make a friend of an outcast, you kick me, lady. Look, I never even carry a gun. What did Shad say, that I shot Rod with a bullet held between my teeth?" Mike's laugh was, as always, the nicest thing about him.

Adelais' sweet voice was sad. "Oh, Mike, it's not a joke."

Mike had her arms by now; their two shadows were coming closer together. "Did the noble trail boss tell you we've been bunkies, that we sleep under the same blankets every night? Where am I going to hide a bag of powder and a gun, and a bag of caps, and a ballmold?"

The girl stepped free of him, and Shad rested easier. "But Jeff and Cap are so loyal to the colonel. If one of them found out what you were doing for me, you might have to kill him. And we said there'd be no killing, Mike."

Mike's fine profile was clear cut against the stars. "I'm no killer," he said. "I was on night guard when all that trouble started, and I followed the herd. Not going to do you much good to lose the herd altogether, and that was what could have happened if that run hadn't been turned; so I was turning it. Shad's the only one who stands to gain by throwing the herd away."

The girl said, "Why, Shad wants the herd to go through. It'll make him, in Texas."

"Money talks. Rustler money talks just as loud as any other kind. And a State policeman like Shad, now, he might think it was lawful and proper to take the herd away from a Rebel colonel like Mac and give or sell it to the carpetbaggers."

The girl said, "Oh." And then there wasn't any more starlight between Mike and Adelais, and there was black hate in Shad Jones' heart, and nothing else. Except the knowledge that, girl or no girl, revenge or no revenge, he could not shoot Mike while Circle K needed a hand.

Riding from the Red River to the Canadian, the herd slowly picked up the fat it had lost on the badlands. Shad found himself itching to let the cowboys hurry the cattle; the more he thought it over, the more he saw that his worries came down to one thing; getting the herd to Dodge City on time. He could hire more men there, and get rid of Mike; and, anyway, he understood that the drive from Dodge City to Frenchman's Ford was not bad, if you just got under way early enough.

What he had to figure was if he could get to Dodge. Mike made an unpredictable factor in this, but not as bad as before. He knew now what Mike wanted: to hold the herd up, so it would have to be sold at Dodge; and then to marry Adelais Gilbert for his reward.

Shad worked his way around the herd up to Mike, who was riding front swing. Mike was riding easy, his lines dollied around the horn, rubbing the knees of his dragoon boots with a piece of bacon rind. "Due for a little shower, segundo," he said, grinning. "It'll bring the pretty posies up, eh?"

"Bring the Canadian up, too," Shad said, trying to make his voice as gay and friendly as Mike's.

"You look worn out," Mike said. "Cold sleeping alone these nights. Cap and me could spare you a blanket—Cap's got that buffalo robe to lie on."

Shad said, "We're gonna have trouble at the Canadian, Mike. She's always a swimmin' river at best; those clouds gonna make it real high, wide, and nasty."

Riding away, Shad thought it was funny: Mike remained the one man in the outfit he could talk to most easily. He loped around front to where Cap was in his usual spot, leading the herd.

Their horses went companionably along. "You satisfied with your new bunkie, Cap?"

Cap was a Texan and a cowhand. He said, "Shore."

"I figure to add men at Dodge, Cap. We want to make it through to Frenchman's Ford fast as possible."

Cap nodded, moving his horse sideways with a spur, shoving a cow back that wanted to run.

"May split the herd two ways," Shad said. "Want to boss one?"

Cap scratched his grey head. "I sure do thank you," he said, "but no." He laughed. "I'm not ambitious to have to worry about anything but getting through from day to day."

"I know what you mean," Shad said. "In the meantime—the colonel's someplace between here and the Chisholm Trail. I aimed to ride over and ask him to go ahead and hire me the men. But who'll I make *cusi segundo* while I'm gone?"

Cap said, "Dutch'd do. Or Jeff Davis."

Shad shot a quick look at Cap, but the older man's face was expressionless. "Thank you, Cap," he said.

Cap brought his hand down on the skirts of his saddle, making a smacking noise. "What you have been asking is, am I for you or against you? Do I still think you killed Rod?"

Shad said nothing.

Cap said, "I don't. We've been on this trail some weeks now, Shad, and you don't shoot men in the back with sleeve guns."

They rode along in silence. Overhead the thunder clouds still piled up. Lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, and, long after, thunder could be heard. "That's far away," Shad said. "We won't get the rain here where we need it; it'll be up in the Canadian basin, floodin' the river to give us trouble."

"That's why there's money in trailin' cattle," Cap said. "See you at the river, Shad."

"You'll lead all the way," Shad said. "I'll tell Dutch. Don't try and cross till I get back."

"See you at the river," Cap said.

It was pouring when Shad walked into the colonel's canvas Army tent, swinging his hat behind him to send the water from the big brim back outdoors. The colonel was teaching Adelais some kind of card game. It was no wonder that they had not heard Shad loping up; the rain on the taut canvas was a steady roar.

The colonel jumped up. "What are you doing here, Jones?" He fished around on the floor for a bottle, found glasses, and the two men drank.

"Wow!" Shad said. "That'll do to dry a man out."

MacKellar said, "I'll see they find something for you to eat."

Shad said, "I'm already wet. I'll go yell across." He ducked out into the rain again, the whiskey warming his whole body. Under a smoky wagon flap, he found some Mexicans eating beef and beans, helped himself to a plate, and carried it back to the tent. "We're about a hard day's ride from here," he said. "After I eat, Colonel, I'll ask you for a fresh horse and get back."

The girl said, "A terrible night for riding."

"The herd's coming up to the Canadian," Shad said. "I'll want to scout it first." He looked straight at the colonel, as though they were alone.

The colonel said, "We were slanting over. Aimed to catch you at the North Canadian."

Shad said, "If we cross the Canadian. Then two days to the North Canadian. Then two more to the Cimarron. Then an easy drive into Dodge City. We're making it in plenty of time, Colonel."

Adelais said, "There is absolutely no complaint about the way you've pushed the cattle, Jones."

Shad didn't answer her. He balanced his tin plate on one knee and said, "Colonel, how are your Chisholm herds doing?"

"We just got back from the Chisholm Trail," Colonel MacKellar said. "Adelais and I. Why, the herds are doing as well as could be expected. They'll be in Leavenworth inside a month."

Adelais said, "Of course I'm not interested in anything but the Western herd, Jones. Are the cattle fattening well?"

Shad said, "Colonel, what are the chances of getting more hands at Dodge City?"

Adelais exploded. "Colonel, hiring this man was a terrible, terrible error. He'll eat up all the profits. More men!"

For the first time, Shad talked to her. "It is my understanding of the deal that the colonel pays all trail expenses. You are just the

Continued on page 94

"Yes, the park is beautiful tonight, Johnny—but it isn't the same when you have to work!"

Sleep All Winter

owner of the thousand beef steers. If I'm wrong, I want to know it now."

Colonel MacKellar stood up. "There's something going on here, and I don't know what."

Shad said, "All I came to say was, instead of meeting us, Colonel, I'd like it if you'd get to Dodge City as fast as possible and wire down the line for more hands."

The colonel said, "Just put that empty plate out in the rain, Shad. You figure you'll need more men? Even losing Rod, you should have enough left to make the drive from Dodge City to Frenchman's Ford. It's the easier drive, if you make this one in time, and if you don't, we won't be able—"

Shad put the plate out in the rain, and got out his makings. "I'll smoke a cigarette and ask you for a horse. Why, Colonel, there's less than ten days left to Dodge, and three rivers. And I don't know, and you don't know, how much rain is falling ahead and sending those rivers up." He found a lucifer on the card table, struck it, puffed. "Up to now, anybody wanting to hold my herd up could stampede it south—which was tried once—or could head it the wrong way. I stopped that by putting Cap at permanent lead. So no matter how slow anybody—anybody at all—wanted the herd to go, they couldn't do much. But I'm serving notice that I'm going to shoot the first hand that tries to make trouble at any of those rivers."

"Why tell *us*, Jones?" said Adelais. "They're *your* men."

Shad Jones carefully didn't look at anyone. "I just wanted to be sure that I'll have more men to help me north of Dodge City. I don't want to be held up there."

He bowed, slapped his wet hat on his head, and went to get a horse from the remuda.

Towards noon the next day, Shad sighted the cottonwoods of the Canadian. The rain had stopped a couple of hours before dawn, and he had got a couple of hours' sleep on the first sandstone ledge that dried out; he had had coffee and bacon and corn pone, and he felt all right. As he scouted the Canadian, though, his face got longer. She was a swim. Not just wade to the middle, swim the channel and wade, but swim all the way, cowboy, and like it.

He found a place on the bank where the sandy soil sloped in fairly gently, and rode his horse back and forth, into the river and out, until there was a chute that one cow could get down without jumping. He and Cap would take the lead steer down it, and the other cattle could jump a foot or so into the water, pushed from behind by the frantic beef trying to keep up with the leader.

Shad got off his horse and stripped off its saddle and blanket. Then he climbed a cottonwood and peered south. An hour before the herd could get up. Somberly, he took off all his clothes but his underwear and folded his gear on the saddle. Bareback, his right hand clinging to the reins, his soft heels thudding the horse on, he went down the chute he'd made.

He lashed with his rein ends, and the roan made a leap forward, snorting, and instantly went under. The water rose to Shad's neck and he took a quick turn in the reins to make them as short as possible, let them go, and slid back and off the horse.

The animal rose, swimming, and Shad went back until he had hold of its tail. An ice-cold year later, the smooth rhythm of their crossing was broken, and the horse got his feet on wading ground. Shad let go of him and let the horse scramble to where all four feet were on the bottom; then he swam around to the head and got to the reins.

He was standing in water up to his waist, but he had finished with the river; the only trouble was that the bank was nearly shoulder-high. He scrambled out himself, and tried to pull his roan after him; but the animal just stood there, snorting and tearing back and fighting the bit.

Abruptly, Shad was back in the river, and a good chunk of dirt went along. The bank had caved.

He found himself swimming; his chest burnt like fire and the rest of him was icy cold, and his legs felt stiff and useless, but he wanted to live, to live, and his feet were on the wading shelf again, and he pulled the horse beside him.

They'd come fifty feet down river, but that was not so bad; Shad went along easily, trying to lead the horse to where the cave-in made a way out of the water.

But the horse had had enough. He twisted sideways, and charged the bank, despite all Shad's efforts to keep him going upstream against the hated current. By some miracle of superhorse effort, the roan got his forefeet on the bank; and, by plunging and charging, made another breakdown and got out. Shad let him go, and on dry land the animal blew and stood, head drooping, tied to the ground by the habit of his trailing reins. Shad crawled out and lay in the sun, coughing. Water came up from his lungs and then he felt a little better and rolled on his back.

He had to get back to the river. The herd was coming up, and if they didn't know about this bank over here, there were going to be a lot less cattle come out of the Canadian than went in. He slid into the water and struck out, and he didn't think, he just swam. And when he put his head on his saddle on the south bank, Cap's horse, leading the herd, was less than a quarter-mile from the bank.

He had it all to do over again. Only, with three thousand cattle this time. He stood up, a gaunt figure in his underwear and hat; he waved to Cap, who promptly started milling the cattle. The cattle milled, and then, slowly, first the leaders, then the rest, lay down for their nooning.

Shad called a powwow. Quickly he gave his men the lay of the land. "Joe and I'll take half the remuda over; each man tell Joe which horses he wants. Make it so you got you a good swimming

Continued on page 96

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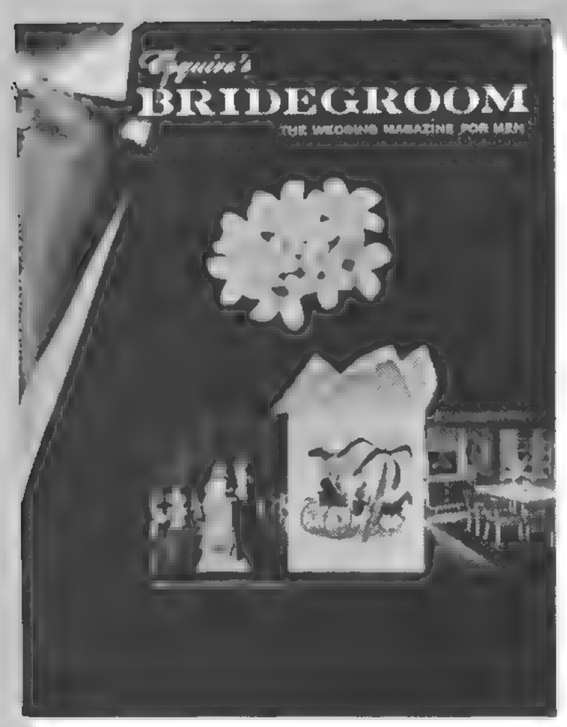

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Sleep All Winter

horse on each side. While we're doin' that, I want you men to cut cottonwood and make a raft for the wagon. Then, Dutch, you pick you two men, and go across; you'll take your saddles and all trimmin's, and you'll have no trouble gettin' out, because the fifty hosses Joe an' I are takin' over will have broken down a good piece of bank. Soon's you git there, change hosses, and stretch your ropes dry. Then, Choke, you and the mules go over. Leave a fire and a pot of hot coffee here, and make up another one on the other side."

Jeff Davis said, "A very thoughtful segundo, gents."

Shad grinned. "Next, Cap and I take the herd leaders over, if we have to drag them. As soon as we're swimmin', Jeff, you start some steers in after us. Cap'll show you some that usually stay near the leaders. Pick a man to help you. And as soon as they are in, men, everybody left gets on the trail of the herd and punches 'em into the Canadian as fast as they'll go . . ."

He took off his hat, ran his hand over his damp hair. "That ought to get it, men. No man and no hoss crosses but once . . . When the cattle are all out of the water, you, Johnny, and Smith there, will have to tie the corral rope to the raft, and bring it over—the rope, I mean."

He thought, figuring in his head. "Jeff, after you push the second bunch in, ride down the bank, and then follow the last of the herd over. Cap, you'll know that when you see Jeff, you've got all your cows; take 'em about five miles from the river, and bed 'em for the night. I ought to be there by then. Johnny, don't you start till Jeff's out of the water. Jeff's in charge on this bank, Dutch on the other, Cap's in charge of getting the cattle away from the river once they're crossed."

Mike Shattay said, "What do I do, Shad?"

Shad said, "I want you to ride back the trail to where the herd was bedded last night and bring up any strays you find, Mike."

Dutch said, "Let Pickney do that, Shad, if yo' don't mind. I'd like Mike helping me."

Shad looked at Dutch quickly; but the square face was quiet and respectful. If he vetoed the request, after telling Dutch to pick what men he wanted, it would look like he was taking Dutch down a peg. If he didn't, Mike was one hand for the swim. And men could be killed swimming a river like this, and no one the wiser. But he said, "You're the boss of your own crew, Dutch. Who else?"

"Just Mike Shattay," Dutch said. "We can hold the other side till Cap gets there."

Shad said, "Then swim for it, and good luck. Joe, let's you and me start cutting the remuda. Dutch, have us a place ready to shove the horses out."

Shad rode over to the remuda with Joe Corcoran, and something throbbed in his mind, something he'd forgot to remember. He was cutting horses with Joe before his mind clicked, and then he shouted at Joe to hold the remuda and put his cutting horse at a run for the crossing.

But Mike Shattay was already on his saddle, his horse hock-high in the water. He was dressed in his underwear; his long dragoon boots, their flaps tucked in, were tied to his horn. "I'll ride jaynaked," he called to Shad cheerfully, "but I am kicking no horses with bare heels when there are angry cows around."

Shad turned to the wagon. But Cap was already there, leaning against it, his hand on his belt. "Jeff," Cap said, "as the guy who has to take the leader over, I get privileges. Go hold the herd back from the river till I come for my horned pal."

Jeff rode back to the herd, followed by the rest of the hands. Shad and Cap were alone. Cap slapped the butt of his .44. "Shad," he said, "Rod was my friend and Dutch's. Yo' git back to the remuda."

Shad stared. "I'm foreman," he said.

Cap said, "But I already have my hand on my gun. And I am going to search Mike's outfit for a li'l gun that could have put a hole in Rod Mains' back."

Shad shook his head. "I thought I was the only one knew."

"That Dutch," Cap said, "he looks dumb, but he ain't. You know what that ornery squarehead from Matagordo did? He caught a rattlesnake in an old feed sack and planted it in Mike's way. The gunless wonder blew its head off with a little-bitsy bullet."

Shad said, "I wasn't going to tell you, Cap. Till we got to Dodge City. I have to get this herd through."

Cap said, "Nevertheless, se-

Continued on page 98

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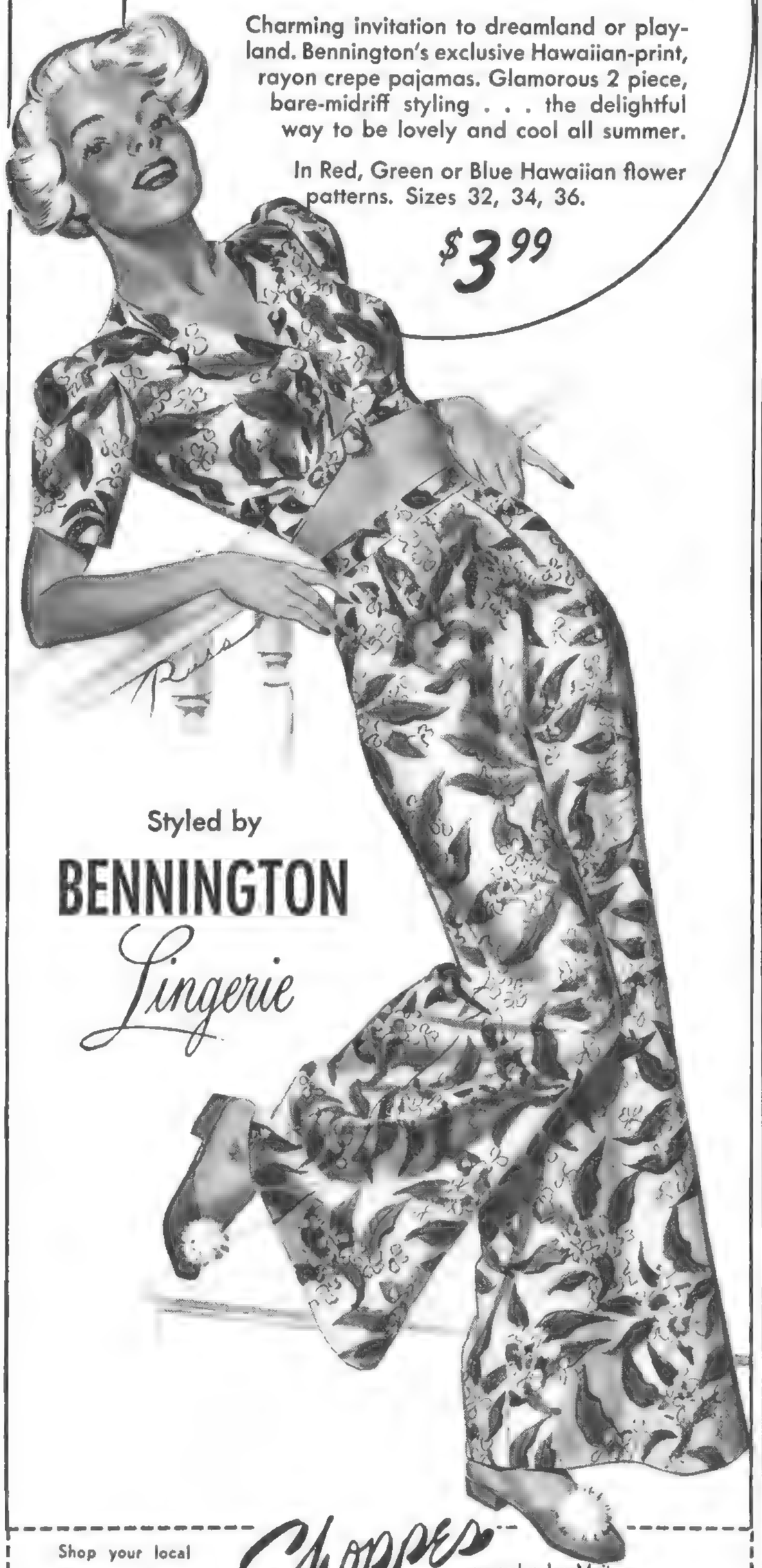

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gundo, I get to search the man's clothes. We been waitin' for a river, Dutch an' me."

"Then search," Shad said. "But there is this. A hundred-dollar bill that was on my brother when he was dry-gulched turned up in a poker game at Malary's. Search, but remember, a brother takes a friend."

Cap reached to the wagon top, pulled down Mike's city coat, his pants, his shirt. His clumsy fingers were quick enough. "No," he said. "It ain't in his blanket roll, either. I'm bunkin' with him now."

Shad stared at the ground. "Hold out till Dodge, Cap," he said.

Cap slowly tossed the clothes back on the wagon top. He pushed his head back and scratched his hair in his usual gesture. "All right," he said. "But at Dodge City, he's mine and Dutch's. You keep out. Rod was our friend."

"It's my herd. It was my brother. It's me he tried to hang a dry-gulching on."

Cap shoved the hat back farther, scratched more of the grey hair. Then he smiled. "I would have kind of liked," he said, "to drown the rat. I hate to shoot a dry-gulcher. But—go git the remuda, segundo. We got a river to cross."

The horses were over; the mules were over; Cap had the leaders across; and now the Canadian was alive with steers. But the herd wouldn't follow. "The herd's sexed itself like country boys at a party," Jeff Davis said. "We cain't git the cows to swim."

Shad swore. There wasn't a steer left on the south bank; but it sure looked like there was all of two thousand cows left behind.

Joe Corcoran said, helpfully, "If they was cows with young 'uns, we could drag a calf over. Mama'd follow her calf."

Jeff Davis spat. "You shore are a help, wrangler. These is dry cows. We gonna wait here till one of 'em calves?"

Shad said: "I have heard of this, but I sure never feared to see it, gents. Three months on the trail, and then these cows forget they been following our steers. Act like they never saw 'em before." He glanced at the sky. Sundown about three, four hours off. Not much time, with two thousand head to swim. He said, "Jeff, you tried ropin' the lead cow and draggin' her in?"

Jeff pointed down at his own boots, wet to the knee. "Segundo, if you wasn't tired, I would resent that. These are not my first cows. Had to cut my rope to keep from drownin' her. That pure cream mosshorn there, it was."

Shad nodded. He said, "Gents, I am going to die a hero for the cause. I am about to give my all for Circle K . . . Whilst I finish this cigarette, *charros mios*, somebody go cut me a nice, long, thin cottonwood sapling. Somebody else loan me the lend of a spur."

Joe Corcoran said, "Shad, what is on your mind?"

"You been to Mexico, Joe? *Yo soy picador.*"

Johnny Colt and Smithy, in the act of riding for the cottonwood shoot, turned back. Jeff's jaw fell to its fullest distance. Joe Corcoran groaned.

Jeff said, "You cain't do that, Shad."

Johnny Colt's boyish face got grave. "Bull charges with his eyes shut. Cow keeps hers open."

"We have with us today," Shad said, "a gentleman from the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Colt, you go git me that cottonwood sapling."

Johnny Colt shrugged, then jumped on his horse and rode to the river. "The rest of you, and Johnny, when he gets back," Shad said, "ride around to the rear of the cow herd. Get ready to push 'em when you see 'em move. Sundown likely to catch us with our herd on two banks."

Jeff Davis said, "Well, let's get the wagon over first."

Shad said, "Wagon's a cinch. We can get the wagon over tomorrow." And then he added, "Just in case I am—ahead with the cows, or someplace, Jeff, rope the wagon-raft to both banks. Dolly the corral ropes around the pole, and have the man on the north bank pull in; you boys put lariats on the hind wheels and keep her steady from this side."

Jeff Davis nodded. He bent over and unbuckled his right spur and handed it to Shad. He took hold of the horn of his saddle, mounted. "And here's the kids with your cow-sticker, Shad, and we will be behind the herd, a-ready to make 'em run."

And then they were all gone, and Shad was alone. He put the point of the green sapling in the fire to harden it, and wished he'd asked for a knife before the riders

Continued on page 101

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left. Then metal shining near the fire caught his eye. Joe's knife, and the belt that went with it.

He had the sapling fired to his satisfaction now. He buckled the spur around his bare heel and jumped to the horse's bare back. He held the sapling in his left hand with his lines, gave the bronc the spur, and charged down on the drowsing mosshorn. As he passed her, he slashed hard at her withers with the quirt end of his reins; then pulled the horse up in front of her, scattering the other, younger cows.

The old cow dropped her horns and waved her head at him. It was obvious from the wide berth the other cattle gave her that she was a leader. Shad rested the butt end of the sapling against his shoulder and charged. The sharp, burnt end of the lance scraped the mossy's shoulder, throwing her to her knees. But she rose instantly, snorted once, then charged.

That horse knew longhorns. *Yeah*, Shad thought, clinging with his knees to the horse's sides and using the reins to keep the horse close to the cow, *this was a plenty scared animal he rode. This horse wanted no part of a mosshorn race.*

He started guiding the horse in zigzags, but the cow was running with her eyes open, and as fast as they turned, she would wheel and come after them. The horse began to blow, and hot sweat stung Shad's knees.

The cow stopped and pawed the ground. Shad charged her again while she was still pawing, and then, as he rode hard away from her, he twisted his head to see how much interest had been awakened in the other cows. Well, they were looking. Just then, the cow made an extra fast leap, and the tips of her long horns prodded the rump of Shad's tired horse. That horse was no longer tired; with one squeal and a bound, he was in the river and swimming.

The cow snorted again and pawed mud from the trampled-down bank; then she made up her mind and struck the water. Shad slid off his horse and got its tail; he worked hard on the water with one foot, and got the other up and took the spur off it.

He fixed the spur on his hand and gave the horse an experimental prod; the animal must have thought it was the cow, because that horse broke all swimming records.

The cow was gaining, but the cow herd had got the idea; the young she-beef were following the old mosshorn, two thousand strong.

He never knew when he found out the horse wasn't going to make it. The rhythm of the swimming had faltered twice, just a little each time, before it penetrated to Shad's icy brain. The third time, it was as clear as a message on a bugle—the horse was done. He stopped swimming altogether, and went under water until his ears were awash.

Shadrach Jones let go of the tail and struck out hard for the shore. Then, suddenly, there was a sharp, hot pain in his hip; the cow had caught him, and her front hoof had climbed his hip. He had once fished a man out of the river who had gone down among the cows swimming a herd. *But don't think about that, Shad Jones*, he thought. *Swim!*

He rolled over on his back, pulled his feet up, and kicked back at the cow's nose with both heels. Maybe he cut off her wind, and maybe he just pushed himself ahead a little, but he was free for a moment, and he rolled back and swam hard.

Then the rest of the herd began to catch up to the mosshorn's tail. He took a quick look at the hoof-cut bank, and it was fifty feet away. He got Joe Corcoran's knife out and slashed at the old cow's throat. He missed the first time, and the longhorn tangled his arm; but then the Canadian turned red and the cow was not much trouble to him, and all he had to do was twist loose from the clumsy legs and horns. By the time he'd done that, cows had passed him on either side. The old mosshorn went down and they went over; and Shad was swimming again.

Well, swim, you trail boss, swim, you herder. You gotta swim . . .

His feet hit slick mud. Hands got the slack of his torn underwear, a stirrup leather chafed his wounded shoulder, a swinging tapadero lashed his thighs. Someone said, "All right, Shad," and he sank to the ground, muttering, "Thanks, Cap," to the man who had saved his life.

They were four days north of the Canadian, and they had passed the North Canadian without trouble. Ahead of them lay the Cimarron—nothing to worry about—and Kansas. A party of Montana horse herders, Texas

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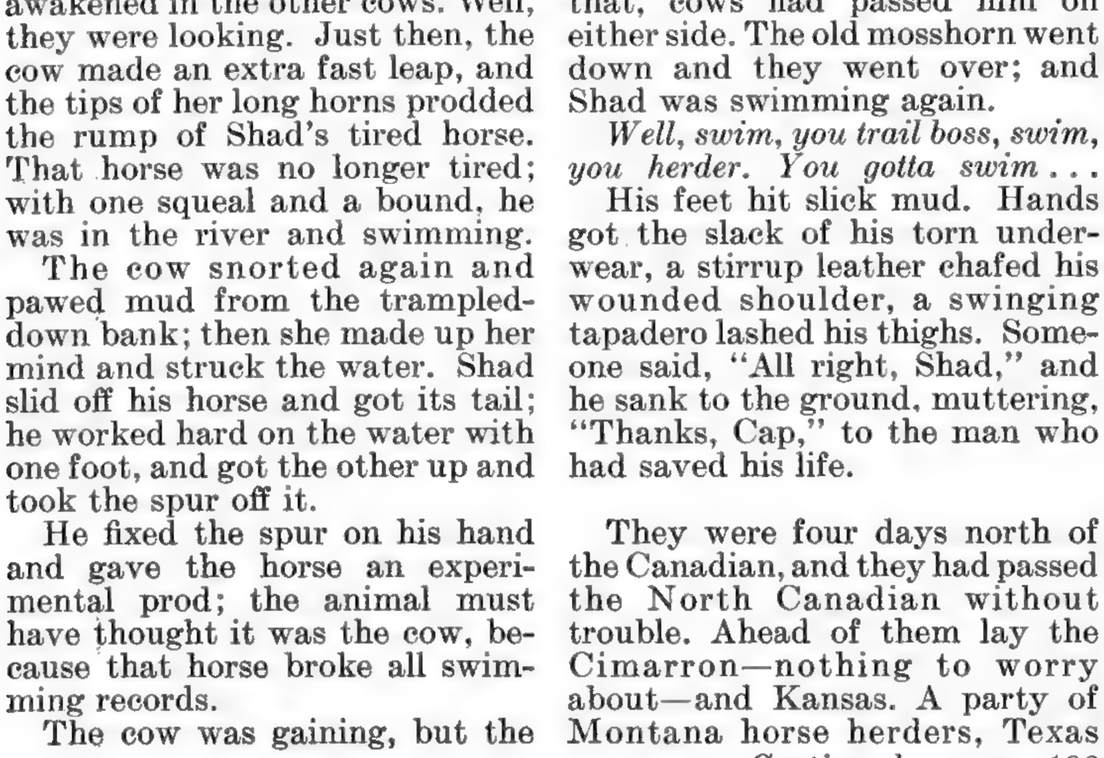

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bound, had passed a letter from the colonel on to Shad. The letter said the colonel and Miss Adelais were on the Chisholm Trail. They would meet the outfit at Dodge City, coming in by rail after the first of the Chisholm herds was sold.

So Shad and Cap rode at the head of the herd, and Shad rode standing in his stirrups; one hip and thigh were still sore from the mangling of the cow.

"Th' herd's as good as in Dodge City," Cap said.

Shad said, "Dodge City's as good as Montana, for me. My best figuring gives us three months to make it from Dodge to Frenchman's Ford; and this herd can do it in two months and a week. And most of our trouble is over with the men from Dodge north. They get a blowout in town at Dodge City and—" He stopped and gazed back. The longhorns were moving through the last of the Indian Territory—step, crop, step, crop, crop, step. They were as fat as longhorns ever got.

"You was going to talk of Mike," Cap said slowly. "Mike and Dodge City." Cap twisted in the saddle, the leather creaking. "What makes Mike what he is, Shad?" he said. "Not an enemy in the world, easy-going, well-liked. What makes him suddenly try and buck an outfit like this one?"

"Why," Shad said, "he wanted to get rich. You can do it in Texas, Cap."

Cap sighed. "I don't understand business," he said.

"Oh, this is easy," the trail boss said. "This government contract came to the Circle K. Two thousand cows, a thousand steers. The colonel—I can see him do it—made a big gesture, told that girl to put her money in with him. Buy a thousand head. Urged her to pick her own thousand. Which would you pick?"

"The steers," Cap said. "Anyone would. They walk faster, fatten easier, sell for more—"

Shad laughed. "That's why you'll die poor, Cap. How can the steers walk faster when they gotta wait for the cows? What difference does it make how much they weigh when they're gonna be sold by the head?" He laughed. "The steers cost more at the border, and they sell for less on the Indian Reservation in Montana. Five minutes thinkin' would have told her that, but she jumped. So she's still the rich colonel's poor partner. *Unless* the colonel decides to let the contract go, and sell the herd at Dodge City, because we get in too late in the year to drive to the Blackfoot land."

Cap squinted at the sun. "Shad, where does Mike come in?" he asked.

"Through the girl. If we sell at Dodge, Miss Adelais is a rich girl, Cap."

Cap nodded. He ran his hand over his smooth face. "Ain't it lucky," he said, "that I like being poor?" He spoke softly. "As for the rest," he said, "I'm some older than you. So you will not take it wrong if I point out two things. One is, I ain't seen Mike Shattay with any preachers yet; and where I come from, it takes a preacher to make a marriage. And two, if I wanted a wife, I wouldn't absolutely reject one because she wanted to be independent. I'd pull down on the man said my father was a liar, Shad; but my mother—why, shucks, she used to fib all the time, to make it easier for us boys or for paw. Women don't have to be the same as men, Shad; we wouldn't want 'em so if we could."

Shad laughed again. "Ah, you don't know, Cap," he said. "Well—I'm goin' over to remuda and get a fresh horse and ride around the herd. See you later, Cap."

He loped away. "Give me a nice smooth lopin' hoss, Joe," he told the wrangler. "I'm savin' Tawny for Kansas."

"Man, man," Joe said. He built up a loop and dropped it over the neck of a flea-bitten grey. "There's your gentle hoss, boss. Boy, boy. Will I buy me a load of that Dodge City red-eye? Will I give them dance halls a whirl?" He looked at Shad out of the corner of his eyes. "Colonel'll be in Dodge to pay, won't he?"

"Comin' in on the train," Shad said. He finished transferring himself to the grey and went about his work.

Mike Shattay was riding rear swing, with Dutch on trail behind him. Mike and the foreman saluted gravely, but they didn't talk.

Dodge City came down the trail to meet them, that last day. It took the form of a lean and polished gent in a black frock coat. He was so clean and smooth that he made the trailworn Circle K's feel funny; looking around, Shad saw more than one man beating at the dust in his pants or rubbing his hand over a prickly chin.

The sleek man did not come alone; he was attended by a group of silent and tobacco-chewing cowhands, slouching on the saddles of their fat horses. They came up to Cap first, riding his patient way at the head of the herd. Cap dropped his hand on his gun and kept his horse going. "Look out, friends," he said. "This is a cattle herd going through."

The city man had to turn his horse to keep up with Cap. "Welcome to Dodge City, cowboy," the gambler said.

Jeff Davis, on right front, and Mike Shattay, on the left, were edging in; the herd covered some half-a-mile front. The town cowboys had to turn and ride ahead of it. Cap said, "Pull those livery plugs out to the east, strangers. You're crowding the front of the herd."

The cowhands looked at the black-coat man. His voice lost its purr. "You heard the colonel, men. Get out of the way."

"How'd you know I was a colonel?" Cap asked blandly.

"Ah, I can tell a military carriage," the Dodge City man said. "My name is Stayne, Wells Stayne."

"Why," Cap said, "Mr. Stayne, you underrate me. I was a general, damn you. A full brigadier general."

Shad Jones came around the point of the herd, past Mike Shattay, and dropped his horse in on the other side of Mr. Stayne's. "This is the Mayor of Dodge City," Cap said. "Come to greet us. Mayor, meet Admiral Jones, our trail boss."

Mr. Stayne laughed briefly. "I'm not the Mayor of Dodge City," he said. "I run the Golden West Dance Hall. And the Cattleman's Rest Bar. And the Stock-

man's Hotel. I came out here to talk business."

"Talk," Shad said.

Mr. Stayne said, "Yours is the first herd to come up the trail from Texas this year, Admiral. Dodge City wants to turn out and honor you, in a special fashion."

Shad looked at Cap. He had got mighty fond of Cap on the drive; but this man wasn't the Cap he'd got to know. Under the grey hair, Cap's eyes were bright and shiny. Like a man with a fever. Cowboy fever, that a man got when there was a prospect of a town ahead. And the younger hands would be worse.

"A special favor," Mr. Stayne said. "Part of a sample of Dodge City hospitality. I brought these hands out from town, and they're going to hold your herd for you; you can just forget the cows right now, pick up your reins and ride into town."

He paused. There was absolutely no answer.

"A free bedroom for the trail boss," Mr. Stayne said. "And a free drink for every man at the Cattleman's Rest."

"Everything free, huh?" Shad turned to Cap. "Why, Cap, this is a great man. Doesn't cost us a thing, eh?"

"Not a thing," said Mr. Stayne. "And, furthermore, I know how you can keep your hands out of trouble. A new scheme we're trying this year. I pay them off, in trade dollars, good only at my places, which are fine, respectable places, gents, that a man would be glad to take his mother into. When they get on the trail, and not before, I will redeem their money in U. S. currency, and—"

"What's that for?" Cap asked.

"So's they can't spend any money in the other bars, the dance halls. Why, gents, you have no idea how tough some of those places are."

Shad said, gently, "We'll be pleased to let your men help us hold the herd. I know some of the boys would like to ride in and see the sights. But we aren't paying off, Mr. Stayne. This is no measly ol' Dodge City herd. This is Indian beef for Montana, Mr. Stayne. I'm afraid the free drink will be the only one these poor boys get in Dodge City, Mr. Stayne, so it is sure nice of you to give it to them."

Mr. Stayne gulped. He raised his right hand, as though to settle his black hat more comfortably, and now, Shad knew, he had a derringer in that hand, ready for trouble.

Shad had a sudden idea. More gently, he said, "It's all right, Stayne. Forget it. Our owner is meeting us in Dodge City, and the boys will have a little cash, and I'll at least buy a drink at your place. In fact, Cap here and I will be honored to buy a great many drinks at your place, and maybe take a whirl at your table, in exchange for information."

Mr. Stayne looked worried. So did Cap.

Shad said, "Suh, that is a derringer in your hand, isn't it? We want a little information about those small guns that are so wisely known as the gambler's friend."

Stayne said, "Shoot. I mean—"

"You mean talk. Yes, suh. You carry yore gun in yore sleeve. Correct?"

Stayne wriggled his arm slightly, and a tiny two-barreled gun came into the palm of his hand. He moved again, and it was gone. "It's on a thong," he said, "through my sleeves and down to the other wrist."

"Yeah," Shad said. "I see."

Mr. Stayne said, "That's a new model. Cartridge gun. It's .41 caliber, Colt."

Shad said, "Before you had this, what was a derringer like?"

Stayne was really interested now. He said, "They were all muzzle-loaders. A lot of them were .32s, or thereabouts."

Shad said, "Mr. Stayne, where would a man carry such a gun? If not up his sleeve, I mean."

Mr. Stayne caught on fast. He said: "If I wanted to carry an old-fashioned .32 derringer, muzzle-loader, and two tough hombres were about to search me—why, gents, I would be very pleased to be wearing dragoon boots, like Mr. Jones here, or even knee-high cowman's boots, like the general. I think I would have me a piece of oiled silk, and a place in those boots, and who'd know?"

Cap said, "That cinches it, Shad. That ties it up."

Shad looked at the blue and cloudless sky. He heard a voice on the Canadian river, saw a man riding the river in his underwear, but putting his boots back on. Everybody had kept his boots off but—Mike Shattay.

Cap said, "Looks like the colonel, yonder." He nodded northward toward a little dust cloud. Shad could make out the flash of

Continued on page 104

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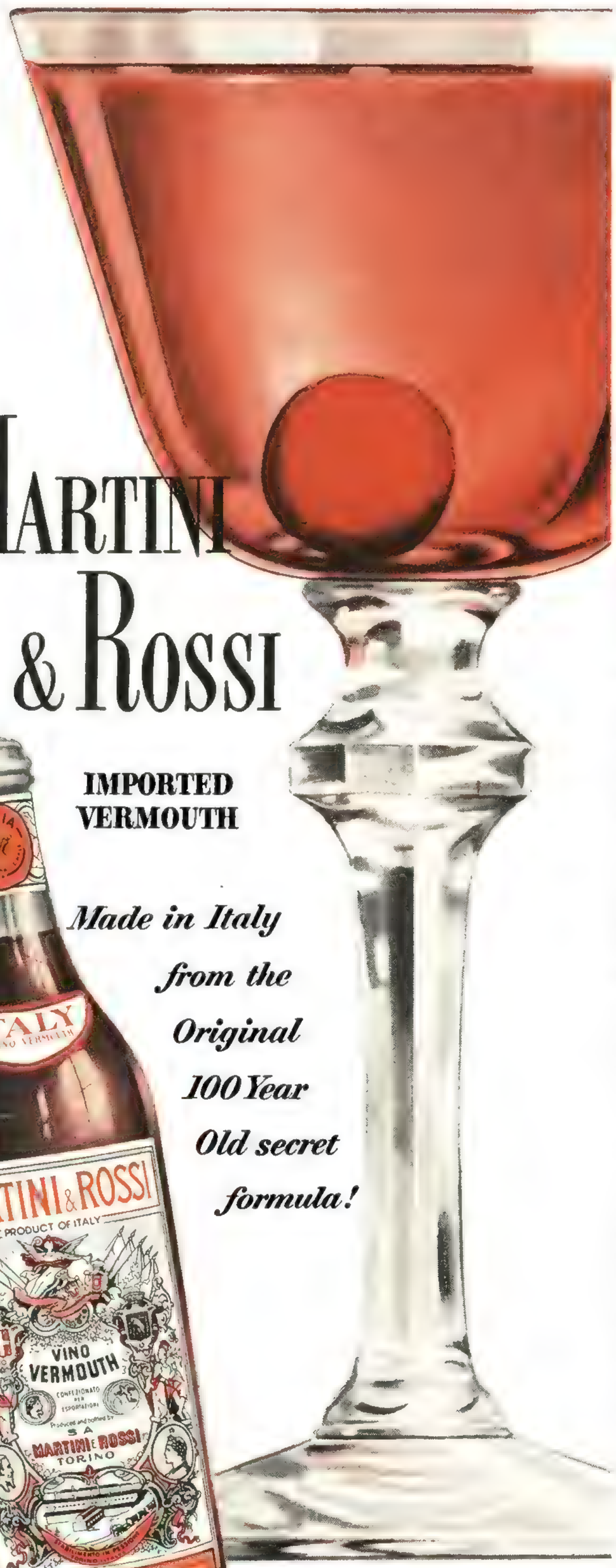

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cream horses. The colonel's buggy pair, but they were too far apart to be hitched to the cart; they were under saddle. That meant two people. And the other one was undoubtedly Adelais.

He said, "Mr. Stayne, I thank you for your help. Now I think you and yore men maybe better travel."

"Now, hold on," Stayne said. "You're going to recommend that trade dollar deal to your owner?"

"Why, no," Shad said. "That was settled, Stayne."

Stayne smiled. "That was before, foreman," he said. "This is after, friend. So you think your owner is going to be pleased to know that his foreman is about to commit homicide on one of the hands? I doubt it."

"You can go to hell," Shad said.

Stayne said, "Dodge City suits me nicely." He picked up his reins, smiled. His "cowboys" had gone east, but he turned his horse west; Mike Shattay rode point there. "I think I might find a friend over here," Mr. Stayne said.

He rode sloppily off toward Mike, and Shad swore.

Cap said, "But how'll he tell Mike when he sees him? We never said a name."

"Only man in the herd doesn't wear a gun," Shad said. "And him with a good money-makin' proposition. Lawd, lawd, I thought my troubles would be over at Dodge."

They rode easily on, while the MacKellar cream horses grew larger in the dust. After awhile, Cap said, "Your friend talked fast, Shad," and pointed.

On west point, two men had left the herd. They were striking out obliquely forward, so as to pass behind the colonel and his companion; they would get to the east line of the herd in maybe ten minutes and—yes—the town herders had seen them, were riding past the cows to join them.

The big face of Colonel MacKellar was crinkled with worry. Before Shad was properly up to greet him, MacKellar boomed, "Cattle all right? Things all right, Shad?"

Shad Jones raised a hand in salute and touched his hat to Miss Adelais. "Why, Colonel, of course they are. We lost a cow in the south fork of the Canadian, but we slapped a brand on a maverick cow we found, and there you are."

The colonel mopped his face with a white silk handkerchief. "That's fine," he said.

"Plan to break trail this side of the Arkansas," Shad said, "and send half the boys into town tonight. Cross tomorrow, and send the other half tomorrow night. Day after that, we're off to Montana."

"Who was that we saw leaving the herd when we came up, Jones?" the colonel asked. "Two of your men quitting?"

Shad said, "One man quit, boss, Mike Shattay." He stared straight at the girl when he said it, and he noticed that she bit her lip. "Other man with him was a gambling, dance-hallin' fella from Dodge City out here toutin' for his dumps."

Adelais said, "You've threatened Mike, hounded him all the way north. And he was your only friend down on the Rio Grande."

MacKellar straightened in the saddle. "I'm an honest man, Jones. I'm paying you off here. It's a hard thing to have to say to you, man, because you have brought my herd through fine. But—you are through. I will pay you what I would have paid you for the whole trip, which is only fair, but you are through."

Shad pulled up his pony. "Let us, suh," he said, "ride no'th-wards, and continue this discussion away from the herd."

"But there is no more to say," MacKellar said.

Shad put out his right hand, and caught the colonel's left in it. "Turn yo' hoss, suh. We are riding away from the herd," he said. They turned, the girl following, and Shad let go. He said, "I am sorry to use force, Colonel. But this is an occasion of more importance to me than to anybody else. Now, why am I fired?"

"Why do you care?" MacKellar was furious.

Shad said, "I declared myself to be a trail boss, for all of Texas to hear that would hold still and listen. If I don't finish the trail, I never get another herd. Before you take a man's trade away from him, tell him why. Colonel, are you firing me because of the killing of Rod Mains?"

"I'm not required to answer the questions of ex-employees."

Shad felt the blood draining from his face. He said, "Good God, man. How far do you think I can be pushed before I go for my gun? I'm human, man, human. Please don't push me too far. I don't want to kill you."

The colonel said, "There you are. That's why I'm letting you go. You are a gun fighter and not a cattleman. You may get my herd to Frenchman's Ford, but you won't get my hands; you'll kill them off one by one. Rod Mains, Mike Shattay. Who's next?"

"Shattay is still alive," Shad said. "I let him live because I needed hands to get your cows into Dodge. I told you last time I saw you to have fresh hands ready; but I'll only need two, one for Rod, one for Mike."

"It is easier to let you go," MacKellar said. "Easier to let you go than to replace the men as you find fault with them. And kill them."

Shad said, "Then listen. Mike Shattay is still alive, but I intend to kill him on sight. Tonight, if possible, in Dodge City. I did *not* kill Rod Mains. Mike did, and that is why I hope to kill Mike." He looked straight at the girl. "When I met you-all," he said, "in the rain at the Barrel House, I was on my way out of Texas. I am not ashamed of anything I did while I was in that State, while I wore that uniform you-all seem to hate so bitterly. But I was through. I served my seven years, like the Bible said, and I made me some money. Was going to buy me a spread, and live. Mike Shattay broke that up."

The girl said, "You never saw Mike before that night."

Shad said, "When my time was about up. I sent for my kid brother. Gave him my money, sent him down the gulf to look for a brand, a water right, what it takes to make a cattle ranch. Somebody shot him in the back and took my money. A deputy sheriff found my brother and told the nearest State Police post, because there was an

envelope near him with State Police on it. I gave up. You hear? After that, nothing much mattered, and I was going back to Tennessee and milk a cow on our scrabbly farm."

MacKellar rubbed his chin. "And when I offered you a job, after you killed Big Mart, that changed things?"

"No, suh. When I put my hand in my pocket to pay Malary, I came up with a bill I had won in that poker game. Now I know every man who was in that game. There was one dry-gulcher there, and no other. Mike Shattay put lead into the back of Rod Mains, and a man who will do that once will do it twice. I'm killing him for my brother, and, if I'm wrong, I'm killing him for Rod."

"You're telling me that men saw Mike kill Rod?"

Shad said, "You have asked for this. You have prodded me and prodded me; I tried to protect you. That girl put Mike up to it. Because she would be richer if the herd was sold at Dodge, and you poorer, and because she thought she was justified in doing it because you took advantage of her ignorance an' ran a sandy with them steers. And now I have told my owner what it was necessary to tell him, and I have fixed it so that the girl I love will never—"

"I suppose," Adelais said, "that Mike told you this."

"You told me," Shad said. "You wanted me to do this thing for you, to take the herd astray, bring them into here too late to make the Montana drive. When I turned you down, you—you got Mike to stampede the herd, and it was then Rod was killed."

The colonel said, "By God, Jones, this lady—"

"Rod Mains was loyal to you, Colonel. And so he died. Cap is loyal to you, and today Cap and I found out—Mike wears a small-caliber gun in his boot. He proved it when he rode away with the sneakin' fatface from Dodge City. He will be waiting there for me with hired guns."

The colonel faltered. Then he roared, "Adelais! Give this man the lie, and I'll have him dead at your feet in a second."

The girl said, "I do not believe that Mike Shattay carries a gun."

The colonel took this in. "I see," he said. And what he saw was that Adelais could not answer the rest of it.

Shad said, "Back yonder are your cattle. You have been busy telling me, MacKellar, that the herd is yours. So tend it. I am quitting. Tomorrow morning—if I am here—you can or you cannot rehire me."

He lashed at his horse with the quirt, and rode off to the remuda; he threw an order at Joe Corcoran, and transferred saddle and bridle to Tawny. He had some money in his pocket; and he had the horse he had owned when he met MacKellar. Then he threw the hooks and the quirt into Tawny and went for Dodge City.

Dodge City was sure some town; Tawny, who had been around plenty in his life, snorted and shied a dozen times, passing a railroad station, a dozen saloons, three dance halls, livery stables, hotels. It was broad daylight, but the place was humming. A man with a star rode by, and said politely, "If you're staying in town, stranger, just leave your gun with the first bartender you patronize." So, when Shad turned Tawny over to a one-armed hostler at the livery, he ripped a tie-string from his saddle and slid the gun into the top of his dragoon boot, tying the thong through the trigger guard and then through the pull-tab on the boot. No one could say that Shadrach Jones didn't learn . . .

The bright sun hurt his eyes for a moment when he came out of the stable, and his heart was filled with black hate; he had tried hard to get out of this, had done what seemed necessary to join an honest trade and never again walk down boardwalks with a gun ready. For a moment, he thought again of how well and how fast he had brought the Circle K longhorns up from the Rio Grande. It hadn't been easy, but he had done it, and he had earned the right to go to the Stockman's Hotel and stand at the bar with the aristocrats of his trade: trail bosses, owners, reps for the big stockyards in Chicago.

Instead of which, he was back where he had started from—a gunman prowling a town—and a man's greed had put him back. And a girl.

Two men—cattle buyers, by the stock whips leaning on the bar next to him—looked up when he came into the Cattlemen's Rest, then looked at their drinks again and went on rolling poker dice. Shad had a whiskey, and then another. Time passed to the accompaniment of the lazy movement

Continued on page 106

"Pardon me, Miss. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

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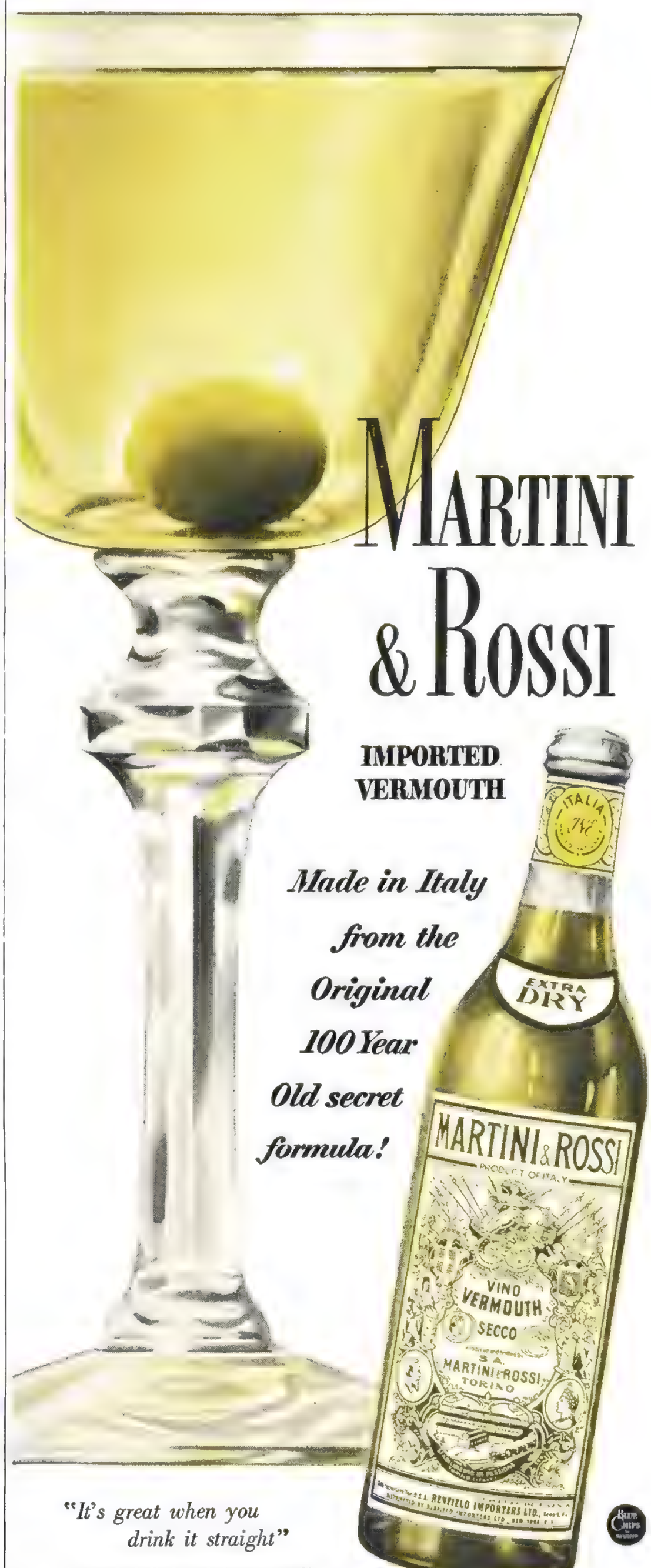

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Sleep All Winter

of the bartender's rag on the bar, and then one of those unshaven livery-stable cowboys drifted in. He did not order a drink, but told the bartender, "They're bedding down along the south side of the river. The boss wanted to know."

The barman nodded, and the cowboy went out again. The bartender started toward the rear of the place. Shad said, "Oh, before you go, friend! When you take that message back, just tell Mr. Stayne that Shad Jones says the colonel knows what it's all about by now; that it isn't worth trying to make trouble for."

The bartender blinked. "I don't get you, rider."

"Just tell him it isn't gonna pay to draw cards in the Circle K deal; the owner's out there and he knows what the play is. And tell him Shad Jones rode into town to tell him."

The man didn't answer. He opened a door in the back of the place and disappeared; when he came back, he stationed himself near the cattle buyers.

Shad didn't want another drink; he called the bartender. "I'm going out and eat," he said. "Where'll I go?"

"Stockman's Hotel across the street serves good food."

"I'll try it." That was Stayne's too, he remembered. And so long as they knew where he was . . .

He went out the door and crossed the street. A splinter stung his cheek, a hole developed in the doorjamb of the Stockman's Hotel, and a gun boomed from behind him all at one time.

He flung himself down into a sprawling crouch that sent his hand into his boot top and got his gun out and stretched him flat on the ground. There was cover behind a galvanized garbage can down the boardwalk, and he half rolled, half leaped for it, then searched the false-front top of the Cattlemen's Bar with his eyes. That was the angle of the shot, that was where it had come from; you could not fool an ex-officer about that. But nothing stirred up there, nothing moved.

The city marshal came around the corner, his horse at an easy lope. "Where are they shooting at you from, stranger?" the officer called softly.

Shad said, "The roof of the saloon over there."

"You can get up now, stranger," the marshal said. "Anybody shooting at you from that side of the street's gonna have to put a slug through my hoss. Jest stand by."

Shad stood, his gun pointed at the ground, and the marshal smiled. "Please hand up your firearm, stranger. When you're ready to leave town, stop by my office for it. If it's after midnight, my night man will give it to you."

Shad stood there, the gun dangling. *I could shoot this marshal at will*, he thought, *and walk past him, shoot my way through the bar, find Mike Shattay in the back room, and shoot him, and be done with it. Say three or, at the most, five shots.*

Instead, he tossed the gun, caught it by its barrel, and handed the butt up to the city officer. "Tell your office man that it is Shad Jones' gun. I will be leaving town in an hour. Is there any Dodge City law about a fist fight?"

The marshal frowned, looking down from his tall horse. "We prefer them to take place in the alleys," he said, and rode away.

Shad crossed to the bar. The barman made no move to stop Shad as Shad opened the rear door. "I've come for you, Mike. Hello, Stayne," he said.

Mike Shattay pushed his chair back. It fell crashing to the floor.

Stayne flipped his wrist, and the derringer was apparent. It was also apparent that there was one law in this town for its citizens, and another for the men who made it wealthy off the trail. The local boys could carry guns; trail men went unarmed.

Mike Shattay stood against the wall, and his face was white.

Stayne said, "This is my office, Jones, and this is my gun. And that is my door, and you use it, cowboy."

Shad said, "I've come for you, Mike. I've got it all fixed up with the marshal."

Stayne's eyes blinked at that, and Shad hit Stayne going backward, his rowelled spur raking the gambling man's shin, his two hands coming down on the derringer wrist with force, his weight landing in Stayne's lap. The little gun went off, once, and its recoil jarred the wrist Shad was sitting on. Then Shad tore the rawhide thong loose and got up, and Stayne's face was sickly-white.

Shad said, "I'm sorry I had to break your wrist, Stayne, but this wasn't your deal."

The saloon owner was gamer than Shad had expected. "You'll not leave Dodge City alive, Jones," he said.

"I think I knew that," Shad said, "when you worked that dodge that got the marshal to take my gun. But I don't think it matters any more. I left Texas with a herd for Montana, and that herd is going to Montana." He dropped the derringer into his boot top. It still had one cartridge in it. He supposed he could search Stayne and find a second cartridge to reload, but boot guns were not his dish, and when he broke the gun to put the new cartridge in, Mike would probably kill him. The fact that that shot had brought no one was significant.

"Let's go out in the alley, Mike," he said.

Mike Shattay ran his hand over his neat hair. "When the rest of the boys thought you were something that crawled, I was your friend," he said. "I saved your job."

Shad let out his breath. "I'm glad you mentioned that, Mike. Because now I can forget about it. You did, all right, but your putting in your claim closes the account. You killed Rod. And I think you stole my money and ambushed my kid brother to his death, but I can't prove it. And it doesn't matter."

"Shattay, take this *vaquero* in with us," said Stayne. "This is no time to stand on grudges. He says he can't prove you killed his

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brother. He means he will let that go."

Shad laughed. "You think I came to town to make money? You got those stew-bum riders of yours out now, gettin' ready to stampede the Circle K's when dark falls, haven't you? So the boys'll have a week's work gettin' them together again, and a week's work drivin' back to Dodge City, and the colonel'll give up and sell here? Sho. And Mike will marry Adelais Gilbert and be fixed for life. Listen, Stayne, Mike killed a man in my outfit, he is menacing the cattle I've spent a summer nursing, he wants to marry the girl I'm going to marry. I'm amazed, Stayne, but I find Shadrach Jones is a killer. I don't want to live in the same world with a man like Mike."

Sometime around there, the body of Shadrach Jones got tired waiting. It led with its left, and Shad, who had some more to say, had to stop talking and follow his fists. Mike rocked back against the flimsy wall, and Shad's right got him in the belly. Then, as Shad closed in for the kill, Stayne brought his good leg into play and shoved it between Shad's legs.

Shad went down and Mike came over on him, and Stayne got an inkwell off the desk and tried to hammer Shad's head as the two men rolled and Shad came on top. Stinging pain came down on Shad's skull, and he was glad that he had forgotten his manners and kept his hat on.

He brought a knee up into Mike's belly and got loose. He stopped when his shoulders hit the opposite wall, and roared, "Come on, Mike."

From the floor across the room, Mike's hands were like lightning, and Shad couldn't have told whether the little gun came from his boot or was brought like a bird; it was just in Mike's hands.

The gun roared, and Shad would have gone backward, except that there was no place to go. But he was still alive, and his own hand went to his boot, and Mike Shattay had no throat and was dead, and the trail that had started on the Rio Grande was over.

Shad Jones went out through the bar. Halfway down its length, he remembered Stayne's gun; he ripped it loose from his boot and threw it in a brass cuspidor.

The one-armed stablehand hurried to saddle Tawny when he saw Shad coming. Shad found a bottle of blue horse medicine in the office of the livery stable and soaked his neckerchief with it; he plugged the hole in his shoulder, and wondered whether he was going to be one-armed himself from now on; Texas was a poor place for a man with just one arm.

He climbed on Tawny, and swayed a little as the exertion made the blood start running again. Then he dollied his reins around the horn and took Tawny out into the sunny street with his heels and his voice.

He found the marshal's office because it had an iron-barred calaboose next to it. He sat his claybank horse, and roared, "Hey, turnkey."

An aged and withered man wearing a star came out. "Shad Jones," Shad said. "Leaving town."

The jailer's watery blue eyes went to the blue and red mess on Shad's shoulder, but he went in and got the gun, then stood a few feet from Tawny. "You pullin' right out?"

Shad said: "Yeah." He spurred Tawny in, reached down, and snatched the gun with his right hand.

It was about an hour to sundown when he crossed the Arkansas on the edge of town, and rode south back to his herd.

The Circle K camp had a half-dozen fires going; hot-water kettles steamed every place as the trail hands shaved in Arkansas River water. Shad found Joe Corcoran with his face half-lathered, and said, "Wipe that soap off, git me a fresh hoss, and tell the outfit to saddle up. We got work to do."

Shad sat the horse and stared at his outfit. The cattle were bedded down on a nice little knoll, where they'd get a breeze. That would be Cap's work. The colonel was in charge, but the colonel didn't know cows like Cap did.

Yeah, and here came the owner now. The cream pony pulled up on his haunches close to Tawny, and Shad smiled. Take an owner or a show-off to ride one horse for two hours, then bed down the cattle off him. Man ought to have a fresh horse when the cattle went to bed; that was the time you might need a fast pony under you.

"No man goes to town tonight," Shad said, "till we get this camp fixed up."

"Drunk?" Colonel MacKellar said. "You aren't boss of this out-

Continued on page 108

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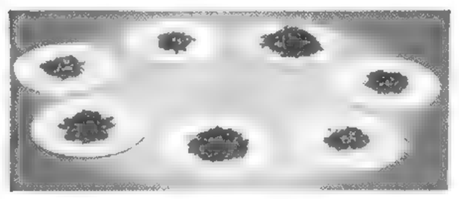

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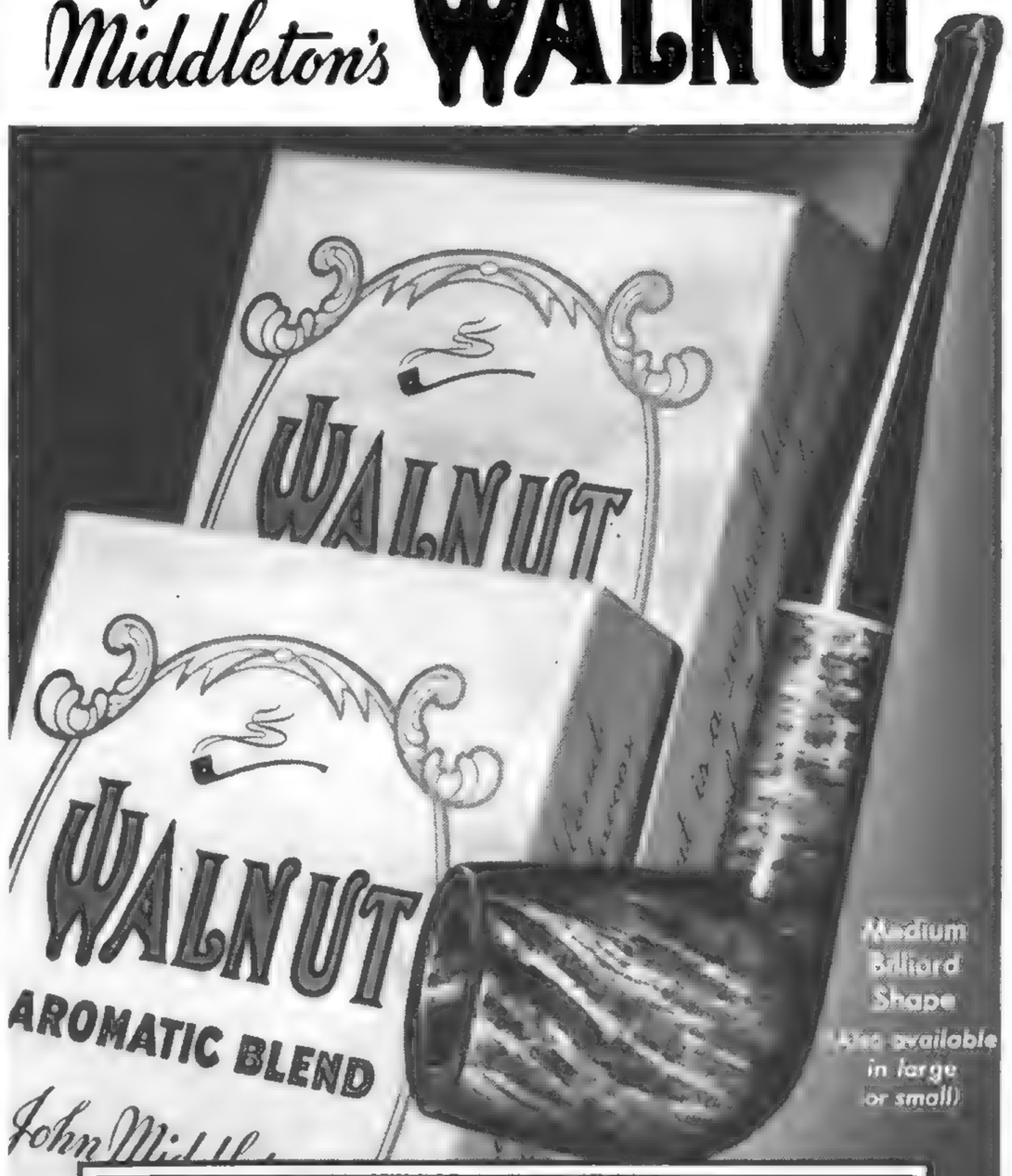

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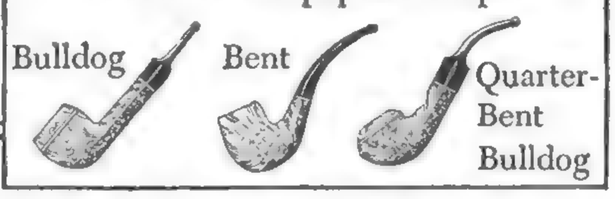

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fit any more, Shad."

"Forget it, Mac," Shad said. "Forget it. Shadrach Jones is back an' takin' charge." He felt himself sway a little. But he looked around and brightened. "Look." He waved his own hand, and grinned. All over camp, men, some of them shaved, some of them half-shaved, some of them just washed, were climbing aboard their night horses.

"Habit, boss, habit," he said, softly. "They are used to taking orders from Shad Jones." He raised his voice. "All right, men," he called. "We're crossing tonight. Cap and I, Jeff Davis, Johnny Colt, and Dutch are all riding the lead. Somewhere between here and the river there is a bunch of Dodge City bushwhackers ready to do a little dry-gulching. They will probably jump up and run, but if they don't, start 'em boys, start 'em. We'll hold the herd on the other side of the Arkansas for three nights, and everybody who gits him a jayhawker gits the odd night in town."

The colonel said, "Don't listen to him, men. He doesn't work—"

Shad got his gun out and turned it on the owner. "Colonel MacKellar, get this through your head. I brought this herd up here from the Rio Grande. I nigh to got killed at least once, and I think twice, doin' it. If you want to take these cows into Dodge City and sell them, go ahead: they're your cattle. But if you think, after what I've been through and what these boys have been through, that I'm going to leave them out here to be stampeded and scattered clear back to the Cimarron, you are just plumb crazy . . . All right, men, let's ride."

Cap said, "What about Mike, Shad?"

Shad said, "Cap, you are out of luck. I have killed Mike Shattay. He gave me this to remember him by." He pointed at his shoulder with his chin; every movement nearly killed him now. "We were right, Cap; his gun was in his boot."

Cap said, "Rod was *my* friend, Shad."

Shad sat still a moment, letting his whole body give in to the pain in his shoulder. Finally, he said, "Cap, it was my outfit. I brought it up here, I cared for it. And Mike killed my brother. I'm sure of it now. He had told Stayne as much. Name anything else you want of me, but don't let us fight about Mike; it was my right, Cap."

Cap said, "Then you don't ride in the lead of the herd. You leave that to me. You stay here, Shad, and guard the camp with Chokecherry and Joe."

"Killin' is no pleasure to me," Shad said. "Sure. Go on."

Cap nodded, and rode to the head of the cattle. He swung his arm in a long gesture, and the cowboys rode in and took their places. The cattle stumbled to their feet bewilderedly, and the Circle K herd got under way.

Colonel MacKellar said, "I seem to have lost."

"Colonel," Shad said, "you won. You won because those boys out there are cowmen before they're anything else." Dust from the moving herd came over them, and he coughed. "They'll take those cattle to Montana for you, and they will take their measly little wages and blow it the first week and ride the grubline all winter. Mike wasn't like that, you're not, and you'd better leave the herd work to men who are."

"You?" the big man said.

Shad shook his head. "I'll take your herd through even better than they would; Cap, for instance, won't be a foreman for anything. I've got a name to make in Texas, as the best trail-driver; then I got a fortune to make, a ranch to start, a family to raise." He coughed again.

"Man," MacKellar said, "your shoulder is bad."

"Just dust," Shad said. "You believe about Mike?"

"I believe," MacKellar said, "you would do a lot of things, but you wouldn't accuse a dead man of shooting Rod in the back if it wasn't true."

Shad squinted through the dust and the falling night. "They's another cream pony on the edge of town," he said. "I better go get my shoulder tended."

He put his night horse at the lope and rode toward Adelais. The colonel and Joe and Choke watched him go; and, through the soft Kansas dusk, a shot was fired to the north. The herd was going through.

Shad pulled up near the cream and slid off, clumsily. The wound had stopped bleeding, though, and there would be a doctor in Dodge City. But he couldn't see much, with dust and night.

The cream pony was grazing, no one in the saddle. He said, "You thought you loved him, but you didn't. You have loved me since that day on the gulf. You thought you wanted to be rich, but you didn't; you was just tired of saying thank you to your uncle. Why, Lord, girl, if you had been rich, how could I marry you? I am Shadrach Jones, and I take nothing from no one; my wife'll look to me to make her rich."

The cream pony didn't answer, and Shad sat down on his heels.

"On the gulf," he told the pony, "I couldn't ask you to marry me; I didn't know how I'd feed a wife. But I brought that herd to Dodge City, and I'll take it to Montana, and if Seward wants a herd to graze off Alaska, I'll take him one. And you don't have to be ashamed," he told the pony, "because you tried to pull a crooked deal. I wouldn't want a wife who knew much about business; you were just tryin' to do like the colonel was doing to you. So don't feel ashamed. You didn't know that slick coward, Mike, killed Rod. How could you know—"

"Ah, be still," a voice said, "and let me fix your shoulder. Be still, Shad; you think I want a one-armed husband?"

He leaned backwards, and there was something soft to lean on. He forgot all about his shoulder and just felt good. To the north of them, the Circle K cows sent dust to the Kansas sky, and the Circle K guns cracked, and then horses' hoofs thundered; the men of Shad's outfit had walked their cattle through the worst that Dodge City had to offer, because Shad had shown them how.

He grinned, and then he leaned back easier and forgot about cows. From here on in, he had a cinch on the world. ###

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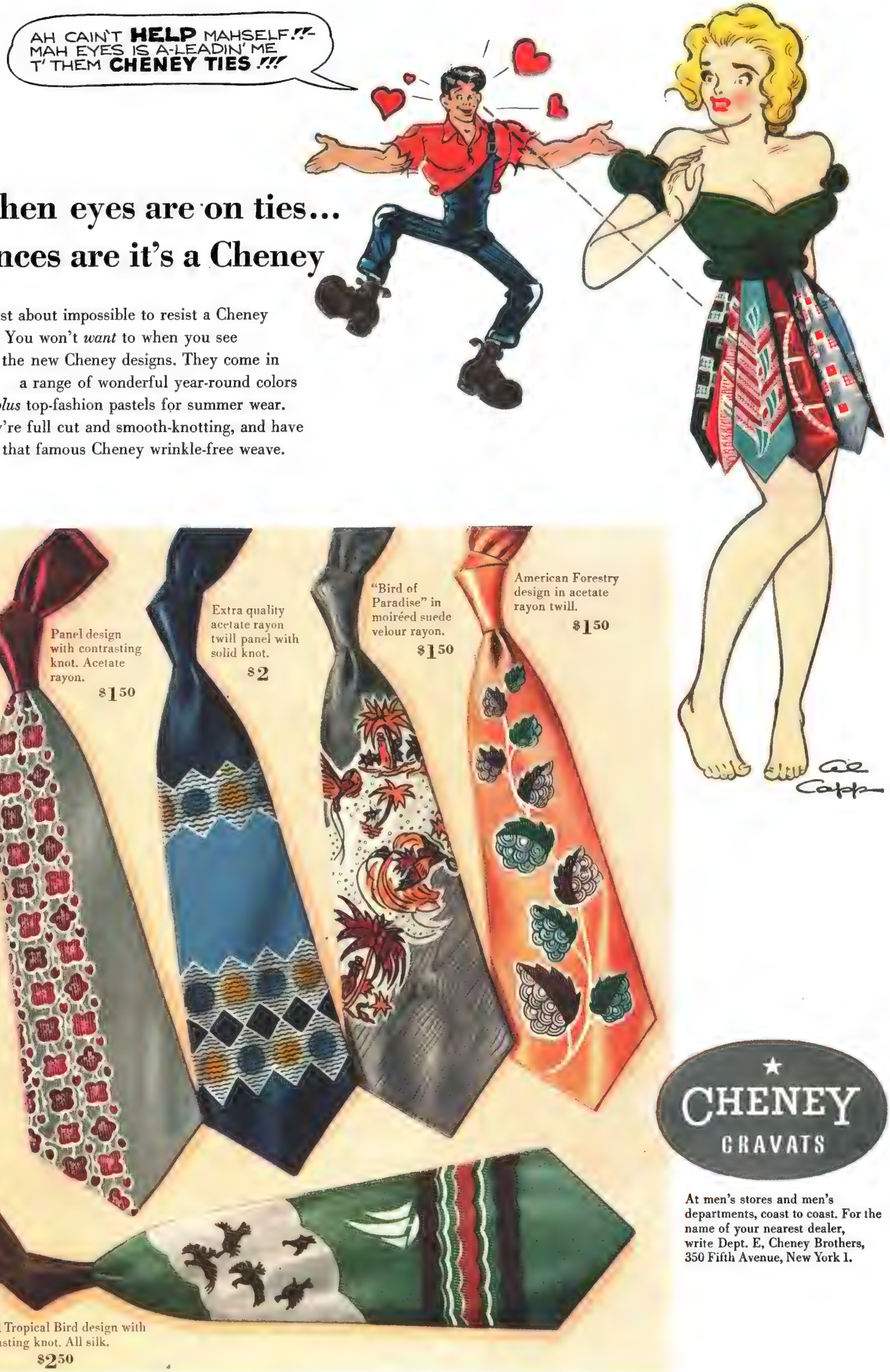

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pen?"

"I can't say for sure, Margaret, but I'd almost bet he was knocked down."

"Knocked down!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorgan. "Why, who—?"

"Have you seen the other one lately?"

"Michael? No, not since mornin'. You can't be thinkin'—"

"I wouldn't put it past him, Margaret," said the doctor gravely. "The lad's mouth is swollen and cut, and his poor, skinny little leg is bruised. He surely didn't do it to himself and I think Helen suspects the other one."

"Lord save us!" said Mrs. Dorgan. "I'll run over and see if I can help."

"That's a good woman," said Doctor Ryan, and went on down the street.

Near midnight, when Midge came home, his mother was sitting at Connie's bedside. She did not look up.

"Well," said Midge, "what's the matter?"

She remained silent. Midge repeated his question.

"Michael, you know what's the matter," she said at length.

"I don't know nothin'," said Midge.

"Don't lie to me, Michael. What did you do to your brother?"

"Nothin'."

"You hit him."

"Well, then, I hit him. What of it? It ain't the first time."

Her lips pressed tightly together, her face like chalk, Ellen Kelly rose from her chair and made straight for him. Midge backed against the door.

"Lay off'n me, Ma. I don't want to fight no woman."

Still she came on, breathing heavily.

"Stop where you're at, Ma," he warned.

There was a brief struggle and Midge's mother lay on the floor before him.

"You ain't hurt, Ma. You're lucky I didn't land good. And I told you to lay off'n me."

"God forgive you, Michael!"

Midge found Hap Collins in the showdown game at the Royal.

"Come on out a minute," he said.

Hap followed him out on the walk.

"I'm leavin' town for a w'ile," said Midge.

"What for?"

"Well, we had a little run-in up to the house. The kid stole a half buck off'n me, and when I went after it he cracked me with his crutch. So I nailed him. And the old lady came at me with a chair and I took it off'n her and she fell down."

"How is Connie hurt?"

"Not bad."

"What are you runnin' away for?"

"Who the hell said I was runnin' away? I'm sick and tired o' gettin' picked on; that's all. So I'm leavin' for a w'ile and I want a piece o' money."

"I ain't only got six bits," said Happy.

"You're in bad shape, ain't you? Well, come through with it."

Happy came through.

"You oughtn't to hit the kid," he said.

"I ain't astin' you who can I hit," snarled Midge. "You try to put somethin' over on me and you'll get the same dose. I'm goin' now."

"Go as far as you like," said Happy, but not until he was sure that Kelly was out of hearing.

Early the following morning, Midge boarded a train for Milwaukee. He had no ticket, but no one knew the difference. The conductor remained in the caboose.

On a night six months later, Midge hurried out of the "stage door" of the Star Boxing Club and made for Duane's saloon, two blocks away. In his pocket were twelve dollars, his reward for having battered up one Demon Dempsey through the six rounds of the first preliminary.

It was Midge's first professional engagement on the manly art. Also it was the first time in weeks that he had earned twelve dollars.

On the way to Duane's he had to pass Niemann's. He pulled his cap over his eyes and increased his pace until he had gone by. Inside Niemann's stood a trusting bartender, who for ten days had staked Midge to drinks and allowed him to ravage the lunch on a promise to come in and settle the moment he was paid for the "prelim."

Midge strode into Duane's and aroused the napping bartender by slapping a silver dollar on the festive board.

"Gimme a shot," said Midge.

The shooting continued until the wind-up at the Star was over and part of the fight crowd joined Midge in front of Duane's bar. A youth in the early twenties, standing next to young Kelly, finally summoned sufficient courage to address him.

"Wasn't you in the first bout?" he ventured.

"Yeh," Midge replied.

"My name's Hersch," said the other.

Midge received the startling information in silence.

"I don't want to butt in," continued Mr. Hersch, "but I'd like to buy you a drink."

"All right," said Midge, "but don't overstrain yourself."

Mr. Hersch laughed uproariously and beckoned to the bartender.

"You certainly gave that wop a trimmin' tonight," said the buyer of the drink, when they had been served. "I thought you'd kill him."

"I would if I hadn't let up," Midge replied. "I'll kill 'em all."

"You got the wallop all right," the other said admiringly.

"Have I got the wallop?" said Midge. "Say, I can kick like a mule. Did you notice them muscles in my shoulders?"

"Notice 'em? I couldn't help from noticin' 'em," said Hersch. "I says to the fella settin' alongside o' me, I says: 'Look at them shoulders! No wonder he can hit,' I says to him."

"Just let me land and it's goodby, baby," said Midge. "I'll kill 'em all."

The oral manslaughter continued until Duane's closed for the night. At parting, Midge and his new friend shook hands and arranged for a meeting the following evening.

For nearly a week the two were together almost constantly. It was Hersch's pleasant role to listen to Midge's modest revelations

Continued on page 112

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concerning himself, and to buy every time Midge's glass was empty. But there came an evening when Hersch regretfully announced that he must go home to supper.

"I got a date for eight bells," he confided. "I could stick till then, only I must clean up and put on the Sunday clo'es, 'cause she's the prettiest little thing in Milwaukee."

"Can't you fix it for two?" asked Midge.

"I don't know who to get," Hersch replied. "Wait, though. I got a sister and if she ain't busy, it'll be okay. She's no bum for looks herself."

So it came about that Midge and Emma Hersch and Emma's brother and the prettiest little thing in Milwaukee foregathered at Wall's and danced half the night away. And Midge and Emma danced every dance together, for though every little onestep seemed to induce a new thirst of its own, Lou Hersch stayed too sober to dance with his own sister.

The next day, penniless at last in spite of his phenomenal ability to make someone else settle, Midge Kelly sought out Doc Hammond, matchmaker for the Star, and asked to be booked for the next show.

"I could put you on with Tracy for the next bout," said Doc.

"What's they in it?" asked Midge.

"Twenty if you cop," Doc told him.

"Have a heart," protested Midge. "Didn't I look good the other night?"

"You looked all right. But you aren't Freddie Welsh yet by a consid'able margin."

"I ain't scared of Freddie Welsh or none of 'em," said Midge.

"Well, we don't pay our boxers by the size of their chests," Doc said. "I'm offerin' you this Tracy bout. Take it or leave it."

"All right; I'm on," said Midge, and he passed a pleasant afternoon at Duane's on the strength of this booking.

Young Tracy's manager came to Midge the night before the show.

"How do you feel about this go?" he asked.

"Me?" said Midge, "I feel all right. What do you mean, how do I feel?"

"I mean," said Tracy's manager, "that we're mighty anxious to win, 'cause the boy's got a chanct in Philly if he cops this one."

"What's your proposition?" asked Midge.

"Fifty bucks," said Tracy's manager.

"What do you think I am, a crook? Me lay down for fifty bucks. Not me!"

"Seventy-five, then," said Tracy's manager.

The market closed on eighty and the details were agreed on in short order. And the next night Midge was stopped in the second round by a terrific slap on the forearm.

This time Midge passed up both Niemann's and Duane's, having a sizable account at each place, and sought his refreshment at Stein's farther down the street.

When the profits of his deal with Tracy were gone, he learned, by firsthand information from Doc Hammond and the matchmakers at the other "clubs," that he was no longer desired for even the cheapest of preliminaries. There was no danger of his starving or dying of thirst while Emma and Lou Hersch lived. But he made up his mind, four months after his defeat by Young Tracy, that Milwaukee was not the ideal place for him to live.

"I can lick the best of 'em," he reasoned, "but there ain't no more chanct for me here. I can maybe go east and get on somewheres. And besides—"

But just after Midge had purchased a ticket to Chicago with the money he had "borrowed" from Emma Hersch "to buy shoes," a heavy hand was laid on his shoulders and he turned to face two strangers.

"Where are you goin', Kelly?" inquired the owner of the heavy hand.

"Nowheres," said Midge. "What the hell do you care?"

The other stranger spoke: "Kelly, I'm employed by Emma Hersch's mother to see that you do right by her. And we want you to stay here till you've done it."

"You won't get nothin' but the worst of it, monkeying with me," said Midge.

Nevertheless, he did not depart for Chicago that night. Two days later, Emma Hersch became Mrs. Kelly, and the gift of the groom, when once they were alone, was a crushing blow on the bride's pale cheek.

Next morning, Midge left Milwaukee as he had entered it—by fast freight.

"They's no use kiddin' ourself any more," said Tommy Haley. "He might get down to thirty-seven in a pinch, but if he done below that a mouse could stop him. He's a welter; that's what he is and he knows it as well as I do. He's growed like a weed in the last six mont's. I told him, I says, 'If you don't quit growin' they won't be nobody for you to box, only Willard and them.' He says, 'Well, I wouldn't run away from Willard if I weighed twenty pounds more.'"

"He must hate himself," said Tommy's brother.

"I never seen a good one that didn't," said Tommy. "And Midge is a good one; don't make no mistake about that. I wisht we could of got Welsh before the kid growed so big. But it's too late now. I won't make no holler, though, if we can match him up with the Dutchman."

"Who do you mean?"

"Young Goetz, the welter champ. We mightn't not get so much dough for the bout itself, but it'd roll in afterward. What a drawin' card we'd be, 'cause the people pays their money to see the fella with the wallop, and that's Midge. And we'd keep the title just as long as Midge could make the weight."

"Can't you land no match with Goetz?"

"Sure, 'cause he needs the money. But I've went careful with the kid so far and look at the results I got! So what's the use of takin' a chanct? The kid's comin' every minute and Goetz is goin' back faster'n big Johnson did. I think we could lick him now; I'd bet my life on it. But six mont's from now they won't be no risk. He'll of licked hisself before that time. Then all as we'll have to do is sign up with him and wait for

the referee to stop it. But Midge is so crazy to get at him now that I can't hardly hold him back."

The brothers Haley were lunching in a Boston hotel. Dan had come down from Holyoke to visit with Tommy and to watch the latter's protégé go twelve rounds, or less, with Bud Cross. The bout promised little in the way of a contest, for Midge had twice stopped the Baltimore youth and Bud's reputation for gameness was all that had earned him the date. The fans were willing to pay the price to see Midge's haymaking left, but they wanted to see it used on an opponent who would not jump out of the ring the first time he felt its crushing force. Bud Cross was such an opponent, and his willingness to stop boxing gloves with his eyes, ears, nose, and throat had long enabled him to escape the horrors of honest labor. A game boy was Bud, and he showed it in his battered, swollen, discolored face.

"I should think," said Dan Haley, "that the kid'd do whatever you tell him after all you done for him."

"Well," said Tommy, "he's took my dope pretty straight so far, but he's so sure of hisself that he can't see no reason for waitin'. He'll do what I say, though; he'd be a sucker not to."

"You got a contrac' with him?"

"No, I don't need no contrac'. He knows it was me that drug him out o' the gutter and he ain't goin' to turn me down now, when he's got the dough and bound to get more. Where'd he of been at if I hadn't listened to him when he first come to me? That's pretty near two years ago now, but it seems like last week. I was settin' in the s'loon acrost from the Pleasant Club in Philly, waitin' for McCann to count the dough and come over, when this little bum blowed in and tried to stand the house off for a drink. They told him nothin' doin' and to beat it out o' there, and then he seen me and come over to where I was settin' and ast me wasn't I a boxin' man and I told him who I was. Then he ast me for money to buy a shot and I told him to set down and I'd buy it for him.

"Then we got talkin' things over and he told me his name and told me about fightin' a couple o' prelims out to Milwaukee. So I says, 'Well, boy, I don't know how good or how rotten you are, but you won't never get nowheres trainin' on that stuff.' So he says he'd cut it out if he could get on in a bout and I says I would give him a chanct if he played square with me and didn't touch no more to drink. So we shook hands and I took him up to the hotel with me and give him a bath and the next day I bought him some clo'es. And I staked him to eats and sleeps for over six weeks. He had a hard time breakin' away from the polish, but finally I thought he was fit and I give him his chanct. He went on with Smiley Sayer and stopped him so quick that Smiley thought sure he was poisoned.

"Well, you know what he's did since. The only beatin' in his record was by Tracy in Milwaukee before I got hold of him and he's licked Tracy three times in the last year.

"I've gave him all the best of it in a money way and he's got seven thousand bucks in cold storage. How's that for a kid that was in the gutter two years ago? And he'd have still more yet if he wasn't so nuts over clo'es and got to stop at the good hotels and so forth."

"Where's his home at?"

"Well, he ain't really got no home. He came from Chicago and his mother canned him out o' the house for bein' no good. She give him a raw deal, I guess, and he says he won't have nothin' to do with her unlest she comes to him first. She's got a pile o' money, he says, so he ain't worryin' about her."

The gentleman under discussion entered the café and swaggered to Tommy's table, while the whole room turned to look.

Midge was the picture of health despite a slightly colored eye and an ear that seemed to have no opening. But perhaps it was not his healthiness that drew all eyes. His diamond horseshoe tiepin, his purple cross-striped shirt, his orange shoes, and his light blue suit fairly screamed for attention.

"Where you been?" he asked Tommy. "I been lookin' all over for you."

"Set down," said his manager.

"No time," said Midge. "I'm goin' down to the w'arf and see 'em unload the fish."

"Shake hands with my brother Dan," said Tommy.

Midge shook with the Holyoke Haley.

"If you're Tommy's brother, you're okay with me," said Midge, and the brothers beamed with

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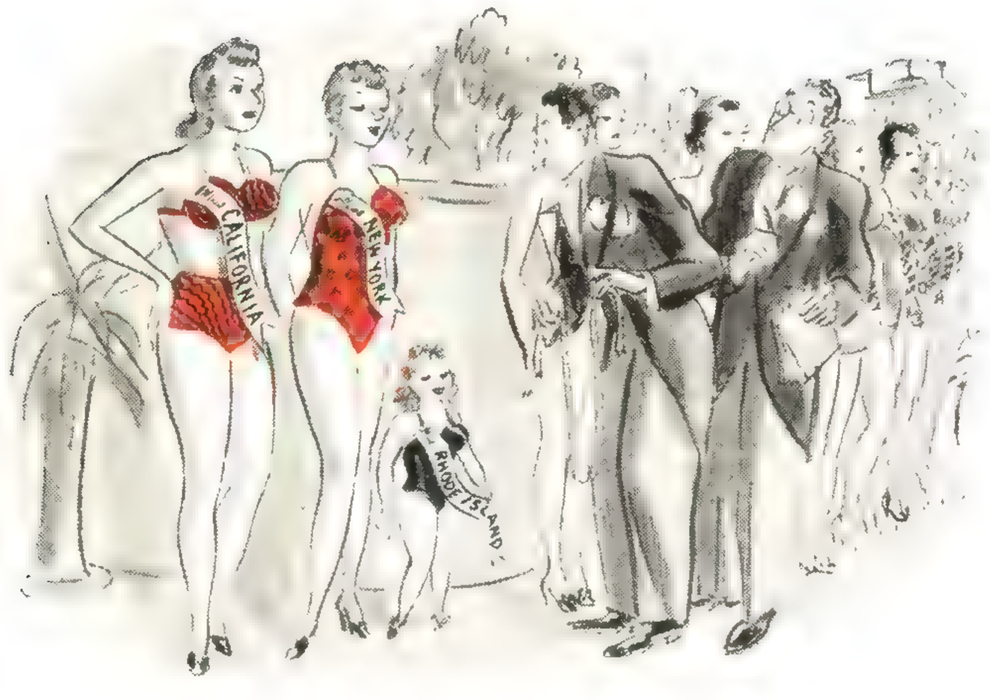

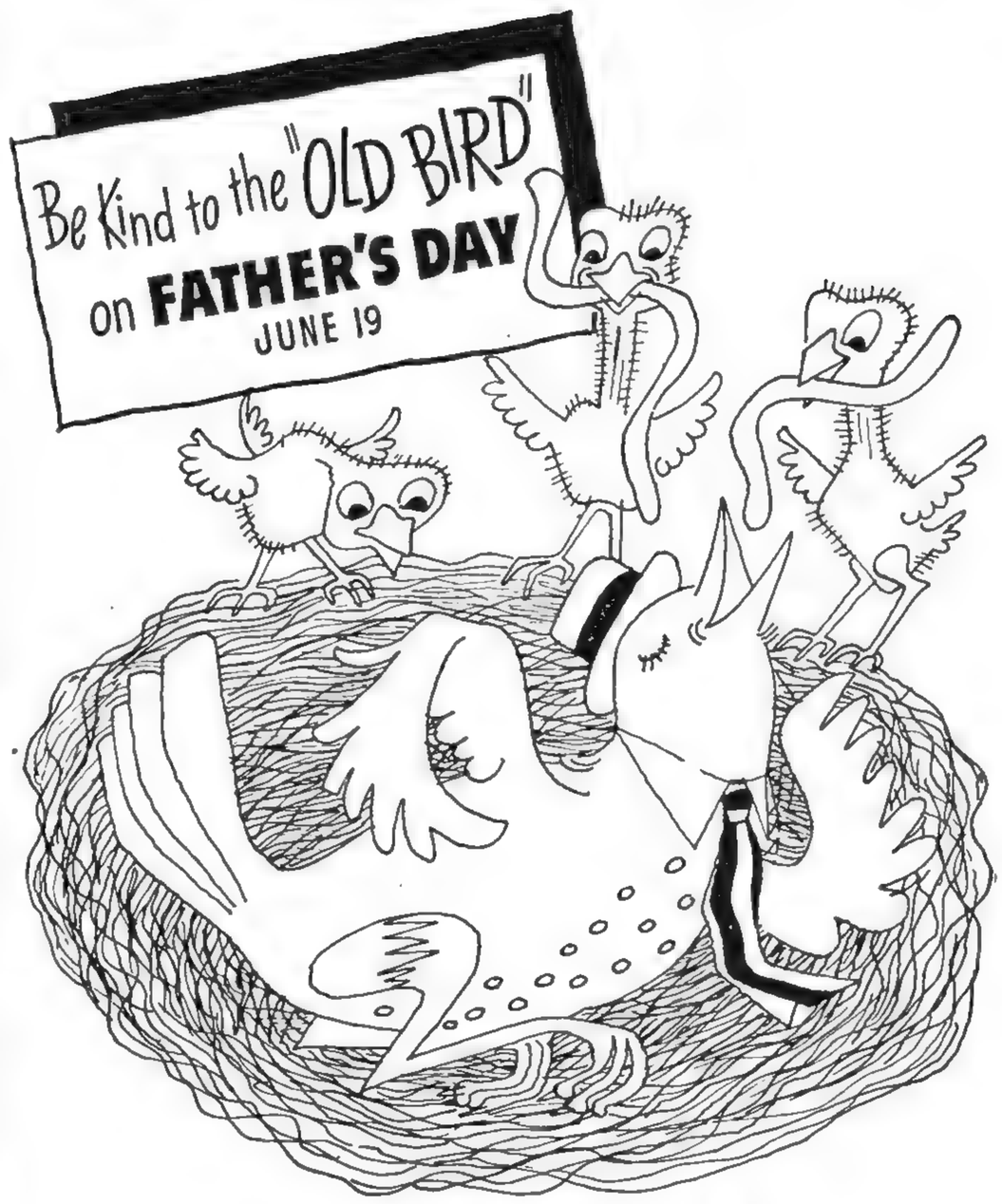

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pleasure.

Dan moistened his lips and murmured an embarrassed reply, but it was lost on the young gladiator.

"Leave me take twenty," Midge was saying. "I prob'ly won't need it, but I don't like to be caught short."

Tommy parted with a twenty dollar bill and recorded the transaction in a small black book the insurance company had given him for Christmas.

"But," he said, "it won't cost you no twenty to look at them fish. Want me to go along?"

"No," said Midge hastily. "You and your brother here prob'ly got a lot to say to each other."

"Well," said Tommy, "don't take no bad money and don't get lost. And you better be back at four o'clock and lay down a w'ile."

"I don't need no rest to beat this guy," said Midge. "He'll do enough layin' down for the both of us."

And laughing even more than the jest called for, he strode out through the fire of admiring and startled glances.

The corner of Boylston and Tremont was the nearest Midge got to the wharf, but the lady awaiting him was doubtless a more dazzling sight than the catch of the luckiest Massachusetts fisherman. She could talk, too—probably better than the fish.

"O you Kid!" she said, flashing a few silver teeth among the gold. "O you fighting man!"

Midge smiled up at her.

"We'll go somewheres and get a drink," he said. "One won't hurt."

In New Orleans, five months after he had rearranged the map of Bud Cross for the third time, Midge finished training for his championship bout with the Dutchman.

Back in his hotel after the final workout, Midge stopped to chat with some of the boys from up north, who had made the long trip to see a champion dethroned, for the result of this bout was so nearly a foregone conclusion that even the experts had guessed it.

Tommy Haley secured the key and the mail and ascended to the Kelly suite. He was bathing when Midge came in, half an hour later.

"Any mail?" asked Midge.

"There on the bed," replied Tommy from the tub.

Midge picked up the stack of letters and postcards and glanced them over. From the pile he sorted out three letters and laid them on the table. The rest he tossed into the wastebasket. Then he picked up the three and sat for a few moments holding them, while his eyes gazed off into space. At length he looked again at the three unopened letters in his hand; then he put one in his pocket and tossed the other two at the basket. They missed their target and fell on the floor.

"Hell!" said Midge, and stooping over picked them up.

He opened one postmarked Milwaukee and read:

Dear Husband:

I have wrote to you so manny times and got no anser and I dont know if you ever got them, so I am writeing again in the hopes you will get this letter and anser. I dont like to bother you with my trubles and I would not only for the baby and I am not asking you should write to me but only send a little money and I am not asking for myself but the baby has not been well a day sence last Aug. and the dr. told me she cant live much longer unless I give her better food and thats impossible the way things are. Lou has not been working for a year and what I make dont hardley pay for the rent. I am not asking for you to give me any money, but only you should send what I loaned when convenient and I think it amts. to about $36.00. Please try and send that amt. and it will help me, but if you cant send the whole amt. try and send me something.

Your wife,

Emma.

Midge tore the letter into a hundred pieces and scattered them over the floor.

"Money, money, money!" he said. "They must think I'm made o' money. I s'pose the old woman's after it too.

He opened his mother's letter:

dear Michael Connie wonted me to rite and say you must beet the dutchman and he is sur you will and wonted me to say we wont you to rite and tell us about it, but I gess you havent no time to rite or we herd from you long beffore this but I wish you would rite jest a line or 2 boy becaus it wuld be better for Connie then a barl of medisin. It wuld help me to keep things going if you send me money now and then when you can spair it but if you cant send no money try and fine time to rite a letter onley a few lines and it will please Connie. jest think boy he hasent got out of bed in over 3 yrs. Connie says good luck.

Your Mother,

Ellen F. Kelly.

"I thought so," said Midge. "They're all alike."

The third letter was from New York. It read:

Hon:—This is the last letter you will get from me before your champ, but I will send you a telegram Saturday, but I can't say as much in a telegram as in a letter and I am writeing this to let you know I am thinking of you and praying for good luck.

Lick him good hon and don't wait no longer than you have to and don't forget to wire me as soon as its over. Give him that little old left of yours on the nose hon and don't be afraid of spoiling his good looks because he couldn't be no homlier than he is. But don't let him spoil my baby's pretty face. You won't will you hon.

Well hon I would give anything to be there and see it, but I guess you love Haley better than me or you wouldn't let him keep me away. But when your champ hon we can do as we please and tell Haley to go to the devil.

Well hon I will send you a telegram Saturday and I almost forgot to tell you I will need some more money, a couple hundred say and you will have to wire it to me as soon as you get this. You will won't you hon.

I will send you a telegram Saturday and remember hon I am pulling for you.

Well good-by sweetheart and good luck.

Grace.

"They're all alike," said Midge. "Money, money, money."

Tommy Haley, shining from his ablutions, came in from the adjoining room.

"Thought you'd be layin' down," he said.

"I'm goin' to," said Midge, unbuttoning his orange shoes.

"I'll call you at six and you can eat up here without no bugs to pester you. I got to go down and give them birds their tickets."

"Did you hear from Goldberg?" asked Midge.

"Didn't I tell you? Sure; fifteen weeks at five hundred, if we win. And we can get a guarantee o' twelve thousand, with privileges either in New York or Milwaukee."

"Who with?"

"Anybody that'll stand up in front of you. You don't care who it is, do you?"

"Not me. I'll make 'em all look like a monkey."

"Well you better lay down aw'ile."

"Oh, say, wire two hundred to Grace for me, will you? Right away; the New York address."

"Two hundred! You just sent her three hundred last Sunday."

"Well, what the hell do you care?"

"All right, all right. Don't get sore about it. Anything else?"

"That's all," said Midge, and dropped onto the bed.

"Don't forget, Elizabeth—Alvin must have his steaming hot cup of tea at 10:00 p. m. sharp"

"And I want the deed done before I come back," said Grace as she rose from the table. "You won't fall down on me, will you, hon?"

"Leave it to me," said Midge. "And don't spend no more than you have to."

Grace smiled a farewell and left the café. Midge continued to sip his coffee and read his paper.

They were in Chicago and they were in the middle of Midge's first week in vaudeville. He had come straight north to reap the rewards of his glorious victory over the broken-down Dutchman. A fortnight had been spent in learning his act, which consisted of a gymnastic exhibition and a ten minute monologue on the various excellences of Midge Kelly. And now he was twice daily turning 'em away from the Madison Theater.

His breakfast over and his paper read, Midge sauntered into the lobby and asked for his key. He then beckoned to a bellboy, who had been hoping for that very honor.

"Find Haley, Tommy Haley," said Midge. "Tell him to come up to my room."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Kelly," said the boy, and proceeded to break all his former records for diligence.

Midge was looking out of his seventh-story window when Tommy answered the summons.

"What'll it be?" inquired his manager.

There was a pause before Midge replied.

"Haley," he said, "twenty-five per cent's a whole lot o' money."

"I guess I got it comin', ain't I?" said Tommy.

"I don't see how you figger it. I don't see where you're worth it to me."

"Well," said Tommy, "I didn't expect nothin' like this. I thought you was satisfied with the bargain. I don't want to beat nobody out o' nothin', but I don't see where you could have got anybody else that would of did all I done for you."

"Sure, that's all right," said the champion. "You done a lot for me in Philly. And you got good money for it, didn't you?"

"I ain't makin' no holler. Still and all, the big money's still ahead of us yet. And if it hadn't of been for me, you wouldn't of never got within grabbin' distance."

"Oh, I guess I could of went along all right," said Midge. "Who was it that hung that left on the Dutchman's jaw, me or you?"

"Yes, but you wouldn't been in the ring with the Dutchman if it wasn't for how I handled you."

"Well, this won't get us nowheres. The idear is that you ain't worth no twenty-five per cent now and it don't make no diff'rence what come off a year or two ago."

"Don't it?" said Tommy. "I'd say it made a whole lot of difference."

"Well, I say it don't and I guess that settles it."

"Look here, Midge," Tommy said, "I thought I was fair with you, but if you don't think so, I'm willin' to hear what you think is fair. I don't want nobody callin' me a Sherlock. Let's go down to business and sign up a contrac'. What's your figger?"

"I ain't namin' no figger," Midge replied. "I'm sayin' that twenty-five's too much. Now what are you willin' to take?"

"How about twenty?"

"Twenty's too much," said Kelly.

"What ain't too much?" asked Tommy.

"Well, Haley, I might as well give it to you straight. They ain't nothin' that ain't too much."

"You mean you don't want me at no figger?"

"That's the idear."

There was a minute's silence. Then Tommy Haley walked toward the door.

"Midge," he said, in a choking voice, "you're makin' a big mistake, boy. You can't throw down your best friends and get away with it. That damn woman will ruin you."

Midge sprang from his seat.

"You shut your mouth!" he stormed. "Get out o' here before they have to carry you out. You been spongin' off o' me long enough. Say one more word about the girl or about anything else and you'll get what the Dutchman got. Now get out!"

And Tommy Haley, having a very vivid memory of the Dutchman's face as he fell, got out.

Grace came in later, dropped her numerous bundles on the lounge and perched herself on the arm of Midge's chair.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," said Midge, "I got rid of him."

"Good boy!" said Grace. "And now I think you might give me that twenty-five per cent."

"Besides the seventy-five you're already gettin'?" said Midge.

"Don't be no grouch, hon. You don't look pretty when you're grouchy."

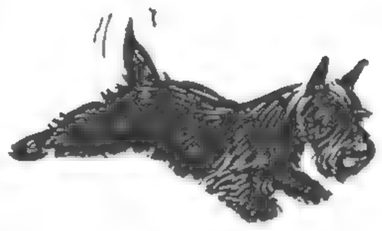
"It ain't my business to look pretty," Midge replied.

"Wait till you see how I look with the stuff I bought this mornin'!"

Midge glanced at the bundles on the lounge.

"There's Haley's twenty-five

Continued on page 116



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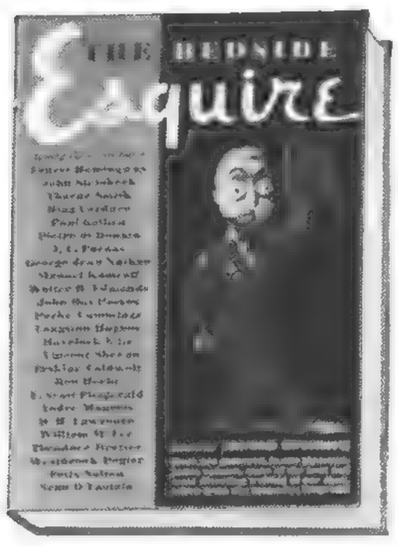
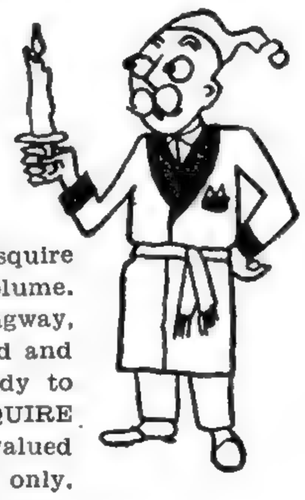


THE BEDSIDE Esquire



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per cent," he said, "and then some."

The champion did not remain long without a manager. Haley's successor was none other than Jerome Harris, who saw in Midge a better meal ticket than his popular-priced musical show had been.

The contract, giving Mr. Harris twenty-five per cent of Midge's earnings, was signed in Detroit the week after Tommy Haley had heard his dismissal read. It had taken Midge just six days to learn that a popular actor cannot get on without the ministrations of a man who thinks, talks, and means business. At first Grace objected to the new member of the firm, but when Mr. Harris had demanded and secured from the vaudeville people a one-hundred dollar increase in Midge's weekly stipend, she was convinced that the champion had acted for the best.

"You and my missus will have some great old times," Harris told Grace. "I'd of wired her to join us here, only I seen the Kid's bookin' takes us to Milwaukee next week, and that's where she is."

But when they were introduced in the Milwaukee hotel, Grace admitted to herself that her feeling for Mrs. Harris could hardly be called love at first sight. Midge, on the contrary, gave his new manager's wife the many times over and seemed loath to end the feast of his eyes.

"Some doll," he said to Grace when they were alone.

"Doll is right," the lady replied, "and sawdust where her brains ought to be."

"I'm li'ble to steal that baby," said Midge, and he smiled as he noted the effect of his words on his audience's face.

On Tuesday of the Milwaukee week the champion successfully defended his title in a bout that the newspapers never reported. Midge was alone in his room that morning when a visitor entered without knocking. The visitor was Lou Hersch.

Midge turned white at sight of him.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I guess you know," said Lou Hersch. "Your wife's starvin' to death and your baby's starvin' to death and I'm starvin' to death. And you're dirty with money."

"Listen," said Midge, "if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't never saw your sister. And, if you ain't man enough to hold a job, what's that to me? The best thing you can do is keep away from me."

"You give me a piece o' money and I'll go."

Midge's reply to the ultimatum was a straight right to his brother-in-law's narrow chest.

"Take that home to your sister."

And after Lou Hersch had picked himself up and slunk away, Midge thought: "It's lucky I didn't give him my left or I'd of croaked him. And if I'd hit him in the stomach, I'd of broke his spine."

There was a party after each evening performance during the Milwaukee engagement. The wine flowed freely and Midge had more of it than Tommy Haley ever would have permitted him. Mr. Harris offered no objection, which was possibly just as well for his own physical comfort.

In the dancing between drinks, Midge had his new manager's wife for a partner as often as Grace. The latter's face, as she floundered round in the arms of the portly Harris, belied her frequent protestations that she was having the time of her life.

Several times that week Midge thought Grace was on the point of starting the quarrel he hoped to have. But it was not until Friday night that she accommodated. He and Mrs. Harris had disappeared after the matinee and when Grace saw him again at the close of the night show, she came to the point at once.

"What are you tryin' to pull off?" she demanded.

"It's none o' your business, is it?" said Midge.

"You bet it's my business; mine and Harris'. You cut it short or you'll find out."

"Listen," said Midge, "have you got a mortgage on me or somethin'? You talk like we was married."

"We're goin' to be, too. And tomorrow's as good a time as any."

"Just about," Midge said. "You got as much chanct o' marryin' me tomorrow as the next day or next year and that ain't no chanct at all."

"We'll find out," said Grace.

"You're the one that's got somethin' to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm married already."

"You lie!"

"You think so, do you? Well, s'pose you go to this here address and get acquainted with my missus."

Midge scrawled a number on a piece of paper and handed it to her. She stared at it unseeingly.

"Well," said Midge, "I ain't kiddin' you. You go there and ask for Mrs. Michael Kelly, and if you don't find her, I'll marry you tomorrow before breakfast."

Still Grace stared at the scrap of paper. To Midge it seemed an age before she spoke again.

"You lied to me all this w'ile."

"You never ast me was I married. What's more, what the hell diff'rence did it make to you? You got a split, didn't you? Better'n fifty-fifty."

He started away.

"Where you goin'?"

"I'm goin' to meet Harris and his wife."

"I'm goin' with you. You're not goin' to shake me now."

"Yes, I am too," said Midge quietly. "When I leave town tomorrow night, you're going to stay here. And if I see where you're goin' to make a fuss, I'll put you in a hospital where they'll keep you quiet. You can get your stuff tomorrow mornin' and I'll slip you a hundred bucks. And then I don't want to see no more o' you. And don't try and tag along now or I'll have to add another kayo to the old record."

When Grace returned to the hotel that night, she discovered that Midge and the Harrises had moved to another. And when Midge left town the following night, he was again without a manager, and Mr. Harris was without a wife.

Three days prior to Midge Kelly's ten-round bout with Young Milton in New York City, the sporting editor of the *News* assigned Joe Morgan to write two or three thousand words about the

champion to run with a picture layout for Sunday.

Joe Morgan dropped in at Midge's training quarters Friday afternoon. Midge, he learned, was doing road work, but Midge's manager, Wallie Adams, stood ready and willing to supply reams of dope about the greatest fighter of the age.

"Let's hear what you've got," said Joe, "and then I'll try to fix up something."

So Wallie stepped on the accelerator of his imagination and shot away.

"Just a kid; that's all he is; a regular boy. Get what I mean? Don't know the meanin' o' bad habits. Never tasted liquor in his life and would prob'bly get sick if he smelled it. Clean livin' put him up where he's at. Get what I mean? And modest and unassumin' as a school girl. He's so quiet you wouldn't never know he was round. And he'd go to jail before he'd talk about himself.

"No job at all to get him in shape, 'cause he's always that way. The only trouble we have with him is gettin' him to light into these poor bums they match him up with. He's scared he'll hurt somebody. Get what I mean? He's tickled to death over this match with Milton, 'cause everybody says Milton can stand the gaff. Midge'll maybe be able to cut loose a little this time. But the last two bouts he had, the guys hadn't no business in the ring with him, and he was holdin' back all the w'ile for the fear he'd kill somebody. Get what I mean?"

"Is he married?" inquired Joe.

"Say, you'd think he was married to hear him rave about them kiddies he's got. His fam'ly's up in Canada to their summer home and Midge is wild to get up there with 'em. He thinks more o' that wife and them kiddies than all the money in the world. Get what I mean?"

"How many children has he?"

"I don't know, four or five, I guess. All boys and every one of 'em a dead ringer for their dad."

"Is his father living?"

"No, the old man died when he was a kid. But he's got a grand old mother and a kid brother out in Chi. They're the first ones he thinks about after a match, them and his wife and kiddies. And he don't forget to send the old woman a thousand bucks after every bout. He's goin' to buy her a new home as soon as they pay him off for this match."

"How about his brother? Is he going to tackle the game?"

"Sure, and Midge says he'll be a champion before he's twenty years old. They're a fightin' fam'ly and all of 'em honest and straight as a die. Get what I mean? A fella that I can't tell you his name come to Midge in Milwaukee onct and wanted him to throw a fight and Midge give him such a trimmin' in the street that he couldn't go on that night. That's the kind he is. Get what I mean?"

Joe Morgan hung around the camp until Midge and his trainers returned.

"One o' the boys from the *News*," said Wallie by way of introduction. "I been givin' him your fam'ly hist'ry."

"Did he give you good dope?" he inquired.

"He's some historian," said Joe.

"Don't call me no names," said Wallie smiling. "Call us up if they's anything more you want. And keep your eyes on us Monday night. Get what I mean?"

The story in Sunday's *News* was read by thousands of lovers of the manly art. It was well written and full of human interest. Its slight inaccuracies went unchallenged, though three readers, besides Wallie Adams and Midge Kelly, saw and recognized them. The three were Grace, Tommy Haley, and Jerome Harris and the comments they made were not for publication.

Neither the Mrs. Kelly in Chicago nor the Mrs. Kelly in Milwaukee knew that there was such a paper as the New York *News*. And even if they had known of it and that it contained two columns of reading matter about Midge, neither mother nor wife could have bought it. For the *News* on Sunday is a nickel a copy.

Joe Morgan could have written more accurately, no doubt, if, instead of Wallie Adams, he had interviewed Ellen Kelly and Connie Kelly and Emma Kelly and Lou Hersch and Grace and Jerome Harris and Tommy Haley and Hap Collins and two or three Milwaukee bartenders.

But a story built on their evidence would never have passed the sporting editor.

"Suppose you can prove it," that gentleman would have said. "It wouldn't get us anything but abuse to print it. The people don't want to see him knocked. He's champion." ###

Continued from page 33

"Here come those underwater experts!"

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

mysterious math

Reference Cecil Lee's puzzle in May *Sound and Fury*: the "reason why" is easy. When he divides the equation by the factor (a-b), he is dividing by zero. And any number divided by zero cannot be evaluated (except as a limit in certain equations) because zero will go into a number any desired number of times up to infinity.

The following puzzle recently appeared on a bulletin board here:

$25¢ = \frac{1}{4}$ dollar

$\sqrt{25¢} = \sqrt{\frac{1}{4}}$ dollar

but $\sqrt{25} = 5$, and $\sqrt{\frac{1}{4}} = \frac{1}{2}$,

therefore, $5¢ = \frac{1}{2}$ dollar.

What's wrong? It is really not hard at all with this inflation.

J. C. RAMSEY, JR.
Dept. of Chemistry,
U. of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Jolson's juniors

Your article on *That Young Al Jolson* (January) was very interesting because he is our favorite. In one paragraph you stated that his lusty way with a song, his sincere sentimentality, and his infectious warmth have now made him the top favorite even with the bobby-sox generation, who have been startling their mothers.

Al Jolson is a hit with more than just bobby-soxers because the first album of his records was brought into my home when my baby daughter was one year old. At that time she ran to the radio phonograph and listened intently. But now at the age of two she is more advanced. We can't listen to our music because she wants the phonograph turned on for "her" records.

Regardless of what she is doing, when Al comes through with a song on the radio, she begins to dance around in circles, humming to herself until she falls to the floor from dizziness.

My problem is, what will one more year, or three or four, do to my baby?

A MAMMY
San Francisco, Calif.

right is right

Being a mechanical engineer and having the interest at heart for over forty years, I have made an extensive study of the three cardinal factors in a motorcar: design, materials, and workmanship. To quote my good friend, engineer, and author, Alexander Ulmann, "I have a burning desire to sift the chaff from the wheat in the field of automotive design . . ."

Most drivers who have learned to drive since about 1915 have been led to believe that our cars have always been left-hand drive and the reason foreign cars are right-hand drive is because Europeans drive on the left. This is not entirely true.

In France, Germany, Italy and some other countries they drive as we do on the right side of the road, but I think their cars have right-hand-drive steering. Some of our fire apparatus in use now is right-hand drive. Firemen I have talked with regarding this prefer the right-hand drive . . .

The reason lies in the following: The driver of a right-hand-drive car stays further to the right than the driver of a left-hand-drive car. Due to the fact that he sits on the right side, without much attention he can sight along a row of parked cars, pass or overtake cars moving in the same direction, and he can sense with much more ease any slight movement to the left by the driver of the car he is overtaking.

This enables him to concentrate more on cars coming in the opposite direction, which cars, by reason of his staying over farther to the right, have more room. When driving at night he can see the ditch or edge of the road with definite certainty and also, because he sits on the right side, he does not get the direct glare of the headlights from the oncoming cars which the driver of a car with a left-hand drive has to contend with.

GEORGE F. SWENSON
New York, N. Y.

it's the principle

Most men are in a red-rose rut. So Esky comes to the rescue in your April issue, telling men how to be original. Be original, you say!

And then what? On four occasions a wife can have roses, but the rest of the time she gets a procession of orchids. That's what I call being original with a vengeance. Don't you know, Esky, that some women don't even *like* orchids?

Red roses at least say, "I love you." All orchids say is "Look how much I spent on you."

Maiden aunts and daughters can have sweet peas according to your list. The nicest corsage my husband ever sent me was a wrist corsage of sweet peas; close on its heels were ones of cornflowers and gladioli. And even better than the ones he sent, were the corsages he fashioned from flowers grown in our own garden.

DOROTHY HOLDEN
Burlington, Vt.

dept. of misinformation

In your January issue there appeared an article by Paul Gallico pertaining to the 303rd Bombardment Group of the 8th Air Force. He stated that the Group would meet in a reunion in New York on May 7th.

This statement caused quite a flurry of correspondence between former and present members of the Group seeking further information as to the specific place for the rendezvous. But, the Gallico article referred to a reunion which was held in 1948. Inasmuch as this article carried no date line and appeared in *Esquire* in 1949, you will appreciate the confusion resulting therefrom. There is no reunion scheduled for the present year.

. . . such articles are misleading and misinforming.

LT. COL. P. G. MILLER, AFR
Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Miller nose-dived on this one. A routine check of the January editorial (in which the quote from Gallico appeared) will show that the correct year for the reunion is given and the 303rd get-together is spoken of in the past tense. Sorry about the snafu.*

on the tower of the meeting house, was a treasured tradition. The clock was accurate to the split second, our citizens would assure strangers. In those days we had no telephone, no radio time signals. Our village had no railroad, no telegraph office. It was comforting to certain people to know that the old clock was so unfailingly accurate—but its accuracy became a challenge to us kids.

I don't remember whose idea it was, but I do recall that the secret was shared by only three of us. Each night, for an entire month, we gradually set the hands of the clock ahead until it was a full hour fast. It was done so gradually that even Hugo Bury, the watch repairer, didn't catch on. (As a matter of fact, Hugo used the town clock as a master timepiece, adjusting all clocks and watches in his shop by it. He was paid fifteen dollars a year by the city council to oil and keep the clock in perfect condition.) Citizens started to come to his little shop in droves, complaining that hitherto trustworthy watches were losing time. After all, who was Hugo to turn down business? Eventually, all watches and clocks in town corresponded with the town clock.

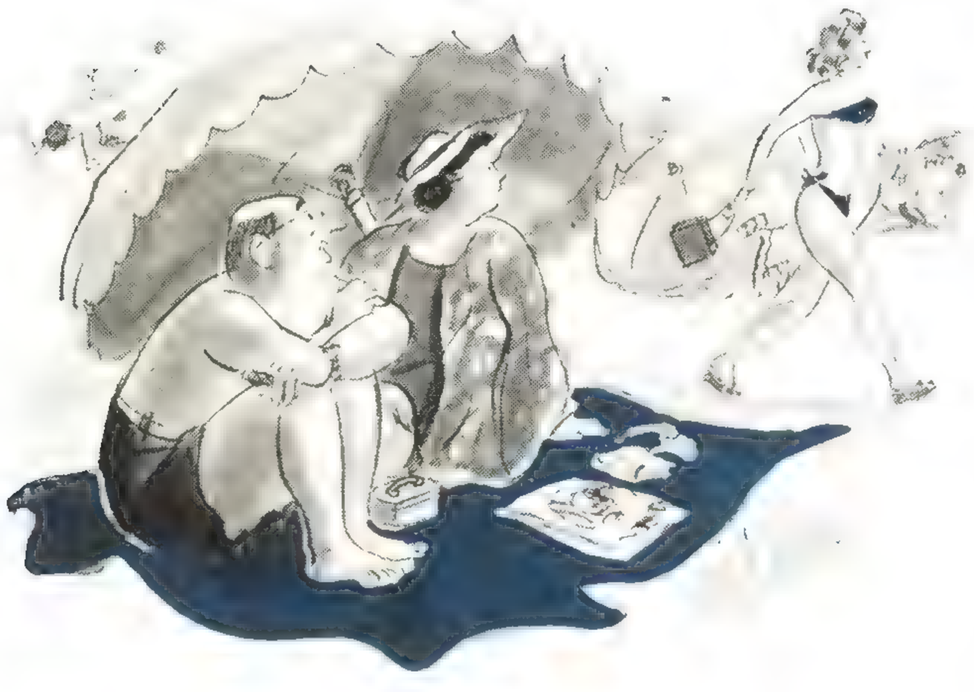
We had gained a solid hour—the only place in the state so favored. It wasn't until the Governor came to town that the discrepancy was discovered and revealed to a cold and heartless world. A big political rally was scheduled for eight of a certain evening, and a crowd gathered just before the established time and waited patiently for His Excellency to appear. At a quarter of nine, the band packed up its instruments and went home. The farmers were tired, sleepy, and cross. The local political leaders were acutely uncomfortable. It wasn't like the Governor to be late, they argued. A Democrat in the background yelled, "Just another Republican trick, folks! Can't believe a word they say!"

The party leaders glumly adjourned to the bar of the Eagle House. By the time they had consumed three solemn and comforting jolts of rye, the Governor's carriage and entourage arrived. The party leaders rushed out, wanting to know why the great man was so late. They were assured by the Governor and his party, including several city newspaper reporters, that they were on time. Dozens of watches were consulted and compared before it suddenly dawned upon our citizens that in some obscure manner they were at least a full hour ahead of the rest of the world. The newspaper reporters smiled in an evil fashion and jotted down notes. Within a few days, some very amusing stories appeared in city newspapers about the little town that was an hour ahead of the rest of the world. No one was pleased with these ribald items. The domestic Gestapo went to work with a vengeance; it was no light matter to have the home town ridiculed abroad. We boys were sternly questioned, but we kept the faith and admitted nothing. The more sober element, the deep thinkers of the town eventually arrived at the conclusion that Hugo Bury had undoubtedly set the clock ahead just to encourage a lot of extra watch repairing. He denied this so vehemently that only a few good friends believed him.

It was a curious thing; when he adjusted the town clock back to normal, the darned thing refused to keep correct time, and its peculiar behavior threw a new cloud of suspicion on blameless Hugo.

An inventory, currently made, of the living members of the youthful group that caused so much in the way of disturbance in an otherwise peaceful village, shows an encouraging reformation. Those who are dead are honorably dead. Three went the hard way, at the Marne in World War I. One engaged in medical research and died of an occupational disorder incurred in the line of duty. One is a county judge, a great humanitarian and a loyal and understanding friend of juvenile culprits brought before him. One is a manufacturer, prosperous and with a national reputation. Only one fell by the wayside: he had become a writer of sorts.

What we did, unquestionably, was unforgivable—often malicious. But it *was* fun. ###



"What's so terrible about it?"

Smart...

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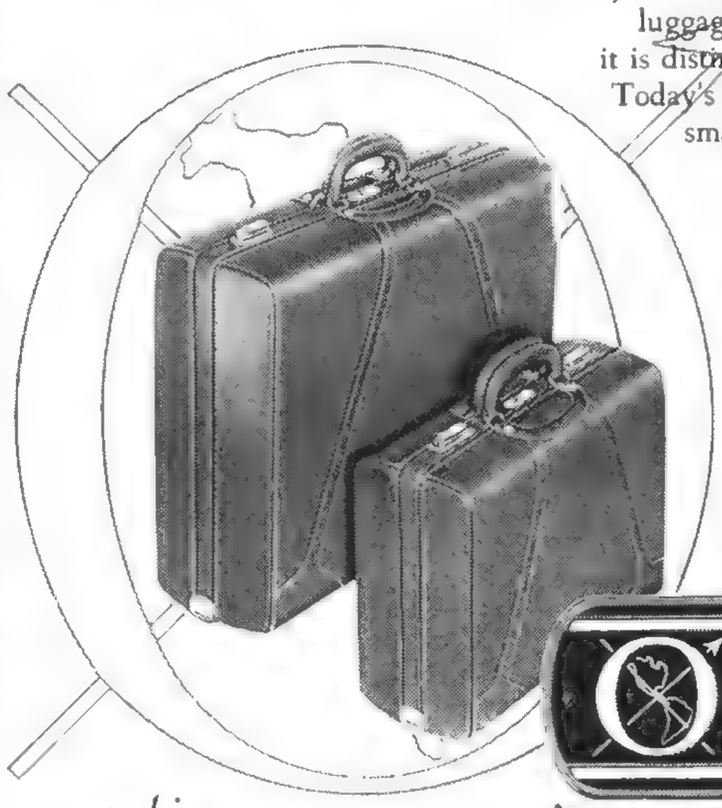

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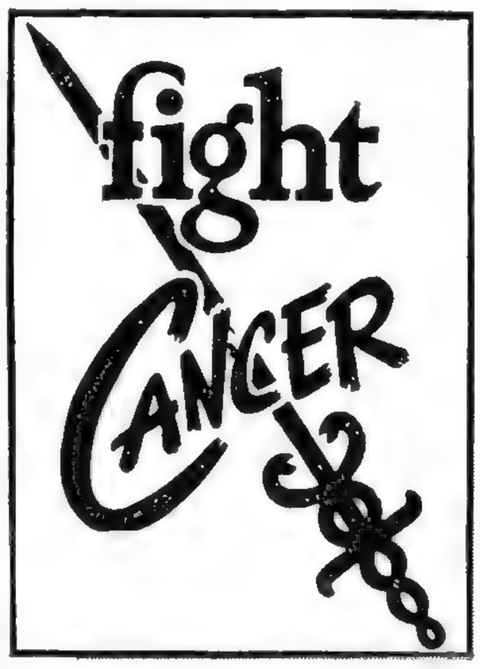
The Corbina

Continued from page 31

a few feet from where I stood. Then it happened again on the other side. I turned all around, trying to account for it. It happened a third time, and then I saw him up on the bluff just in the act of throwing still another rock at me. My first thought was, "What a wing!" And then I wondered how he had caught up with me so fast—and I visualized a white-faced little boy standing at the side of the road, overcoming his usual shyness of strangers and furiously thumbing rides.

When he saw I had spotted him he dropped the rock he was getting ready to throw next, and stood looking down, silhouetted against the sky with his hair blowing. I reflected that it was outrageous to throw rocks at one's father for any reason. But I thought that by the time I had scrambled up the bluff I would be winded, and if he ran I would probably not be able to catch him. And if he did not run I did not at all know now how I would cope with this thing which suddenly had become so enormous to both of us.



We stared at each other while I thought about it, and finally with a calm disdain which I was far from feeling I waved at him to go away. This stung him to a frenzy which really frightened me. He began dancing at the very edge of the bluff and shouting at me. Against the sea breeze, and over the sound of the surf, I could not make out most of the things he called me, but I certainly distinguished at least one appalling reference to his grandmother. With what I hoped was an air of majestic indifference I hastily turned my back.

But as I stared out over the ocean my heart was banging my breastbone. I was thinking that our good intentions had not after all been enough, and somehow my wife and I had failed the boy, and now he was damaged for good and would have to be turned over to some psychiatrist. I thought how it would be when he was brought into juvenile court later on, to be committed to some hellish reformatory. I had even begun picturing his mother's despair in Technicolor, when a sense of some sudden violence close behind me made me turn.

He had just arrived at the foot of the bluff, head-over-heels in a landslide of pebbles and sand. I thought his back must be broken, but he bounced up with only a skinned place on his forehead and came rushing toward me so wild-looking that I thought he meant to attack me physically. But he dashed on to the rod, hopping around it, and waving his arms and legs. "You big fool!" he screamed in the last extremity of excitement. "You got one!"

I looked, and the rod was whipping and springing as I had never seen it do. I was there in two jumps and caught it just as it came down with the loosened spike. I reeled madly, for suddenly everything was slack. But just as I had experienced the full extent of that bitterness which is known only to a fisherman who has lost a big one through his own fault, the line jerked unexpectedly taut again and I felt the angry weight of the fish still on it. It was very big. I thought it must be a skate or some confounded sea lion. But if it was a corbina it was one of those fabulous corbinas which are reported to stray up the California coast every once in a while out of their Mexican waters.

Whatever it was, I played it as if it were a million dollars, praying for the off-chance that my impossible little hook had somehow set itself in bone. I would coax him in a bit with each wave, but each time I brought him up to the surf I kept having to let him off again, not daring to hold him in the full power of the outwash. Now the boy was in his usual place again, behind me and a little to the left, and I seemed to feel great silent pulses of his uncritical confidence warming all that shoulder and side. But each time I felt the weight of the outwash added to the weight of the fish, I was glad after all that he had not brought his own rod today and hooked this one as his first one only to lose it. Now and then we would have an astonishing glimpse of the fish as the sand settled in the outsliding shallow water between the breakers. But I did not see how I would ever get him through the surf unless somebody came along unexpectedly and handed me a harpoon.

Just about that unexpectedly I got smart. I walked the fish down the beach and led him back into the eddies, and from one to the other until I could feel him grounding on the submerged ridge between them. I watched for the big wave, and it rolled up and broke, and just as it started sliding out again I risked everything and held. The tip of the rod went over and down, and stayed there, and we watched the run-off divide over so slightly on the ridge, and

I think the tackle held by its last thread. And suddenly there he was, beating himself on the wet sand, gleaming and huge—huge for a corbina anyway. And at that moment I felt the rod dead in my hands and saw that he had finally shaken the hook, and I'd lost him.

It was beyond cursing or crying over. I just stood there and watched for the next wave to sweep him back where he'd come from. But something shot past me—a scrambling blur like a terrier after a cat—and the boy flung himself on the corbina just as the wave got there. It broke, and tumbled them together, and then both of them disappeared into the froth.

I dropped the rod with its fine reel in the sand and ran over, because he is not much of a swimmer yet. But just as the wave started drawing back to deep water, he heaved up out of it like a Triton, or (but for his sagging clothes) like the figure of a boy on a Renaissance fountain. He still had the fish round its middle in a death grip, and for just a moment I had an extraordinary view of their four eyes bulging up at me. He staggered right back across the beach with it, stumbling over the beating tail. And when he had carried it a full twenty yards above the high-tide mark, he fell down on it, and I could hardly pry him off.

I must pay this tribute to his mother's greatness as a woman, that when I got him home twenty minutes later, sodden and shivering, his clothes sifted as full of sea sand as a breakfast bun with cinnamon, spangled over with fish scales, and smelling to heaven of corbina, and when he bore in our prize and laid it reverently on her living-room carpet where it flapped its last and expired—she admired the creature convincingly for a full minute.

At nine that night I went in to say good night to the boy. His head was a tousled round shadow on the pillow, and I could just discern the rest of him outlined in the cot to which he had but recently graduated from the crib of his infancy. He looked so unexpectedly little that for a moment I was glad the darkness kept him from seeing my face.

"Good night, old man," I said after a moment.

"Good night. We sure fixed that crowbina!" he said. "We sure caught him all right!"

"We sure did."

Then I lingered in the doorway. "What was it, old man?" I said. "What made you act that way this week?"

"Which way?"

"You know which way."

"It wasn't a whole week anyway," he said.

"Three days then."

"Well," he said. "I thought you didn't really want to take me fishing." ##

Cromartie's Ride

Continued from page 54

now. He yanked the whistle cord as he passed a signal tower. He thought he saw the man in the tower rush to the window.

No. 202 rounded Spuyten Duyvil bend faster than any electric had ever taken it. Cromartie was pulling the whistle cord almost steadily now. The Central and New Haven tracks came together pretty soon. He wanted the switch house to know that No. 202 was on her way. No sense ending in a smashup with a freight at this stage of the game.

Clickety-click, clickety-click . . . The Empire roared through the switch at the New Haven tracks. Local stations whizzed by in a stream. Station agents, porters, and hangers-on were lining every platform. "They must have telegraphed ahead about us," thought Cromartie.

The bridge at 125th Street. Sullivan looked up pleadingly, but 125th went by with the rest, and No. 202 took to the Park Avenue overhead. Cromartie gazed calmly at the tenements along the tracks. Suddenly, the black mouth of the subway yawned ahead. No. 202 roared into the tunnel, and her smoke blanketed them, swirled back into the cab. The pent-up noise of the engine was astonishing.

Cromartie slowed her down. They were pulling into the terminal now, switches guiding them from one track to another. Cromartie gave the whistle cord a twitch—"Just to let 'em know we're here," he yelled across to Sullivan. Sullivan licked his dry lips.

There was a crowd waiting, and No. 202 was really magnificent, as if she felt the majesty of the occasion. She panted hoarsely, and, belching smoke, moved ponderously down an avenue lined with gaping redcaps and trainmen. Then No. 202 came to a hissing, groaning halt.

A man jumped into the cab almost before Cromartie's hand left the brake lever. He shouted at Cromartie, "Hey! You! What in —?" But words failed him.

Cromartie swung around on his seat. His eyes were shining. He took out a red handkerchief and wiped his face. "Well," he said, "I guess we made it. Maybe this'll shut those trolley-car engineers up for a while. So this is New York, eh? Come on, Sully, old kid, let's get out and have a look around."

Railroad men still talk about Cromartie's ride, though, of course, Cromartie is no longer one of them. The general impression in roundhouse circles seems to be that old Cromartie went crazy that night; but Cromartie talks quite sanely about the whole thing. He says he just got fed up with Harmon and wanted to see the sights. And he still hates electrics. ##

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Let's Coast

Continued from page 53

be found anywhere in the world.

Since there's shore to suit every taste, the truly coastwise man will choose his vacation haven according to his personality. If you like the more rarefied social atmospheres, you'll enjoy Newport, the Hamptons out on Long Island, and parts of the north shore of Massachusetts. At Newport and along the north shore at points such as Swampscott, Marblehead Neck, Beverly, Pride's Crossing, Manchester, and Magnolia, you don't check into a hotel, then go out and scrape up a few friendships on the beach. You wait until you're invited, then you stay at a private home—if you know the right people.

Much less social, though certainly no less fun, are practically all points along Cape Cod and the near-by islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. These are ideal for the man who seeks the usual accoutrements of a perfect beach resort—surf, fine sand, sunny weather, good hotels—plus things to do and see when he changes from his beach clothes later in the afternoon.

Here are all the traditional charms of New England villages—elm-lined streets, beautiful old houses—plus the salty atmosphere of the days when Yankee skippers hunted the whale all over the North Atlantic and the swift Yankee Clippers pointed their graceful prows into every port in the world.

Seaside-going artists and writers have made Gloucester and Rockport on the north shore, and Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod, triple rivals for the title of summer-intellectual-capital of New England. Fire Island, on the western tip of Great South Bay off Long Island a few miles from New York, is summer headquarters for a great many of the city's literati.

Across country on the west coast, a comparable position is held by Laguna Beach, south of Los Angeles, though the film crowd is beginning to take over from the artists and writers. Further down the coast near San Diego, La Jolla is also becoming a favorite of the movie colony; nevertheless, Malibu remains as its most famous beach resort.

If it's really spectacular seascapes you want, you'll have to head up north to the rugged Maine coast or out west to Washington and Oregon, where the mountains come down to the sea—although you'll see few vistas more exciting than the magnificent expanse of sand at Truro on Cape Cod, viewed from the lighthouse high up on the overhanging bluff.

And nobody can talk about magnificent beaches without thinking of Daytona in Florida, where the beach is so smooth, so straight, and so long that it makes an ideal automobile runway. Though his shores are not as widely publicized, perhaps, as those in other parts of the country, no southerner living along the Atlantic seaboard need travel far from home for seaside fun. His beaches are at least as good as those up north—and they enjoy a season that is considerably longer than that of the northern beaches.

Virginia Beach draws most of its vacationists from all parts of the Middle Atlantic states during the summer, and from as far north as Boston in spring and early autumn. North Carolina has its Atlantic, Carolina, Wrightsville, and Fort Fisher beaches; South Carolina its Myrtle Beach; and Georgia has its Savannah Beach and its fine Jekyll Island, once the private vacation retreat of a group of eastern millionaires, across the sound from Brunswick. And that doesn't even take note of Florida, which is practically all beach or other variety of attractive coastline.

In the last fifty years, though, more beach-lovers probably have spent their vacations in Atlantic City, New Jersey, than in any other seaside resort in America. Atlantic City is solid and, for the most part, middle-class; it's a place for the gregarious sort of guy who likes to walk along the boardwalk and lie in the sand among his fellow men and women, with none of this nonsense about getting away from it all.

At the other end of the seascale is probably the esoteric type of fellow who collects shore vacations as other men gather pieces of jade or meerschaum pipes. For him the beach means the pebbly but alluring places of Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Antibes; San Remo and the Lido in Italy; Rio's Copacabana, where the air makes you want to samba along the mosaic sidewalks; Chile's Viña del Mar; Argentina's Mar del Plata; Punte del Este on the Uruguayan Riviera; Mexico's wonderful Acapulco; fabulous Waikiki, which probably has more glamour per cubic foot of sand than any other beach in the world; Paradise Beach in Nassau; Cuba's Varadero; the white sands of Devon and Cornwall leading up into old English villages straight out of a picture book.

As one who has been to them all, and who has been mentioning them casually for years—like a name-dropper in the Stork Club telling you whom he dined with last night—the writer was surprised at his own reaction when, not long ago, a psychiatrist asked him his first mental association with the word "beach."

Popping into his mind was the memory of his father in stiff straw hat and pince-nez glasses fastened by a black cord around his neck—buying him a frankfurter, then putting him on the merry-go-round so he could slip away for a fast beer. That was back in the days before the subway connected the world with—of all places—Coney Island! ⋕

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Every day's a holiday when you pick these spots for July fun

For the Man Who Likes to Drop a Line Into a Lake

(Having carefully considered shore-line vacations above, let's now look into some of the possibilities of lakes, streams, mountains and woods.)

WISCONSIN—Recommended for midwesterners who want the north woods close to home. Fishermen can choose among 7500 lakes and 10,000 streams, and there's plenty of riding, golf, tennis and the more civilized stuff. If numbers intrigue you, there are 553 resort hotels (rates, double $2.50 to $8 generally) and 3503 cabins. Write Wisconsin Conservation Department, Recreational Publicity, Madison, for more detailed dope.

MICHIGAN—Another favorite vacationland for midwesterners. More than 11,000 inland lakes, in addition to the many hundreds of miles of shore line along four of the five Great Lakes, make Michigan a summer paradise for the water sportsman. Mackinac Island, where no cars are allowed, is a midwestern Bermuda in July and August. Write Michigan Tourist Council, Capitol Building, Lansing.

THE OZARKS—Hydroelectric dams have created a new lake playground close to the center of the U. S., in the Ozark region of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Lake of the Cherokees, in northeastern Oklahoma, has a 1400-mile shore line. Norfork Lake, newest in the Ozark playgrounds area, has 380 miles of shore line near Mountain Home, Arkansas. Lake Taneycomo, 25 miles long, near Forsyth, Missouri. All lakes and streams well-stocked with bass, crappie, perch, pike and trout. Write Tourist Bureau, Ozark Playgrounds Association, Joplin, Missouri.

MINNESOTA—An excellent bet for the real outdoorsman. Muskies, pike, trout and panfish are biting in 10,000 lakes of various sizes and in Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Lake Saganaga and the many hundreds of miles of wilderness streams shared with Canada's Manitoba and western Ontario. Minnesota Tourist Bureau, State Capitol, St. Paul 1, has full information on camps, guides and fishing facilities.

OREGON—What with the Columbia River, Cascade Mountains, Mt. Hood, Crater Lake and one thing and another, Oregon presents wonderful possibilities for an air-cooled vacation in the Pacific Northwest—where the Aleutian winds keep the July average temperature down to about 66.7 degrees. Oregon offers just about every sport you might ask for, and plenty of room in which to enjoy it. Detailed data from the Travel Information Department, Oregon State Highway Commission, Salem.

NORTH CAROLINA—Fresh-water and channel bass are biting, flowers are blooming in the mountains, and this is the most colorful time of the year for a visit to the uplands of the south. North Carolina's Blue Ridge Parkway, one of the most magnificent mountain highways in the U. S., follows the Appalachian crest. Write Department of Conservation & Development, Raleigh.

NEW ENGLAND—The beaches of the northeast, covered in this month's Esquire, are only part of New England's summer vacation story. Traditional playground of the east, the six New England states draw many hundreds of thousands of visitors to their lakes, woods, and softly rounded mountains every summer. Maine has in its northern sections the greatest wilderness area of the east. It has 2500 lakes, twice as many rivers and streams. Rates at camps and hotels average about $7.50 to $15 per day, with meals. New Hampshire's summer vacation attractions include the White Mountains—featuring the highest peaks in the northeast—1300 lakes, green forests, quaint villages. Lake Winnipesaukee, the state's largest, is a center for fishing and inland yachting on its 72 square miles of water. Vermont has the wonderful Green Mountains, and it shares Lake Champlain and adjoining waters with New York and Quebec. Rates are generally lower, too, in the Green Mountain state. Favorite Massachusetts inland vacation area is the Berkshire Hills region. Not as wild as northern New England, but plenty of calm lakes and quiet streams for the fisherman. A favorite, too, with week-ending New Yorkers. New England has a highly developed tourist industry, so you'll be able to get all the information you want by writing the New England Council, Boston, Massachusetts; or State of Maine Publicity Bureau, Portland; State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, New Hampshire; Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier; or Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission, Boston. (Maine and New Hampshire maintain an information bureau in Rockefeller Plaza, New York.)

NEW YORK—New York State probably has more—and more varied—vacation attractions than any area of comparable size in the world. Forgetting all about Long Island and the seacoast, the fisherman has 1200 miles of lake shore line open to public fishing, more than 8000 reservoirs, ponds and

Continued on page 126

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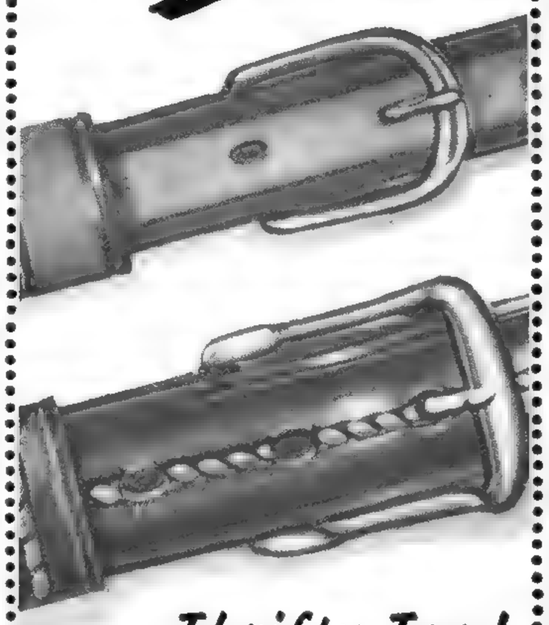

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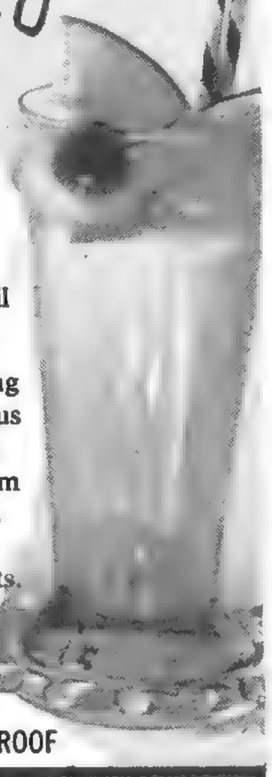

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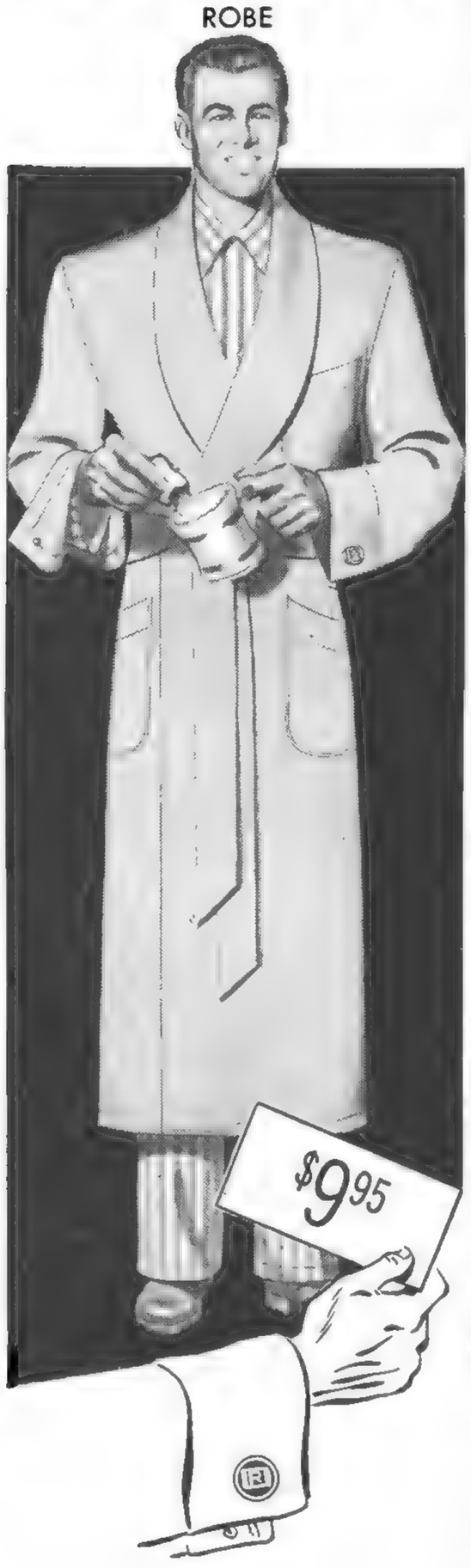

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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 125

inland lakes including such famous ones as the Finger Lakes and Placid,Saranac,George,Champlain and Chautauqua—to say nothing about Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Island region, and mountain streams of the Adirondacks and Catskills. There's 638 miles of perpetual public fishing rights on leading trout streams. Write New York State Department of Commerce, Albany.

For the Canny Vacationist

CANADA—More mileage to your vacation dollar, since prices are generally lower in Canada. Coast to coast, Canada is a summer paradise, especially if you're an outdoorsman. There's Newfoundland—Canada's newest province—the Maritimes, Quebec, the Laurentians, the Gaspé and the St. Lawrence; the lakes and woods of Ontario, Banff and Lake Louise in the Candian Rockies, British Columbia and Vancouver Island. Write Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce, Ottawa; or Provincial Tourist Bureau of whatever province you're interested in, at the capital of the province. And see Canadian fishing article, May, 1949, Esquire.

NATIONAL PARKS—A really great vacation bargain, thanks to the fine work of the National Park Service. Write to the Service Department of the Interior, Washington, for all details on facilities, accommodations and rates at the 26 National Parks from Maine to California, including such famous ones as Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Yosemite and Mt. Rainier—and others like Everglades and Acadia, not so well-known outside of neighboring states. Many of the great sports areas of the west are inside the national parks. And rates are generally lower than at comparable resorts elsewhere.

For the Man With a Long Stride

PARIS—It was Mistinguette, we believe, who is alleged to have remarked that Paris in the summer was fit only for Americans and other wild things. Whatever the source of the *mot*, Yanks have taken over the French capital every summer for the past thirty-one years, except for the five when the Wehrmacht blocked the way. July's perfect for visiting Paris, especially if you don't speak French. And there's all the rest of France, too—Normandy and Brittany, the chateaux country of the Loire, Provence, Alsace: every corner of France is awaiting the tourist.

GREAT BRITAIN—Traditional, too, is the summer influx of American visitors to the British Isles. Nice and cool up in the Scottish highlands, English lake country is lovely, so is the seaside of Devon and Cornwall, and you'll escape most of your fellow-countrymen once you get out of London. For something really different, try the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea—where horses pull the streetcars, cats have no tails, and three-legged men once were supposed to have roamed the fields. From there it's a short ride to Eire and the old sod.

WESTERN EUROPE—Last summer was a big American tourist season in Western Europe; this one's expected to be a record-breaker. Rolls of red carpet await the dollar-bearing tourist throughout the Marshall Plan countries—particularly France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and Italy.

See *Return to Europe* and "Going Places" column in last month's Esquire for more information on your European trip.

SCANDINAVIA—For a sunbath on the beach at four in the morning, or a round of golf after your evening movie, visit the Land of the Midnight Sun in midsummer. There's constant sunlight in the northern parts of the Scandinavian peninsula for many summer weeks, and continuous daylight during this time through most of Norway, Sweden and northern Denmark.

CHILE—It's the peak of the ski season now in the Andes, and spring skiing begins in mid-August. Portillo, near Santiago, is the best-known Chilean snow resort, with excellent skiing throughout July and August at Farellones, Lagunillas, Villarica and Osorno.

For the Man who Dislikes Details

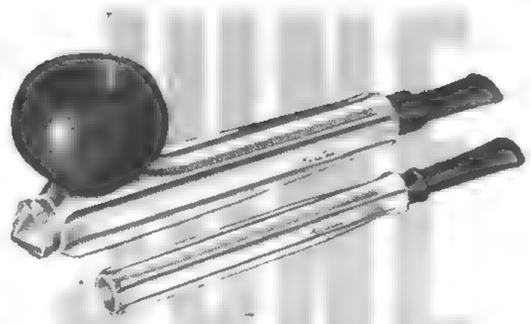
(Last month we covered some of the outstanding tours available for the summer vacationist. The list that follows—together with last month's suggestions—will give you a good idea of where you can go for how much. Packaged tours range from the escorted jobs which decide for you pretty much where you'll go when, to tours you take on your own—with such details as transportation and hotel accommodations arranged for you before you leave. Check your travel agent for latest data, as itineraries and prices sometimes change during the season.)

EUROPE:

Tour offerings this summer run all the way from a 29-day American Express junket to England, Holland, Belgium and France for $834 (tourist class aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary*) to a 66-day luxury tour of England, France and Spain offered by Thos. Cook for $2952.50, including first-class accommodations on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

You can sail and return on the *Elizabeth* or *Mary* in first class, visit Paris, Montreux, Interlaken, Lucerne, Luxembourg, Brussels, Amsterdam and London on a 32-day American Express trip for $1368. Or you could cover the same itinerary, flying the Atlantic, for $1276.

For those who wish to include a visit to Scandinavia on their European trip, Cook's is offering an



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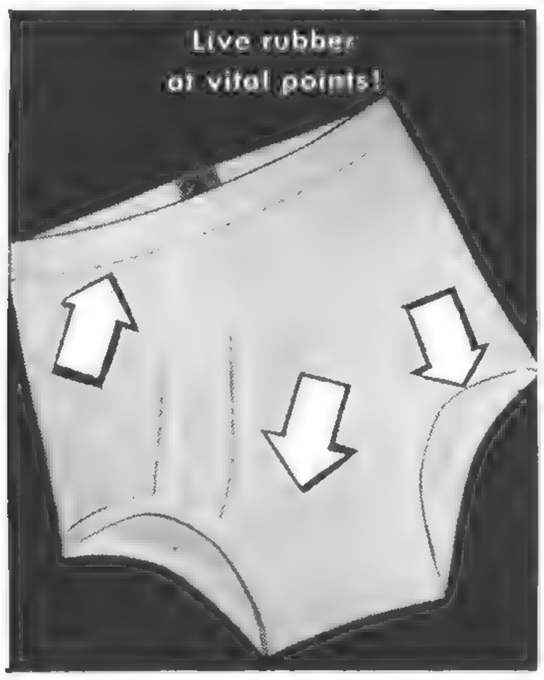

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itinerary which covers the Shakespeare country, London, the English lake district, Glasgow, the Scottish lakes and highlands, Edinburgh, a steamer trip to Norway followed by a three-day motor tour of the country, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Brussels, Lucerne, Interlaken, Berne and Paris, for a total of 47 days in Europe. All-inclusive cost of the trip is $1519.50, round-trip, cabin class on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Or you can fly over and back and make the trip for $1696.

Other itineraries include visits to Eire, Italy or Germany.

LATIN AMERICA:

Exprinter Travel Service has announced an elaborate program of Latin-American cruises and tours costing anywhere from $196 (plus $12.96 tax) for nine days in Mexico by plane from Houston, to $3252 (plus $6.48 transportation tax) for a 60-day air cruise of Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Trinidad from Houston to New York.

In-between are such eye-watering items as a 15-day air cruise of Yucatán, Guatemala and Mexico for $622 plus $57.87 tax, round-trip from New York; a 15-day air trip to Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Venezuela, Colombia, Jamaica and Cuba for $935, round trip from Miami; and a circling of South America by sea and air in 47 days for $2286, first class, New York to Miami.

HAWAII:

A 23-day steamer tour of Hawaii (American Express) gives you twelve days in the islands and nine days of cruising aboard the new Matson liner *S. S. Lurline*, itinerary includes tours of the islands of Oahu, Maui and Hawaii, with travel between the islands by plane. Rates from Los Angeles or San Francisco run from $583.05 to $633.05, depending on type of hotel accommodations.

SEE AMERICA FIRST:

For a really low-cost two-weeks vacation, you can't do much better than the 14-day escorted tour (Cook's) to California, Yosemite and the Grand Canyon.

Itinerary includes visits to Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, across the Mexican border to Tijuana, and Riverside, California. All-expense cost, including coach fare to and from Chicago, is $249, plus $16.77 tax.

The great northwest is well-covered by a 15-day itinerary on a Cook's escorted tour for $389.25, plus $32.49 tax, on a lower berth out of Chicago. Points covered include Yellowstone, the Columbia River Highway, Portland, Mt. Rainier, Seattle, Puget Sound, Victoria and the Inside Passage, Banff and Lake Louise.

There's a quick excursion through Virginia from Baltimore for $123.44, plus $4.33 tax (American Express). The seven-day escorted trip by rail, water and road visits Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Jamestown, Richmond, Natural Bridge, Luray Caverns, Monticello, Ash Lawn, Williamsburg, Yorktown, Old Point Comfort and Chesapeake Bay.

An eight-day all-expense trip by motor coach through New York and New England for $169, including tax, from New York City (American Express) takes you to the Roosevelt Memorial at Hyde Park, Berkshire Hills, Mohawk Trail, Longfellow's Wayside Inn, Lexington, Concord, Boston, Salem, Marblehead, the Maine coast, Portland, the White Mountains, Franconia Notch, the Flume, Hanover, Green Mountains, Smugglers' Notch, Lake Champlain, Ticonderoga, Lake George, Albany and West Point.

For the Sailor who Hates the Sea

(Inland cruises present many of the same attractions of shipboard life as ocean sailings, but the rates are usually lower, and there isn't the occasional blowy weather that delights the real salt but sometimes bothers he who is of queasy stomach.)

GREAT LAKES:

Georgian Bay Line—*North American* and *South American* on two itineraries, one from Chicago to Mackinac Island, Georgian Bay, Parry Sound, St. Clair River, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo; the other from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit, St. Mary's River, the Soo Locks, Houghton, Port Arthur and Duluth. You board the ships at any port, debark at the same port a week later. $109.50 and up, plus tax, including all expenses, except meals at larger ports.

ST. LAWRENCE:

Canada Steamship Lines—*S. S. Richelieu*, 6 days along the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers from Montreal to Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Chicoutimi and return to Montreal, $86.50 and up, plus tax, for all-expense cruise and shore sight-seeing.

ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI:

Greene Line, Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio—*Delta Queen*, new riverboat which entered service last year, combines romantic lines of the old river packets with modern comforts, including air conditioning. Cincinnati to New Orleans, with three-day layover and stops at Louisville, Paducah, Natchez, Baton Rouge, Memphis, Cairo, Evansville and Madison, Indiana. 20-day cruise, $225 up.

Gordon C. Greene leaves St. Louis on varied itineraries including an 11-day trip along the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers to Chattanooga for $120 up. 8 days to Muscle Shoals for $75 up, and 11-day to St. Paul for $120 up.

For the Carefree Cruiser

See the comprehensive cruise listing in the June Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar. ⊞

(If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.)

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GOING PLACES

Getting Away From It All

PARIS:–Anybody who dines in a decent French or Italian restaurant these days—and it's really hard to find a restaurant in France or Italy that isn't decent, to say the very least—will realize that things in these two countries are just about back to pre-war normal, at least for the American tourist. And you can forget the fear of taking food from the mouths of hungry people. In the first place, people in Western Europe aren't hungry. Secondly, your dollars are helping them to buy the things they need to restore their economy completely.

THE SHOPS in Paris are full of everything—especially those luxury items which the French seem to make better than anybody else. Prices are quite reasonable—for the American they are lower than he would pay for many comparable items at home.

TAKE HOTELS, for example. We're staying at the Royal Monceau in the Champs Elysees district which most Americans like best of any section in town. The Royal Monceau is officially in the "luxe" category. Unofficially, and by every standard of service and accommodations, it is as fine a hotel as you'll find anywhere in the world. Yet the average price for a single room with bath runs about $6 per day. The California, a first-class hotel off the Champs Elysees, gets about $4.50 for a single room with bath.

LUNCH AT a good Parisian restaurant will cost about $2.50, and that's with a bottle of excellent wine. However, you can go into a spot like the Restaurant Lescure, a little bistro at 7, rue de Mondovi, which is a favorite with the American Embassy crowd, and get a really excellent lunch with wine for well under a dollar.

SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL Americans—and most tourists in Paris are slightly hysterical—will find a friend, confidant and aide de camp in Charlie Blair, who understands them because he is a slightly hysterical American himself. Blair is a slender, dapper, somewhat nervous bachelor who would consider it a major crime against society to appear in public incorrectly dressed. Thus he has lived in Paris for a quarter-century—taking time out for the German occupation—with three bags packed and waiting in his room against the day when he must flee the city in the face of war, revolution or Act of God. One bag is for escape through Holland, one is in case he must ski his way through Switzerland, and the other is to be used if he must save himself via the South of France. The last contains, among other effects, swim trunks. Charlie Blair is the owner of the Maison Scherick, at 374, rue St. Honore. He sells beautiful handbags and other items designed to get you out of the doghouse for failing to take your wife and/or mistress to Paris, which so many men are likely to do. Coals to Newcastle and all that sort of thing, you know.

JUST ABOUT the time you're reading this, that gracious lady, the Ile de France, should be back in North Atlantic service, adding one more note of normality to the trans-Atlantic steamship situation. We crossed on the Ile once, back before the war, and she had the excellent appointments and service with the warm feeling of personal hospitality which together account for the greatness of truly fine hotels. After years of war and emergency service the Ile went into the shipyards for one of the most complete reconditioning jobs that's ever been done on a ship. Stem to stern, the Ile is practically a new vessel. Just about all that remains of the pre-war Ile de France are the hull and engines—and they've had exhaustive goings-over. So—except for her traditions—the ship qualifies for a place among the newcomers to the North Atlantic.

WHEN THE long-delayed Liberte enters the trans-Atlantic service sometime next year the French Line will have regained its position among the leaders along the East Coast waterfront. And that, to hundreds of thousands of pre-war French Line passengers who saw their friends disappear one by one from New York piers, will be the happiest news in a long while.

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

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WITH ESQUIRE

Painting the Town

UNDERSTANDABLY, it is a matter of fierce opinion as to just who happens to be the best *maître d'* in New York. Inasmuch as it is also a free-for-all, we trust you won't mind our taking the floor for a paragraph or two. Eschewing the dogmatic approach, we wouldn't think of suggesting that Nino, who presides over the enchanted spot known as the Drake Room, is the number one *maître d'* in Manhattan. From this point on, though, we're not budging an inch. Which is one way of saying that it is up to you to name a better one. The more we visit the exquisite room in the Drake Hotel, the more we realize that Nino is for us, and him we will keep. Let us tell you why.

FOR ONE THING, here is a gracious man—smiling (not as if he just smelled something unpleasant) and housebroken and not just waiting there to slap you across the teeth if you presume to doubt his judgment. This, we assure you, is a rare and oh, so lovely quality in a *maitre d'*. Then, for another thing, this man is sheer magic when he approaches the handsome skillet and goes to work on a small miracle called Steak Diane. And what he does with a salad is nobody's business either. Finally, there is his knowledge of wines. It is, to phrase it temperately, extensive. But there is one thing about Nino—and, for that matter, about the Drake cuisine as a whole. This is the fact that never once in our many pilgrimages there have we ever had to apply one bit of seasoning to anything set before us. We know of praise no loftier. The season is a bit away, of course, but we want you to keep it in mind that the Drake Room serves Cotuit oysters. These, it scarcely need be said, are the greatest oysters you'll ever taste. As an added attraction, the Drake offers the piano soloing of Les Crosley and Cy Walter, who alternate from cocktail time until closing. We regret having to hand in a minority opinion on the celebrated Cy Walter, but we find ourselves growing pretty tired of the same treatment he seems to give every number. We hasten to add, however, that practically everybody else, including most of the other pianists around town, think he's something pretty special.

WE HAVE SOMETHING to say about three Chicago places too. The first is a genuinely exciting new seafood restaurant called the Well of the Sea in the Hotel Sherman. The food, to mention first things first, is awfully good and, although not available at automat prices, not too steep either. We recommend, among other things, the antipasto, the seafood chowder, and the baked whitefish. Second, the decor is something to behold. Where, for example, you expect to find walls, you see a transparent glow suggestive of water. This bluish glow forms the background for abstract shapes of the deep sea. This is a place of which Chicago should be proud.

AND SO, for that matter is the Cameo at 116 East Walton Place. This, to say the least, is hardly the sort of restaurant where one eats and runs. It is, instead, leisurely and elegant. Among the specialties, we have no hesitation to awarding unqualified praise to the sole marguery, which is imported English Dover sole poached in Court Bouillon and white wine with shrimps, oysters, and mushrooms; the Chaute Briand Rossini, a center cut from a steer tenderloin and cooked in a sealed casserole with foie gras, truffles, and Madeira wine; the curry dishes and the lobster Thermidor. We should also mention that the Cameo is quite a place for game in season, offering pheasant, mallard duck, squab, grouse, Canadian wild goose, and quail. We probably should add that a lot of gourmets frequent this handsome room. Right offhand, we cannot think of a more substantial recommendation.

WHILE ON THE subject of Chicago, we think you might like to know about a charming restaurant in the Bismarck Hotel called, with admirable forthrightness, the Swiss Chalet. Like the Well of the Sea, this is strong of creating a credible illusion. It's on the second floor and located in such a way, you think you're climbing up into the real thing. Ordinarily, we aren't much for Swiss food, but in this instance we withheld pre-judging. The consequence was our thorough enjoyment of Zwiebelkuchen, an appetizer on the order of onion cake; schnitzel Parma, a veal prepared with considerable resourcefulness.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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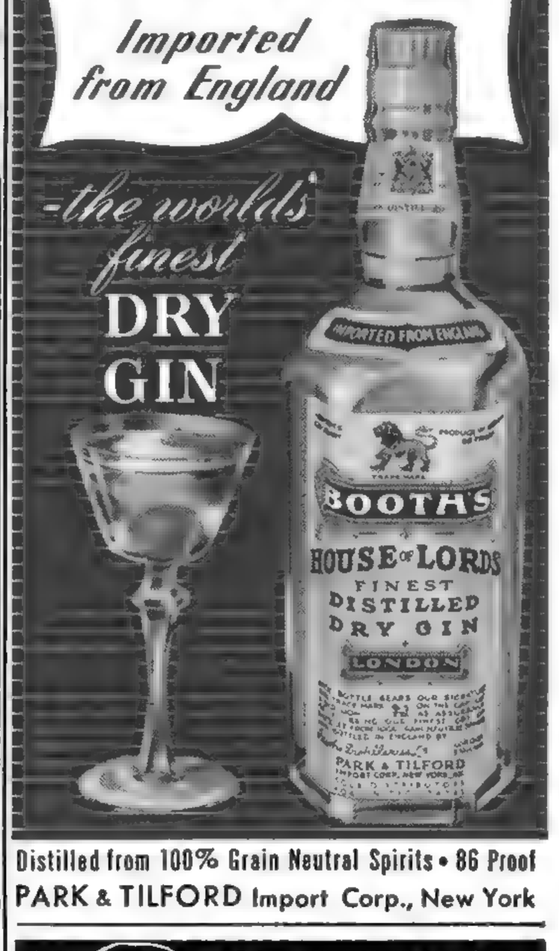

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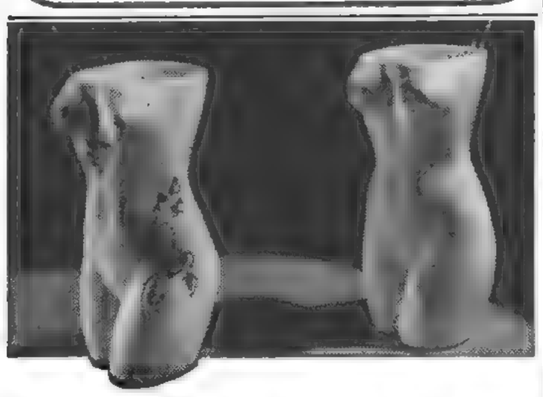

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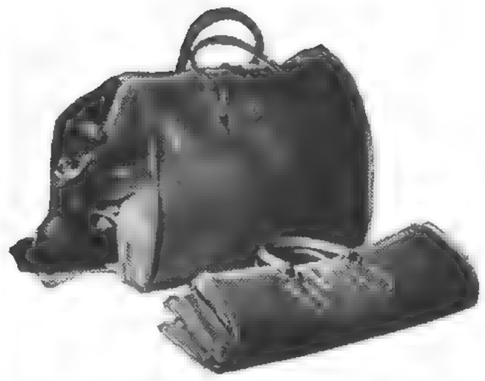

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(Sizes 48 to 70)

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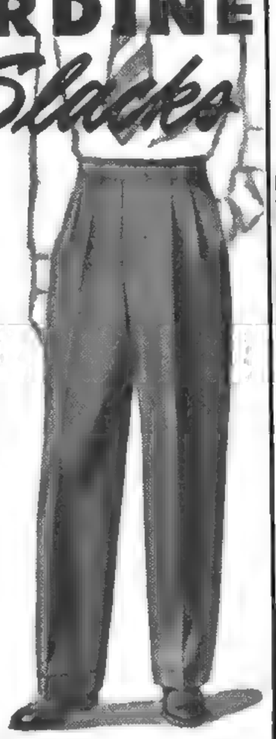
Pinehurst GABARDINE *Dress Slacks*

$12.75

Save $5.00 And More. Buy Direct



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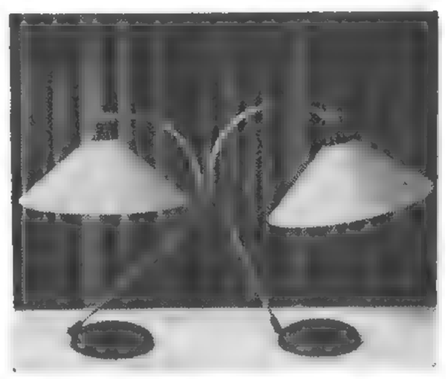
GABARDINE ☐ FLANNEL ☐

TALKING SHOP

IN THESE DAYS of small apartments and shortages of living quarters, there is always a need for extra sleeping space. A mahogany chest, recently designed by William Pahlmann, opens into two comfortable single beds, or a double, and has as well compartments for storing the bedding. It is 8′ long, 41″ high and 19″ deep.

FLEXIBILITY is one of the interesting attributes of this lamp by the lighting engineer, Kurt Versen. A swivel at both top and bottom of the stem allows it to move forward and outward from the base so as to throw the light where it is needed. 23″ tall, the base is terra cotta and the stem brushed brass. Also in blueprint blue, sage green and dusk grey.



FIRST INVENTED for hospitalized veterans, a bantam-size, three-octave piano has two advantages: it takes up very little room and costs much less money than other pianos. 30″ high, 44″ long and 23½″ wide, it can be easily moved about. It is electrically amplified, works on AC current and the tone has the quality of a celesta.

IN ANCIENT TIMES, one of the Emperors of China had among his possessions eight of the finest horses in all the East. According to the legend, these horses so loved their royal master that when he died, they remained forever after as they were at the moment of his death. The story is enclosed with each set of these tiny Chinese porcelain horses.

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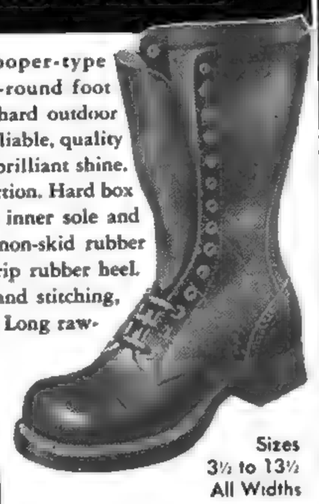

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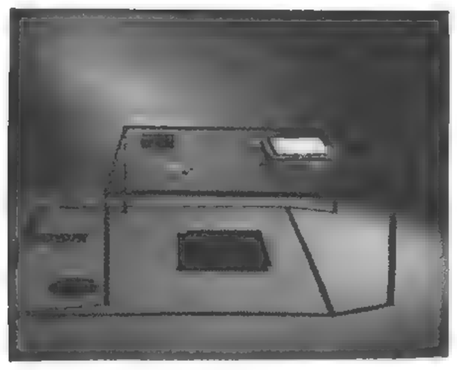
WITH ESQUIRE



HONORABLE MENTION went to the metal and glass cocktail table in the American Institute of Decorators' Competition. Designed by William Armbruster, it is 36" square, the top is ¼" polished plate glass and the metal is either dull charcoal black or satin-finished bronze. It is spacious yet it creates the illusion of taking up very little room.

YOU CAN ESCAPE from the worst heat of summer in your own private office, living room or bedroom. A compact, 12½" high air conditioner fits neatly on the window sill. When they're saying "It's not the heat, it's the humidity," you won't be bothered. It not only cools, but dehumidifies, filters and ventilates the air. For average-sized rooms.

MODERN SCIENCE comes again to the aid of the householder: Sheer Fiberglas marquisette curtains are fireproof and impervious to the effects of sun, soot and rain, soil less easily than other curtains, wash as easily as a handkerchief, need no ironing, do not crease, stretch, shrink or pull out of shape and can last almost forever.

THE LAST ONE UP need not inconvenience the chief of operations in the kitchen to keep his breakfast warm. A tray with a radiant heated glass top can keep the coffee, the toast, eggs and all properly hot. It has thermostatic control and is completely safe. The glass is shatterproof, the tray is 9" x 14" and it works on AC current.

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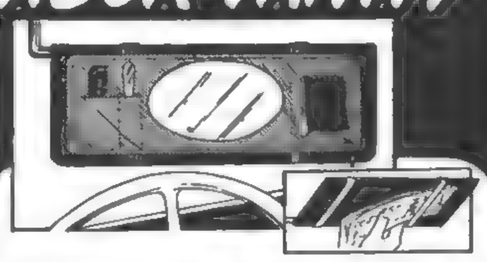

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TRIBAL MOCCASINS for CHILDREN, in soft sueded cowhide, with elk soles. Apache Tan or Haze Blue.
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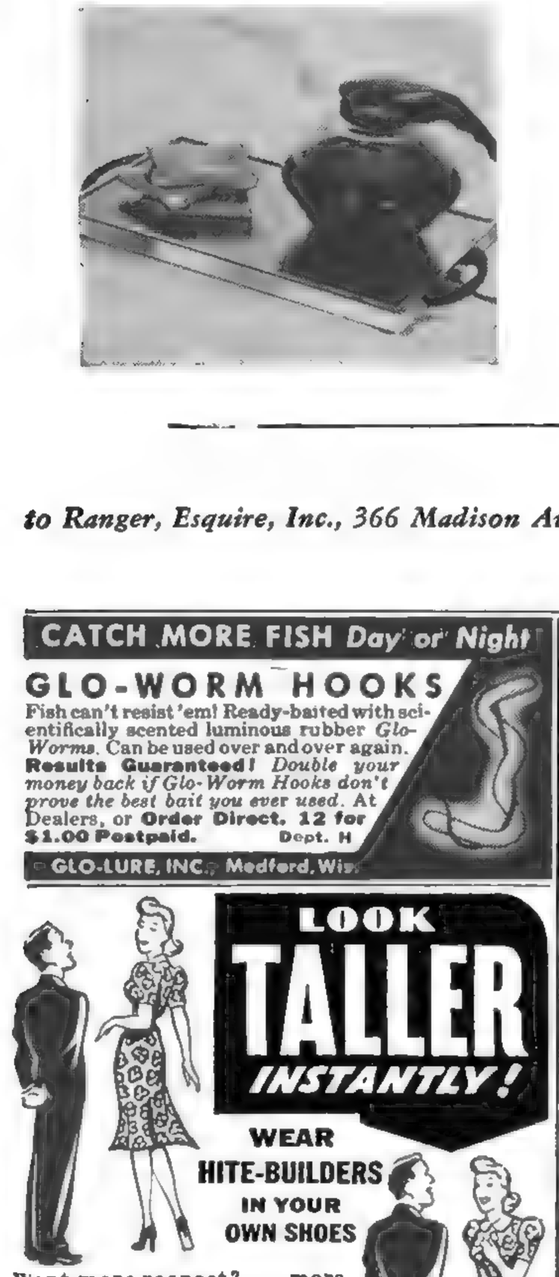

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BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
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ACNE

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Just rub this pleasantly tingling lotion vigorously into your skin. Immediately it cleanses clogged pores of deep-seated soil particles and hardened oils that have caused blackheads, pimples and acne. Your skin can breathe freely again, you feel refreshed even on the hottest summer days.

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30 ties $3.50 postpaid
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Price includes name or initials
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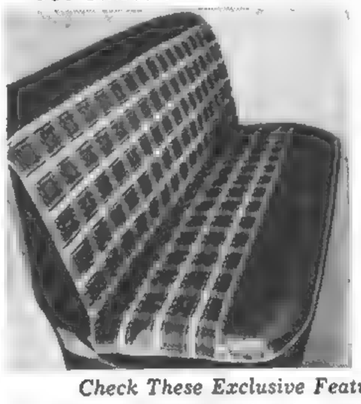

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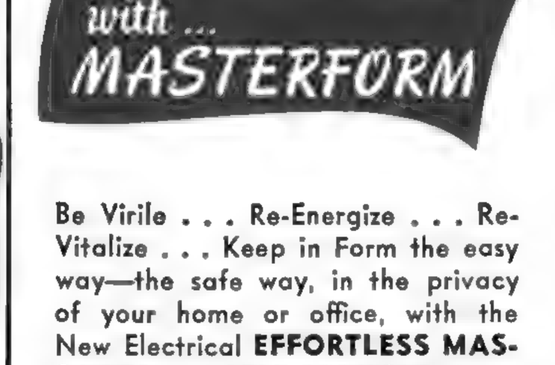

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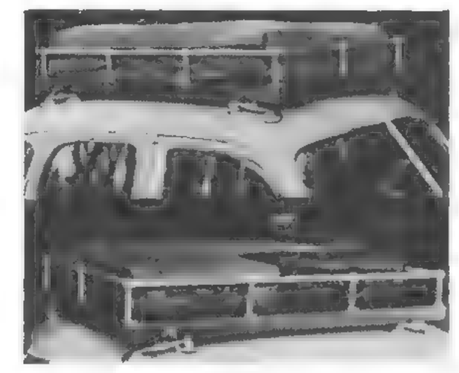
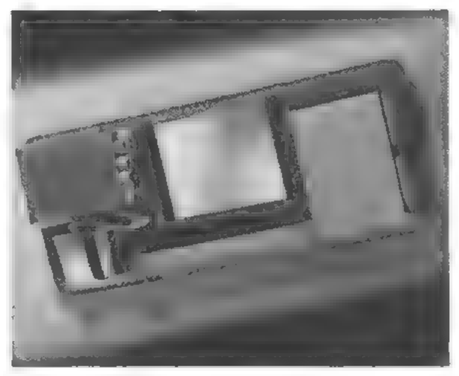
AN ORGAN GRINDER, standing 13" high with his monkey perched on his arm, plays no tunes but is as cheerful a money bank as one can find. More interesting and certainly more colorful than most piggy banks, the organ grinder has character. He wears a bright kerchief, a fine red flowing cape and the most wonderful handle-bar mustachios.

WATERPROOFING for shoes comes in a can and is applied simply with a cloth. Not for suede or patent leather but on any other footwear—business shoes or work boots, children's shoes or hiking boots—the entire shoe, including soles and seams, is completely waterproofed, shines beautifully and has its life span just about doubled.



AN EXCELLENT IDEA for carrying luggage on motor trips is a 42" x 60" rack made of Spar-varnished, straight-grain fir slats—with or without a polished aluminum alloy rail. It is attached easily on the car top and is just as easily removed. A heavy canvas cover protects the luggage from rain and dust. Useful for sportsmen and others who carry equipment.



A HANDY ARRANGEMENT for anyone who drives a car: a pigskin car-valet that slides onto the sun visor. You need only pull the visor down to have at hand a comb, mirror, cigarettes, matches, a scratch pad and pencil all within easy reach so that you needn't scramble round for any one of them in your pocket or the glove compartment.

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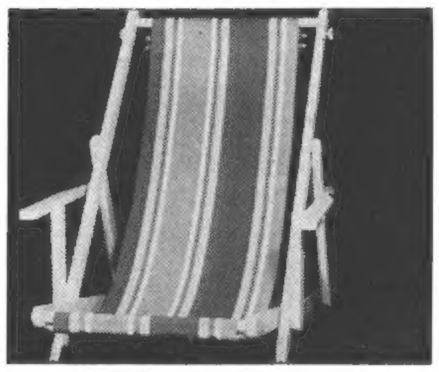
QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

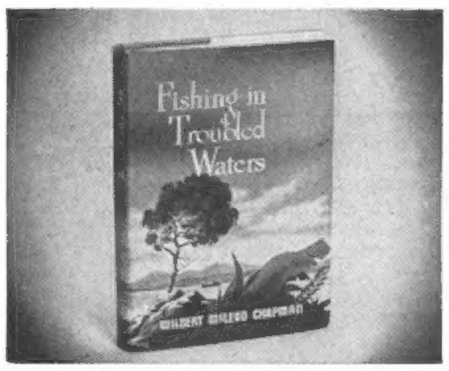
WITH ESQUIRE

SOMEWHERE, once upon a time only mad dogs and Englishmen went out in the noonday sun. But nowadays lots of mentally-sound Americans spend long hours in the summer sun. For protection, there is a pleasant, greaseless cream that insures against bad burns and encourages an even tan. People on boats and beaches, please note.

GOGGLES for seeing under water make swimming more fun. The rubber frames are formed to fit the face and have an adjustable head band. The straight-line lenses give no underwater distortion. They are inexpensive, specially good for anyone who dislikes getting water in his eyes and an encouragement for diffident swimmers.



ONE WAY to repair a worn out beach chair if the canvas has torn is to substitute a specially-made piece which needs no sewing, no nailing. It just hooks on, is sturdy and adjustable to all standard-size chairs. The "Hook-On" seat comes in strong, water-repellent drill, multi-colored and striped. Excellent for saving ready-to-be-discarded chairs.



A TRUE STORY about a fishing expedition in the South Seas makes diverting summer reading for man or boy. It is an account of the adventures of a tall and rugged scientist aboard the trawler Crystal Star. It happened while the author, now Director of the School of Fisheries at Washington University, was on a special wartime mission.

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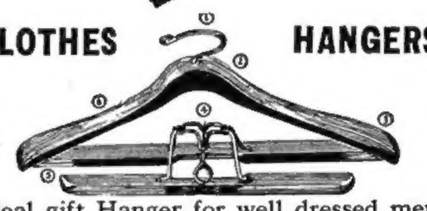

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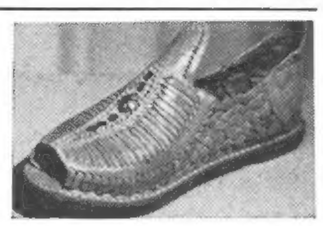

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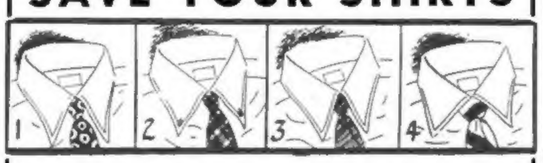

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